

Hibernicus's Letters:

O R, A

Philosophical Miscellany.

Containing (among many others) *ESSAYS* on the following useful and entertaining Subjects, *viz.*

Of Happiness.	Of Gaming.
Of imaginary Evils.	Of Industry.
Of Beauty.	Of Fashions.
Of Castle-building.	Of Women.
Of false Contempt of the World.	Censure on Dr. <i>Burnet's</i> Reflections on Human Life.
Of Witches and Apparitions.	The Opinion of a <i>Siamese</i> on the Religion of <i>Great Britain</i> .
Of the Art of Printing.	Religion vindicated from the Character of <i>Moroseness</i> .
Of Laughter and Ridicule.	The Vanity of <i>Cicero</i> and <i>Montagne</i> vindicated.
Of False Taste.	The Usefulness of Modern Translations of Ancient Books.
Of Useless Studies.	The Character of <i>Anacreon</i> , with a Specimen of his Writings.
Of Toleration.	Remains of Archdeacon <i>Parnel</i> , &c.
Of Solitude.	
Of Epistolary Writing.	
Of the <i>Fable of the Bees</i> .	
Of the Happiness of former Times compared with the present.	
Of National Frugality.	
Of Liberty.	

Interpersed with several Original *POEMS* and Translations.

Written by several Eminent Hands in *Dublin*.

V O L. I.

The *SECOND EDITION*, with a compleat Alphabetical Index.

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Hibernicus's *Letters*.

N^o I. *Saturday, April 3, 1725.*

To the Author of the DUBLIN *Journal*.

*Hoc nempe ab homine exigitur, ut prosit
hominibus, si fieri potest, multis; si mi-
nus, paucis; si minus, proximis; si minus,
sibi. Nam cum se utilem cæteris efficit,
commune agit negotium.* SENECA.

S I R,

I H A V E been always of opinion,
' that a great Part of the Grievan-
' ces we in this Kingdom com-
' plain of, have been in a good
' measure owing to our selves. And tho I
' am very far from justifying the real Hard-
' ships we suffer, or any Attempts to make
' them greater; yet I must still think our
Vol. I. B ' Misfortunes

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‘ Misfortunes are rather owing to our own
‘ ill Conduct, than to any ill Dispositions
‘ of others against us. Among the many
‘ Instances that might be given of this, I
‘ shall only pitch upon one, wherein the
‘ Interest of Learning in our Country is so
‘ nearly concerned, that I persuade my self,
‘ I shall at least be justified in it by all those,
‘ who either have, or fancy they have got
‘ more Knowledge than they have occasion
‘ for themselves, and so think they are obli-
‘ ged to make the Publick a Present of
‘ their Superfluities.

‘ WE all complain, and I am afraid with
‘ but too much Reason, *Of the great Scar-*
‘ *city of Money*; and yet at the same time,
‘ we are not asham'd to bestow every Year
‘ considerable Sums in purchasing several
‘ Commodities from our Neighbours, which
‘ we might be as well and cheaply furnished
‘ with at home. There are few Corporati-
‘ ons in this City, who do not sustain great
‘ Damages by this very Article. But having
‘ no Instructions from any of them to speak
‘ a Word in their favour, I shall at present
‘ confine my self to the single Instance al-
‘ ready hinted at, which is the great Fond-
‘ nefs we express at all times for the Wri-
‘ tings of our Neighbours, while we despise
‘ and decry every thing of that sort, that is
‘ produced among ourselves.

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‘ I OWN, good Writers are a pretty great
‘ Rarity in this Country. But what is the
‘ Reason why it is so? No other, in short,
‘ than that wanting suitable Encouragement
‘ at home, Men of Genius and Education,
‘ born in this Kingdom, are forced out of it
‘ to a more kindly Soil, for making a For-
‘ tune by their Abilities. Many an excellent
‘ Piece has been conceived among our
‘ *Hibernian Bogs*, which now passes as the
‘ genuine Production of *Cam* or *Isis*. And
‘ *England* boasts among her illustrious Names,
‘ that have excell’d in Arts as well as Arms,
‘ Multitudes that had the Misfortune to be
‘ born in *Ireland*. We bestow the Orna-
‘ ments of our own Nation to our Neigh-
‘ bours, and then pay them a dear Rate for
‘ the Use of them at second hand.

‘ BUT this is not all. If a good Piece
‘ happens at any time to be wrote among
‘ our selves, there is scarce one in ten will
‘ vouchsafe it a reading, unless it be made
‘ authentick by being printed at *London*.
‘ Thus our Brains being manufactured abroad,
‘ become an Expense to the Nation; and
‘ we are forced to make a Purchase of *Our*
‘ *own Wit and Learning*, which hereby are
‘ made hurtful to their native Soil, where,
‘ in Gratitude, they ought to shed their first
‘ and kindest Influence.

‘ FOR this Reason, I cannot but be ex-
‘ tremely pleased with the Resolution you
‘ have taken of publishing a Weekly Paper,

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‘ that may supply this Country with a good
‘ Collection of the Publick News, without
‘ that General Expence we are at in fetching
‘ a whole Tribe of *Journals* from *London*.
‘ I wish your Design may meet with a suitable
‘ Success ; and for the Encouragement of
‘ it, I can tell you, that several honest Gentlemen
‘ have resolved to make your Paper
‘ a Canal, for conveying to the Publick some
‘ little Effays they have lying on their
‘ Hands, that may either instruct some of
‘ your Readers, or be amusing to others, at
‘ least in a Scarcity of News, which is no
‘ great Rarity to us, for about six Months
‘ in the Year.

‘ I WOULD not however have you expect,
‘ that you shall be furnish'd with much
‘ of that sort of Discourse, which is the usual
‘ Entertainment we receive from our *Weekly*
‘ *Writers* ; I mean Politicks. It is very
‘ true, that Religion and Government are
‘ the noblest and most useful Subjects that
‘ can exercise the Thought and Reason of
‘ Mankind. But at the same time I do not
‘ apprehend that the Ends of writing upon
‘ them will be best promoted, by making
‘ them the everlasting Theme of our Publick
‘ Papers. When a Constitution is in visible
‘ Danger ; when a State is overrun with an
‘ universal Corruption ; or when Tyranny and
‘ Superstition are breaking in upon a People ;
‘ then indeed it is Time, and the indispensable
‘ Duty of every one that is able, to
‘ rouse

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‘ rouse the latent Spirit of Liberty, and set
‘ his Fellow Citizens on their Guard. But
‘ as (God be praised) none of these is our
‘ Case at present, I cannot see any Necessity,
‘ why we should be always talking in the
‘ *Dialect* of *Statesmen*, or examining the
‘ Principles of a *Leviathan*, or an *Oceana*.
‘ Nor to what Purpose it can serve to set a
‘ Cobler a *mending* the Constitution, or make
‘ a poor Taylor imagine himself capable to
‘ *cut out Work* for the great Council of the
‘ Nation.

‘ To serve the Publick to the utmost of
‘ his Ability, is, no doubt, every Man's
‘ Duty and his Honour. But then, to do
‘ this, is it absolutely requisite, that every
‘ body should be made acquainted with the
‘ Foundations and Original of Government;
‘ or taught to reason upon Transactions of
‘ State, like the *Demagogues* among the *Gre-*
‘ *cian* Commonwealths? No; the true way
‘ to reform a State is to begin at home, and
‘ reform ourselves first. Corruption in an
‘ Administration has always its Rise from
‘ Corruption of Manners. Tyranny it self
‘ is but the Offspring of Fear begot upon
‘ Lust. No Man ever made an ill Governor,
‘ that was not an ill Man first. Have not
‘ Luxury, Pride and Idleness been always
‘ the Source of publick Calamity and Misery;
‘ and the contrary Virtues the chief Thing
‘ that ever made any People or Nation great
‘ or flourishing? Name me the Constitution

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‘ that was ever invaded by a Man of Virtue,
‘ or the State that ever fell, while its Sub-
‘ jects kept up a Character of Temperance,
‘ Sobriety, and Industry. The Whole must
‘ always receive its Complexion from the
‘ Colour of the Parts of which it is com-
‘ posed; and consequently the Appearance
‘ of a Country in its Oeconomy, Admini-
‘ strations, and Orders, will be ever in the
‘ Tincture of those Qualities, whether vir-
‘ tuous or vitious, which its Inhabitants
‘ have imbibed.

‘ THERE is a very great Resemblance
‘ betwixt publick and private Liberty. The
‘ former, I think, is generally taken to con-
‘ sist in being govern’d by Laws of our own
‘ making; and the latter, which is Freedom
‘ of the Mind, is no more than conducting
‘ our selves by those everlasting Rules of Rea-
‘ son, to which we either have already as-
‘ sented, or must give our Assent to, upon
‘ the smallest Degree of Reflection. To
‘ bridle in our Passions, to direct them to
‘ their proper Objects, and conquer the Pre-
‘ judices occasion’d by ill Custom and Ex-
‘ ample, is the purest and most perfect Freedom
‘ we can enjoy in our private Capacities. It
‘ is this alone can mortify in us that Lust of
‘ Power, that makes Men uneasy to them-
‘ selves, and pernicious to others. For there
‘ is no Charm in Power it self, any farther
‘ than as it is the Instrument to gratify some
‘ other darling Inclination. He therefore
‘ that

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‘ that restrains his evil Appetites, not only
‘ preserves the Freedom of his own Mind,
‘ but contributes in some Degree to the
‘ Safety of the publick Liberty, in lessening
‘ the Number of those, by one Man at least,
‘ that can have either Interest or Pleasure in
‘ destroying it.

‘ THESE Considerations shou’d, I think,
‘ influence those Gentlemen that write for
‘ the Publick, to make the Duties of Men in
‘ common Life more frequently the Subject
‘ of their Performances, than we find com-
‘ monly done. It is certainly much more
‘ laudable to inspire Men with noble and
‘ generous Sentiments, to reform a vitious
‘ Taste, and cure them of their Follies and
‘ Prejudices; than it is to fill their Heads
‘ with a set of Notions that are of little
‘ other Use, than to be evaporated in a
‘ Coffee-house.

‘ I INTEND therefore, Sir, in the Course
‘ of my Correspondence with you, to furnish
‘ you with nothing but what may some way
‘ or other be conducive to those Ends I
‘ have been mentioning. I shall leave it to
‘ my Brother Authors to make their Readers
‘ as consummate in the Arts of Government
‘ as they please, and content my self with
‘ endeavouring to make mine look into what
‘ passes in their own Bosoms, and suppress
‘ every thing there that may interrupt that
‘ inward Peace and Satisfaction, which the
‘ Author of Nature has so bountifully sup-
‘ plied

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plied us with the Means of obtaining. But in the pursuit of this Design I shall not perhaps be at all times in the same grave Strain, but conform my self a little to the Humour of the Age we live in. I have seen it somewhere or other call'd a *Laughing Age*, which tho I do not look upon to be an extraordinary Compliment to it, in regard, People that are always a laughing seem but to live in jest; yet I think, there is no harm in being now and then a little merry, and giving Virtue the Dress of good Humour, which her flaunting Rival has so often, but awkwardly, strutted in. And so without any farther Ceremony, either with you, or the Reader, I take my leave for the present, and am,

Sir,

Your very humble Servant,

HIBERNICUS.

Saturday,



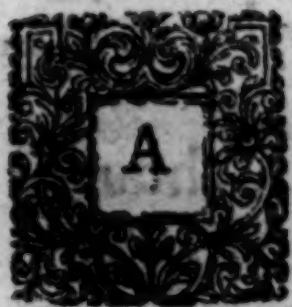
N^o 2. *Saturday, April 10.*

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal.*

Omnino fortis animus, & magnus, duabus rebus maxime cernitur; quarum una in rerum externarum despicientia ponitur, cum persuasum sit, nihil hominem, nisi quod honestum decorumque sit, aut admirari, aut optare, aut expetere oportere; nullique neque homini, neque perturbationi animi, nec fortunæ succumbere.

CICERO.

S I R,



AMONG all the Questions that have ever been handled in the Schools, or exercised the Thoughts of curious and speculative Minds, there is none has raised more Dust, made greater Noise, or been argued with such *Length* and *Solemnity* of Disputation, as the Inquiry into the *Origin of Evil*. Much Time and Labour have been spent in tracing the Cause, that might have been far more usefully employed in attempting the Cure. For I believe, after all the Learning that has been wasted, and the Volumes that have been writ

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writ on this Subject, it requires but a very slender Acquaintance either with the World, or our own Hearts, to be convinced, that most of the Evils we hear People every day complaining of, are either none at all, or are owing to a perverted Sense of Life, and its Enjoyments. We settle our Affections on Objects, that have no relation to our Happiness; and neglecting the real Goods of Life, repine at Providence for not granting us what we will not receive: like sickly People, who accuse their Nourishment of a Fault, that only lies in their Appetite. While the bountiful Hand of Heaven is daily reaching out to us Blessings without Number, we languish for Trifles, and sink to the Grave for things that have only an imaginary Existence. Nay, so far have we carried this unaccountable Humour, as sometimes to express our Pity for those Indolent People, who have not Ambition enough to be as unhappy as ourselves.

I do not speak thus, as if I thought there were no such Thing as real Misery in the World, or that some Circumstances and Accidents of Life did not necessarily create in us Pain and Uneasiness. This were a flat Contradiction both to Nature and Reason. And to talk in such a manner to one in an Agony of bodily Pain, struggling with Want and Adversity, deprived of his Liberty, or mourning the Death of a faithful and affectionate Friend; would be an Insult, instead

instead of affording Consolation to the Sufferer. Human Nature is not able to preserve it self immoveable under Shocks of this sort; tho Reflection and good Sense may contribute much to hinder it from sinking intirely under them. But if we look into the World with the smallest Degree of Attention, we shall find, that most of the Afflicted and Distressed we meet with in it, have none of these Difficulties to combat with, but owe their Grievs to quite different Causes. It is a melancholy Reflection, and not very honourable to Mankind, but yet it is a Truth, That most of the sorrowful Countenances we behold, owe their Discomposure to *Causes* infinitely less important than those which the Dexterity of a *Tooth-Drawer* or *Corn-Cutter* can remove.

THE Want of a due Balance to our Affections, where the Objects are worthy our Love and Regard, is what runs us into an Excess in Enjoyment, and consequently must terminate in Violence of Sorrow, whenever the Objects are withdrawn. This is one great Source of Unhappiness. But a false Estimate of the Worth of Things, and their Aptness to procure us solid Pleasure and lasting Satisfaction, is another and greater. When we overlook the Necessaries, and easy Accommodations of Life we are in possession of, and suffer the Imagination to run in chase of foreign Objects, it is scarce possible but we must meet with endless Disappointments.

If

If our Desires exceed the Limits of Nature, how can we propose to gratify them? And are not all those Desires unnatural and excessive, whose Objects are either fictitious, or at least of such a Kind, that rational Joy and Delight may be obtain'd without them?

INNUMERABLE Instances might be given of this false and vitiated Taste in Mankind, at least in the present Age. A Kennel of Dogs is the *Summum Bonum* of many a Rural Squire; and his Brother Animals enjoy more of his Company, and seem, indeed, to be much nearer related to him, than any of his Family. The *Beau Monde* are set upon Dress and Show, and have their Affections as full of Embroidery, and Tinsel, as their Clothes. Among the *Fair Sex*, a Tea Equipage is very frequently the highest of their Wishes; and an involuntary Fracture committed there, more grievously resented, than a wilful and premeditated one upon their Honour. *Parrots* and *Monkeys*, *Lap-dogs* and *Squirrels*, have been notable Instances of our universal Benevolence; and engrossed a great deal of that Care and Tenderness, which in the more early and unpolite Ages of the World, used to be appropriated to Fathers, Husbands, and Children.

BUT it is not the gay and unthinking Part of Mankind alone, that has got into this whimsical Taste. The Closets of great Men, and the Cabinets of the Curious can furnish us with wonderful Materials, for proving
how

how wisely we conduct ourselves in our Elections of Pleasures. We have seen Men carrying the Mien and Garb of Philosophers, run riot on the Rubbish and Refuse of Nature, provided it only bore the Character of something strange and exotick. Inestimable Treasures have been fished out of the Guts of an Oyster; and a prodigious Luxury found, or imagined, in the Spoils of a *Broomstick*, lately returned from demolishing a Cobweb.

It is evident at the first view, that Pursuits of this sort, however successful, can never procure us true and durable Felicity, tho a Disappointment in them be very capable of giving us Grief and Uneasiness. And for the same Reason, the Pursuits of Avarice and Ambition, which are the governing Passions of the busy World, are subject to the same Inconveniences, because they aim at something more than Nature allows: Or if they do not, at least they defeat their own Ends, by engaging Mens Attention too much, and over-long to the Means. For all the Advantage that can be in Power, the Object of Ambition, if we examine Things closely, will be found to be no more than the securing ourselves, and those we love, from the Insults of others: And all that there is in Wealth, besides the Name, is only the Means it affords us of supplying the Necessities of Life, or of gratifying our innocent Inclinations to Pleasure. But none of these Ends seem to be at all in view among the
great

great Contenders for Empire, or Riches; but, as far as Experience goes, rather the contrary. It seems to be here as it is in Hunting, the Pleasure of the Chase is more valued than the Purchase of the Prey, tho the latter is the only Reason that can justify the Toil of the former.

THUS by reflecting more on what we want, than what we have, we sacrifice our present Peace to airy Expectation, and exchange a real Good for one we can never obtain. To follow Nature is the true way both to Peace and Pleasure; and Nature has not been niggardly in furnishing us with Objects cheap and easy, suitable to the Desires she has implanted. But if we will grasp at something more, it is no wonder we should meet with a Disappointment; and that the Paths of Life should be found so full of Perplexities and Sorrows, by People that are at so much pains to throw themselves in the way of them.

FOR my own part, I am surpriz'd, that any Man who has Health and Liberty, can repine at his Condition. Did we but consider what Advantages we enjoy beyond what we miss, we should find more Reason for Joy and Gratitude, than for Sorrow and Discontent. The Wants of Nature lie in a narrow Compass; and the more sublime Enjoyments of Reason and Benevolence are equally free to the lower Rank of Mankind, as to the rich and the powerful.

A MODERATE Fortune, it is true, will not allow us a stately House, elegant Gardens, fine Equipage, and numerous Attendants; but then, it is free from that Multiplicity of Cares to which a greater Affluence is exposed: And the great Pleasures of Life continue much the same in both States. The Window of a Cottage may afford as many beautiful Objects, as the Gallery of a Prince. And why should we languish for the Copies, when we can enjoy the Originals, or at least Originals of the same Kind, and equally lovely, without employing the Hand of a *Titian* or *Caraccio*? The meanest Habitation may still be considered as an Apartment of the great Universe; and we need but go into the open Air, to see how magnificently and commodiously we are lodg'd.

BUT narrow Circumstances will not permit us to do all the Good we cou'd wish; and this to a generous Mind must be troublesome and uneasy. Humanity will justify a Sorrow of this kind, but Reason will very quickly alleviate it; since a virtuous Man, if truly such, may rejoice in the Prosperity of the Virtuous, as much as if himself had contributed to it. And Things are not commonly so ill distributed in the World, but we have frequent Occasions of rejoicing on this score. At the worst, there is even a Pleasure in wishing well, when we can do no more.

WHEN we lie under Contempt, and are justly made the Subject of Censure and Reproach,

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proach, it is our own fault if that can do us any great Hurt. We have the Remedy in our own Breasts, and can fortify ourselves in our Integrity. True Courage never exerts it self so much, as when it is most pressed; and it is then we most enjoy the Feast of a good Conscience, when we stand in the greatest need of its Support.

IN a word, when we meet with that, which to an honest Heart is one of the greatest of Afflictions, the Estrangement of Friends, and experience their Unkindness and Falshood, we may relieve ourselves not a little, by reflecting on the continued Bounty and Favour of our Creator, the Friend and Father of Mankind, *in whom there is no Variableness, nor Shadow of Turning.*

By this Means, if we do not altogether escape the Storms and Injuries of Fortune, we may in a great measure elude and break the Force of them; and preserve in ourselves that calm and peaceable Disposition of Soul, which is the first Step to Happiness, and absolutely necessary to the Perfection of it.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble Servant,

HIBERNICUS.

Saturday,



N^o 3. Saturday, April 17. 1725.

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal*.

*Pertinet ad faciem rabidos compescere mores :
Candida pax homines, trux decet ira feras.* Ov.

S I R,

NOTHING that contributes either to the Pleasure or the Adornment of Mankind, ought to be overlooked by any one that is solicitous for the Interest of his Species, and employs any part of his Time in making Observations on what relates to them. For this Reason, I have often wonder'd, that among Gentlemen of Letters, the Poets have been almost the only Men that have explored the Territories of Beauty, or made the Fair Sex the Object of their Contemplation. Our Divines and Philosophers have generally thought it a little below them to engage on so useless a Theme; and contented themselves to deliver us a few dry Maxims concerning the Vanity and Perishableness of Beauty, and the Folly of valuing ourselves upon a Quality so very transitory, a Thing of no Merit, because not

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owing to ourselves, and withal so inconducive to the Happiness of the Persons possessing it.

BUT with all due deference to these grave Gentlemen, I am humbly of Opinion, that Beauty, and its Owners, particularly in that Sex where it is most expected, and indeed always found in its greatest Perfection, are of infinitely more Importance than is commonly apprehended. The Beauties of inanimate Nature in the fair and goodly Frame of the Universe, have exercised the Wit and Genius of most of the great Men that have lived since the Invention of Letters. And it is still reckoned not only entertaining, but a very high Improvement of our rational Faculties, to employ them in the Discovery of more and more of these Beauties, and raise in our Minds the fairest and most exalted Ideas we can of them. To profess therefore a Contempt or an Aversion for that sort of Beauty which displays it self in Objects that are both living and social, must either argue a very strange Corruption of Taste, or such an Insensibility as seems utterly inconsistent with Humanity.

It has been the Wisdom of all well-constituted Governments, to engage either by Praise or otherwise, the Possessors not only of commendable Qualities, but even of external Endowments, that might have any Influence either on the publick Good, or the Ease and Satisfaction of Men in private Life. With this view Greece instituted her *Isthmian*
and

and *Olympic* Games, that the Youth might be taught to glory in their Strength, and dedicate to the Service of their Country that Vigor which was attended with publick Honours, and the Applauses of a whole Common-wealth. To this Day we see in several Nations Rewards affixed to the Fleetness of a Horse. Gentlemen of Distinction and Fortune have been puffed up with the Praises acquired by their Cattle; and with great Modesty raised themselves a Name and a Reputation on the Merits of a *Quadrupede*.

PRIDE in any instance is a Thing that no body will pretend to justify; and in those given, I am sure, it is both ridiculous and contemptible. Yet that does not hinder but that the Strength of a Man, and the Swift-ness of a Horse may be useful to the World; and consequently, that they ought to be considered by us as Things of Value and Moment in their proper Place. How much more then shou'd a Quality, such as Beauty, which has so great and powerful an Influence on the Hearts of the best and wisest of Men, challenge a Place in our Esteem, and be thought worthy of our serious Regard? If we consider Things in a political View, we must look on the Fair Sex as one half of the Kingdom, and by that measure the Importance of a Qualification for which they are so peculiarly eminent. Shou'd all the Fair-ones in these Islands, in any critical Juncture, espouse the Interest of any one of the contending

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Parties, it is impossible in the Nature of Things, but that all others must resign their Pretensions, and fall in with the measures of the other Side. We reckon it, as truly it is, a very great Trust which we repose in our Representatives in Parliament, because it may give them the Power to dispose of the Lives and Fortunes of their Fellow Citizens in the pronouncing of a Monosyllable: But sure we must own that Power to be still more transcendent, which can kill with a Look, and enslave in the twinkling of an Eye.

FOR these Reasons, I cannot but think it of the highest Concernment to the Publick, that the State of Beauty should be as carefully look'd into as that of our Coin; and that none be permitted to carry on a Commerce on the Credit of it, where there is not a real Fund to support it. For this, like every other amiable Quality, has had its Counterfeits. And among the great Numbers of fine Ladies, whom we hear every Day called handsome, there are not a few who have no manner of Pretence to Beauty, in its true and genuine Signification.

THE external Qualities that Men are most apt to value themselves upon, or that prepossess us in favour of others, are Strength, Beauty, and Eloquence. Whoever possesses any one of these in an eminent degree, cannot but be conscious of it, and consider it in himself as a Perfection; because he finds it creates an Esteem, when he meets it in another

ther Person. But if we observe Things more attentively, we shall find, that these Qualities are not esteemed by us so much on the account of their own Worth, as because they are Prognosticks and Characters of certain internal Dispositions, that contribute to the Benefit or Pleasure of Society. Thus Strength is the Sign of Valour; Beauty of Goodness; and Eloquence of Wisdom. When we trace in a Man's Person, his Countenance, or his Behaviour, the Lineaments of an heroick, undaunted Soul, of a kind and generous Temper, or of strong Sense and Reflection, we cannot forbear a very sudden Approbation and Esteem. Men have frequently become Friends, as well as Lovers, at first Sight; and where the inward Disposition has been found answerable to the outward Appearance, it has very seldom failed to produce the purest and most uninterrupted Affection.

BUT as all false Pretences, when they are discovered, expose the Person that makes them to the Scorn and Aversion of those they have deceiv'd; so in this Case it is of the utmost Consequence, that no false Signals have been hung out upon us, but that the Body has given us a fair and honest Representation of the Temper and Inclinations of its Inhabitant. For, otherwise, the promising Person will sink in our Opinion much faster than he rose, and convert our sudden Liking into lasting Disgust. And for this we cannot have a plainer Proof, than the

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strong Abhorrence and Contempt every one feels within himself towards an able-body'd Coward, a peevish Beauty, or an ignorant Orator.

ON the other hand, when Nature has been deficient in the external Part, and withheld her silent Recommendations to Favour and Good-will, if the Person so unhappily born has supplied those Defects by inward Greatness, and Beauty of Manners, and has exceeded what the World had expected from him; we not only overlook his Blemishes, but reckon them up to his Credit in the Estimate of his Worth. And thus the Dwarfishness of *Tydeus* is never mentioned but to exalt our Idea of his Courage. The Goodness of *Socrates* appears to us the more wonderful, that it could reconcile Men to so forbidding a Face, as he is commonly said to have worn. And the Wisdom of *Cato* has lost none of its Praise, for not being accompanied with all those Graces of Elocution, Action, and Voice, that met in the divine Eloquence of *Cicero*.

THE Inference from all this is very easy and natural; That the Possessors of any lovely or admired outward Quality should endeavour by all means to pursue the Intention of Nature in bestowing it upon them. The strong and vigorous should lay themselves out to be the Protectors of Innocence, and the Defenders of Liberty, when Occasion requires. The Care of the Fair Sex should be

to make their graceful Actions a Comment on their beautiful Looks. And those that are blest with an harmonious Voice, and flowing Expression, ought to stock their Minds with a Treasure of Knowledge and Wisdom, that may be worth the communicating. Rational Creatures have nothing to value themselves upon in the possession of Qualifications which other Creatures may have in common with them, unless they add to them those superior Excellencies, that may assert the Dignity of the Human Species, and preserve those Distinctions among the Ranks of Beings, which the Author of Nature has established. For without this, a Pulley may become as beneficial as a strong Arm; a Piece of coloured Canvas rival the most celebrated Beauty; and a Fiddle-string be as usefully employed as the finest Voice, and fluentest Tongue in the House of Commons.

BUT to bring these general Reflections home to the present Subject. My Lord *Bacon* has observed all Beauty to consist in these three Particulars, Colour, Favour, and Motion; or in other words, a fine Complexion, Regularity of Features, and that *Je ne sçay quoi*, which we commonly express by the Phrase of a good Air. Of these, that great Man prefers Motion, as the most essential Part of Beauty, because more immediately the Effect of agreeable Operations and Dispositions in the Mind. So that according to him, no Woman can be truly

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called beautiful, that is not at the same time good-natur'd, because she wants that Motion of Mind which is necessary to communicate agreeable Motion to the Face, and spread it self in those thousand nameless Graces and amiable Dimples, that strike the Beholder with Joy and Delight. The Eyes and Mouth are those Parts of the Human Face where Beauty is most remarkably seated, and most frequently in motion. There are few People who have that Command of their Aspect, to hinder whatever Thoughts they have in their Hearts from rushing to the Eye, or quivering on the Lips. The Ladies therefore, if they would preserve their Charms, must, at least, take as much care to adjust their Minds as their Dress, and look into their Bosoms as often as their Glass, that they may suppress in the Birth every Emotion there, that can make its way, and have an uncomely Effect on the Face.

MANY a noble System of Features have I seen distorted, and spoiled by Pride, Anger, Disdain or Jealousy; and a Face which Providence had intended to create Love and Delight, render it self offensive and hateful to those who cou'd not deny the Liveliness of its Colours, the Symmetry of its Parts, and their just Arrangement and Proportion to the Whole. And on the contrary, there is nothing more usual, than for a homely rugged Countenance to make it self very agreeable, when it is found to be frequently enlivened with

with good Humour, and sweetned in that manner, that bespeaks a Heart at ease with it self, and disposed to promote, and share in the Pleasure and Happiness of others. For this Reason the Conversation of old People, who are chearful, and can indulge the little Follies, and Mistakes of their Inferiors in Years and Experience, is oftentimes coveted beyond all others; and the wrinkled Skin and channelled Brow present nothing to the Imagination that appears either deformed or distasteful.

INSTEAD therefore of the numerous Lotions, Washes, and Cosmeticks, that are every Day recommended, in our publick Papers, to the Nobility and Gentry, I think it might not be amiss to prescribe the constant Practice of these Arts I have been speaking of, as *The only true royal beautifying Fluid for the Face.* This Hint might furnish Materials for a very amusing Advertisement. It might be told, that this Medicine was intirely free from any Mixture of Mercury; that the Virtue of it would not be in the least impair'd by long keeping; and that it was found to be the only soveraign Specific against the Vapours; whereas all the other Things prescribed were most commonly found to bring them on. I dare say, the gravest Person alive cou'd find no fault with this Method for the Improvement of Beauty. For there is nothing blameable in the Desire to appear amiable to others, unless when a wrong Course

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Course is taken in doing it, which may either defeat its own End, or weaken the Supports of Innocence and Virtue. Vermilion has been wasted on a Complexion, that would have received a much finer and more durable Tincture from Modesty. The Pencil has in vain laboured to give those Graces to the Eye-brows, which a kind Look would have imparted with infinitely less Pains. And many a Bosom has been taught to heave artificially, that would have appeared much more lovely, had it swell'd with Pity and Tenderneſs, inſtead of Levity and Oſtentation.

A VIRTUOUS Mind can ſeldom, if ever, fail of making its Tenement agreeable to thoſe with whom it converſes. Pity, Benevolence and Generoſity, are the moſt charming and endearing Qualities of the Human Mind. And wherever theſe are, they will break out, and render themſelves conſpicuous. The fair Sex are by their Conſtitution more ſuſceptible of theſe ſoft and delicate Paſſions, than any other part of the Creation. And therefore, they need only follow Nature to make themſelves as beautiful as they can deſire; ſince the Effects of that ſweet and tender Diſpoſition (at leaſt according to *Milton*) were what principally charm'd the firſt Lover in the Univerſe.

— *Thoſe*

HIBERNICUS's Letters. 27

— — — Those graceful Acts,
Those thousand Decencies, that daily flow
From all her Words, and Actions, mix'd
with Love
And sweet Compliance.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble Servant,

HIBERNICUS.



N^o 4. Saturday, April 24. 1725.

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal*.

*Aërias tentasse domos, animoque rotundo
Percurrisse polum. —* HOR.

S I R,



HERE is a certain Employment
of the Mind, which every Man,
upon very little Recollection, will
find he has frequently been occu-
pied in, which I do not remember
to have seen any where so fully treated on, as,
I think, the Subject deserves. It is one of
those

those *Solitary* Exercises, the Pleasure whereof cannot be communicated; and therefore every one is ashamed to own what carries so *unso- ciable* an Appearance. And it is the same Modesty, perhaps, that has hindred Authors from writing upon it; in regard to do so would betray too great an Experience of a Weakness they endeavour to condemn. Mr. *Locke* therefore in his excellent Treatise of *the Conduct of the Understanding*, and the Authors of *L'Art de Penser*, have contented themselves with a few short Hints about it, as the Effect of an *Irregular Imagination*, and an Impediment to us in our way to Truth and Happiness: And the ingenious Author of the *Spectator* declines his own Character, and assumes the Person of a Correspondent, in the single Piece of Raillery he is pleased to bestow on those Gentlemen, who indulge themselves in this *Intellectual Recreation* to an Excess.

THE Exercise I am speaking of will be best described and known by the vulgar Phrase of *Building Castles in the Air*; a Business that, I am confident, has produced more great Men than are to be met with in History, and wherein a Man that has been unfortunate in all others, is sure to succeed, upon the easy Condition of applying himself to it in earnest. It must be owned indeed, that the Pleasures it affords are intirely imaginary, and consequently of a very short and precarious Duration. But then as the Materials for this
kind

kind of Architecture are never to seek, and the Application to it neither expensive nor laborious, the frequent Repetition of the Enjoyment makes amends for the Fleetingness of its Existence. And since Reason it self is only the Instrument of Happiness, it will justify the most fanciful Entertainments, provided they are innocent, when they relieve from a Sense of Pain, or suspend the Sorrows of an afflicted Heart, as these are frequently known to do.

AMONG the *Stoicks* it was reckoned the truest, the essential Character of their *Wise*, their *Perfect* Man, that he drew all his Enjoyments from himself, and did not depend on *Foreign* Objects for his Happiness. Every thing that was not in his own power, that had not its Source within himself, or that was capable of being ravished from him, either by the Malice of others, or the Iniquity of Fortune, was, according to them, a Matter of absolute Indifference, and neither to be courted, nor avoided. Upon this Hypothesis a *Castle-Builder* will be found to act most philosophically. For the Edifices he raises, and the Riches he grasps at, are in the strictest propriety his *own*; so much his *own*, that no body else can covet his Possessions, much less invade them. And tho he may be sensible, that other People are carrying on their *Works* as well as himself, yet he has still room enough to build on, and need never be afraid of their encroaching
on

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on his Territories. Nor is it a small Addition to his Satisfaction, that he can reflect on the justness of his Title, and *dream* in his etherial Apartments with a safe Conscience, since they are his own, both as to the *Matter* and *Form*; a Circumstance, which according to *Grotius* and *Puffendorf*, constitutes the fullest and most *perfect Right*.

BUT to be serious; tho People may, and oftentimes do, carry these Sports of the Imagination to an Extravagance, and raise themselves into Visions that may have an ill Influence on the Conduct of their Lives; yet still this Anticipation of Felicity in our present State, is not only natural but unavoidable. In all human Affairs the *End* is ever prior in our Intention to the *Means*; and we draw the Model of a Building, and contemplate its Beauty, before a single Stone be laid in the Foundation. To do any otherwise would be to act without Reason and Design, and make the Life of a Man as comfortless and indecent as that of a Brute. So that we are all of us *Castle-Builders* in some degree or another; and the only difference between a rational and a whimsical *Castle-Builder* lies in this one Point, that the former is better furnished with *Mortar* than the other, and by that means makes much more substantial and durable Work, tho not so magnificent and beautiful as his Competitor. And in some Cases the whimsical Gentleman seems to act the more reasonably

sonably of the two. For he makes a shift to enjoy, in some sort, the *End* of his Labours every Hour of the Day, while the other perhaps consumes a whole Life in plodding for the *Means*, and drags on a wearisome Being without coming to any End at all: A Case but too frequent among the great Adventurers for Power, Riches and Glory, who make the Pursuits of Avarice and Ambition the sole Business of Life. How happy had it been for the World, and themselves too, had *Alexander, Caesar, and Lewis XIV.* sat down and peaceably *dreamt* themselves in possession of all that Empire and Renown, to which they not only sacrificed their own Repose, but the Peace and Welfare of Mankind!

I WOULD be very far from insinuating, that we ought to give a loose to Fancy in its wild Rambles after chimerical Pleasure, or employ any of our Time, that might be spent to better purpose, in such a fantastick Amusement. I am sensible, that giving into Delusions of this sort will not only obstruct the Progress of the Mind in the search after abstract and general Truths, but may greatly perplex us in the Management of the common Affairs of Life, and divert us from pursuing them with due Intention and Application, by filling the Head with romantick Notions, and engaging us in Projects beyond our Abilities, and productive of nothing but Disappointment and Repentance. Yet still,
this

this Power of imagining fictitious Enjoyments, and the natural Inclination we have to exercise it, like every thing else in the human Mind, has its Use. Providence has implanted nothing in us, that may not be subservient to noble and excellent Purposes. All our *Passions* and *Faculties* are calculated not only to promote the Happiness of the *Individual*, but the universal Good of the whole *Intellectual System*. The Business therefore of a wise Man is to govern his Passions, and direct them to their proper *Objects*, not to extinguish, or suppress them. And where the over-frequent Use of any *Faculty* may, or has been attended with Inconveniences, it is enough to guard against that frequent Use, without endeavouring to run down the *Faculty* it self, under the Notion of a Weakness and Imperfection in our Nature.

LET us see then how far the Practice of *Castle-Building* may be useful; and confining it to that, prevent its growing into an Error, and a misapplication of thinking. History is generally esteemed to be one of the best and most profitable Studies a Gentleman can pursue; because it brings to our view a great Variety of Characters, and Examples, the most powerful sort of Instruction, that are of great use to a Man of Sense and Reflection, either in the Management of his own Affairs, or his Conduct with regard to the Publick. But what is History,

any farther than it relates to our own Age and Country? Truly nothing else but a kind of *Castle-Building* backwards, wherein we amuse our selves with the Fortunes and Adventures of other Persons, in the same manner we do with our own, when we are drawing up the *Ideal* Memoirs of our future Actions and Success. Nay, I believe, the generality of Readers of History go something beyond this, and actually embark themselves in the Affairs they read of, if not identify themselves with some Favourite Person in the Story, and participate in all the Events of his Life, whether prosperous or unhappy. Now if a fruitful Imagination can assemble together a great Number of Incidents, relating either to its Owner, or any other Person, and dispose them in the same Regularity as in a well-writ History, I cannot see any Reason why we should not give it now and then its Play, that will not equally weigh against reading the Transactions of former Times, which have no relation to, or influence on our own.

It is agreed on, by most Writers of Morality, that in order to have a just Notion of the Rights of other Men, and of the Duties and Obligations we are under to our Fellow-Creatures, we should suppose ourselves in their place, and gather what we owe to them, from what our selves would expect upon that Supposition. This seems

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to be a necessary Condition to our rightly comprehending the Reason of that first and everlasting Rule of Equity, *To do to others as we would have them do to us.* Hence we may see the Wisdom of our Creator in giving us this imagining *Faculty*, and such a Facility of placing our selves in Circumstances different from those we are really in, to enforce our Duty upon us, not only by Reason, but by Passion and powerful Inclination. For in *Castle-Building* we are apt as often to lay Difficulties and Distresses in our way to Happiness, as they are really to be met with in Life; because doing so augments the Pleasure of the Fancy in afterwards bringing us out of them: And this must naturally soften the Mind, and make it susceptible of the most delicate Sentiments of Pity, and Generosity. An illustrious Proof hereof we have in young People, who are always the greatest and most indefatigable *Castle-Builders*, at the same time that they are warmed with the purest Affections, and have their Hearts glowing with the tenderest and most disinterested Friendships.

IN *Castle-Building* we may also discover the Dignity and native Excellence of the human Mind, and the Emptiness of all Pleasure, that is not founded in Reason and Virtue: For I defy the most selfish Person in the World to draw any Schemes of this sort, that shall not take in the Happiness of others

as well as his own; and make the Exercise of Benevolence, and the doing of good Offices the chiefest and most delicious part of the Entertainment. All the Charms of Pomp and Power, of Riches and Glory, will immediately wither in the Imagination, unless they are supposed to be acquired by just and honourable Methods, and employed in the performing of worthy and generous Actions. A Man that has given a full range to Fancy in this kind of Excursions, will at last contract as hearty a Contempt and Disgust of the World, as any that ever got a real Surfeit of it; and so be obliged to fix on the Pleasures of a virtuous and inoffensive Life as the only true and solid Felicity. And tho *Revenge* be to some Men a sweet bit, yet if it be really what Mr. *Hobbes* says it is, only a *Desire of making another repent of some Injury he has done us*, the most malicious Person might be a generous *Castle-Builder*; since, I fancy, he would always choose to picture the Repentance of his Adversary as sincere and voluntary, rather than squeezed out of him by Compulsion and Torture. A plain Evidence of the Strength of Benevolence in our Minds, before they become corrupted by Interest and ill Example, when it will be still bursting out upon us amidst our closest and intensest Applications to Self-Enjoyment.

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THESE are the Uses that may be made of *Castle-Building*, which should at least hinder us, where it does not take up too much time, and divert us from the Duties of our Station, from calling it a Blind-side, and an Infirmary in our Nature; since as there have been probably few great Men without a good deal of it, so, I doubt not, but many good ones have improved and animated their Goodness by the Pleasures which the imaginary as well as the real Exercise of it has afforded them.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble Servant,

HIBERNICUS.





N^o 5. Saturday, May 1, 1725.

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal*.

*Curiosum nobis Natura ingenium dedit: Et
artis sibi ac pulchritudinis suæ conscia,
spectatores nos tantis rerum spectaculis
genuit.* SENECA.

S I R,



H O Happiness, and the Search
after it be the Business and Study
of all Mankind, and nothing is
of greater Importance to us in
Life, than to be rightly inform'd
wherein it consists; yet such is the Weakness
of the human Understanding, that tho there
can be but one Way to be *happy*, there are
as many different ones pursu'd, as there are
unsettled Notions in the World about Matters
of mere Speculation, that do not concern us
at all. And because most of these, however
fair and beautiful in the Entrance, and so laid
out as to present abundance of gay Prospects
to the Imagination at first, are yet full of
Perplexities and Dangers, there is the greatest
necessity for our carefully exploring the Paths

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of Life, that we may not be disappointed of the Ends of our Journey. Every Man is for regulating his own March, and flatters himself that he acts according to *Reason*, and the *Nature of Things*, when perhaps he is only indulging a particular whimsical *Humour*, gratifying some inordinate *Passion*, or meanly imitating the *Customs* of the unthinking *Vulgar*, whether *great* or *small*, that have Influence enough to make their Way of Life *fashionable*. I hope therefore to be excused for endeavouring to treat this Subject more distinctly, and at greater Length than the Bounds of a single Paper will allow; since there is not any one Inquiry in the World, wherein Mistakes are either more dangerous or more frequent.

THE *first Motives* to Action in all Men are their *Appetites*, of what kind soever they be. I say, the *first Motives*, because tho upon Foresight of some Inconvenience in the *gratifying* them, or a Sense of something *unlovely* in the Act that does so, there may arise a Struggle in the Mind powerful enough to alter our first Resolution, yet still it is the *Appetite* that gives rise to the Struggle; and the Change of the Resolution sublequent to it, is owing to nothing else but the Birth of some new and stronger Inclination, or *Appetite* of a different Kind. Hence in vulgar Speech the most usual Definition of *Happiness* is, to enjoy our Wish, or in other words, to gratify our *Appetites* and Inclinations.

nations. Nor is the Definition very much amiss, if we consider it abstractly. For nothing can be a *Happiness* to us, which we do not think so, that is, which we do not greatly desire in Absence, and ardently care for in Fruition. But in regard we are short-sighted Creatures, and cannot without Thought and Study discover all the natural or probable Consequences of our Actions, the true Nature of the Passions, which of them are best calculated to procure us a solid and lasting Satisfaction, and what *Objects* in Nature are the *Mediums* proper to convey that Satisfaction to us: On these accounts, I say, it is a dangerous Maxim, that *Happiness* consists at all times in the gratification of *Appetite*. Tho we can have no *Happiness* without *Appetite*, yet the Weariness and Satiety produced in gratifying many of our *Appetites*, all the *sensual* ones in particular, is a Proof, that our *Happiness* does not lie there, but must have some higher and nobler Principle for its Origin. To discover and pursue this is the true Use and End of Reason; and the only Method of doing so, is careful Recollection and Observation on what passes in our own Breasts: My Readers therefore must accompany me in this Inquiry. The Passions are the same in all Mankind; and to judge of the Truth of what any one advances on Subjects relating to them, there is an absolute necessity (and nothing else is requisite, if matters are honestly and clearly

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deliver'd) of comparing it with what every Man finds in himself; this kind of Knowledge being capable of no other manner of Demonstration.

IN order to have a just Notion of *Happiness*, considered as a State of the Mind, we must reflect on those *Sensations* we are affected with whenever we imagine ourselves happy, and recollect what are the *Objects* that most naturally and constantly excite them. The *Sensations* then of *Happiness*, as I take it, may be ranged under these three general Heads, *Pleasure*, *Joy*, and *Tranquillity*; the two former flowing from external Enjoyments, and the latter from the Reflection of the Mind on itself. For all our rational Entertainments are derived either from the Contemplation of *Beauty*, the Endearments of *Society*, or *Self-Approbation*. And tho *Pleasure* and *Joy*, in the common Use of the Words, may seem to be much the same thing, yet, I apprehend, there is a very great Difference betwixt them, both in the *Sensation*, and the Causes that produce it. For however *Beauty* be the *Object* both of *Pleasure* and *Joy*, still the *Beauty* is of a different kind, the one being that of *material* and *inanimate* Things, and the other of *living* and *social* Beings. And where the Causes are so widely different, the Effects cannot but be so too.

It is foreign to the present Design, to inquire wherein *Beauty* properly consists, It is

is enough for us to know, that there are certain Combinations of *Matter* and *Motion*, that strike the Fancy agreeably, draw graceful Shapes, and shed beautiful Colours on the Imagination. How we are affected by such Things, may be much easier felt than described. To conceive rightly of it, we need only reflect on what we feel, when we admire the awful Arch of Heaven, either illuminated with one mighty Ball of Fire, or sow'd over with innumerable Stars; when we rejoice in the lovely Appearance of the Morning; when we survey the wonderful Face of the great Ocean; or when we gaze on the milder Charms of a rural Landskip, blooming Fields, solitary Shades, and still Waters. All Men that have not debauched their Taste, either by giving a Loose to the grosser *Pleasures* of Sense, or amusing themselves with the Visions of Ambition and Avarice, have a natural Relish for this kind of Enjoyment. This is plain from what we may observe in Children, in whom the first Signs they give us of their being affected with any considerable degree of Pleasure, are their Fondness for the Light, an eager Perusal of every thing they see, and an amiable Simpering at the variety of pretty things they discover. Hence that Impatience of Confinement so remarkable in all young ones, and that they prefer rambling abroad, even by themselves, and in dirty Weather, to staying in a convenient pleasant Chamber, with all
their

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their Play-fellows about them. All which, as it is a Proof that we are all susceptible of the Charms of *Nature*, so is it no weak Argument that there must be some *Standard* of *Beauty* in *Nature*, something certain and fixed, that constantly will produce *Delight* in us, whenever attended to.

I KNOW, it will be objected from the variety of Tastes among Mankind, that there can be no such thing as *native Beauty*, otherwise all Men would equally perceive it, and be enchanted with it. The *Voluptuous* prefer *Chambering* and *Wantonness* to the finest Landskip in *Nature*. There are whole Nests of Rakes to be met with, in all Corners of the Town, that scarce ever see the Sun, and think no Prospect so delightful as that of a midnight Debauch. The *Miser* and the *Ambitious* are taken up with Pursuits of a different kind, and blind to the Charms of every thing but Wealth or Greatness. Nay, there are to be found Men of good Sense and Education, who have been conversant in the *polite Arts*, and have even got a Taste of *Painting*, who yet, if we may judge of Mens Inclinations by their Actions, seem not to have the least Idea of any *Happiness* in Contemplation; and therefore, what we call *Beauty* is a mere *arbitrary* thing, and the *Pleasures* it affords purely *fictitious* and *imaginary*.

THIS is very poor Reasoning; to deny a *Pleasure* every body has some time or other

other been sensible of, because there are those in the World who by Application and Industry have worn out the Impressions of it. But it is still a greater Absurdity to contend, that there is no *real Beauty* in Nature, because some Men do not, or will not see it. At this rate we might deny the very *Existence* of *Truth* itself, in regard some Men either thro' Prejudice, or weakness of Understanding, embrace Principles that are demonstrably false. And because there are dull heavy Rogues to be met with, that prefer a Ballad to the *Iliad*, and take greater delight in reading some empty modern Performances, than *Tully's Offices*; therefore Propriety of Writing, Elegance of Composition, and Justness of Thought are all a Jest, and so many Words without Meaning.

BUT if the Contemplation of *Natural Beauty* be not a Part, a great Part of our *Happiness*, pray, Whence comes it that we reckon it so great an *Unhappiness* to be render'd incapable of it? Every thing which it is a Misery to be depriv'd of, it must be a *Happiness* to enjoy. And the *Worth* of any *Enjoyment* is best to be estimated, according to the Sorrow the Loss of it produces. Now who is there so voluptuous, who so ambitious or covetous, as not, upon cool thoughts, to account it a greater Misfortune to be afflicted with *Blindness*, tho at the same time debarr'd none of the other *Pleasures* of *Sense*, than to be divorced from his *Luxury*, or cut off

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off from the Prospect of *Riches* and *Grandeur*? Or where shall we find a Man that does not prefer the Condition of a laborious Peasant who has his Eyesight, tho he sweats all Day for no more than a bare Sustainance, and flakes his Thirst with no better Liquor than the pure Element, to that of a Man, who, amidst all the Affluence of an opulent Fortune, is yet cut off from the chearful Face of *Nature*, and shut out of the greatest Part of the Conversation of Mankind? And if this be so, can we judge any thing else, but that these *Pleasures* are not only *Natural* to all Mankind, but the greatest we can receive by the Intervention of our *Senses*, since the *Loss* of them is by common Confession the *greatest Unhappiness* of that kind that can befall us?

It is true, there are *Comforts* of Life absolutely necessary to our Continuance in it, the Loss of which may on that account be reckoned our greatest *Unhappiness*, as depriving us of all other *Enjoyments*. But then, as these are not *Blessings* on their own account, so the want of them, being only a *Secondary* Misfortune, has nothing to do with our Argument.

Thus then we see it is of the greatest Importance to our *Happiness*, to have a true Taste of the *Beauties* of *Nature*. Some Taste this way we all have; and the Reason it is not greater, is either our want of Consideration, or giving way to *Appetites* of a grosser kind.

kind. These being productive of none but quick and short *Sensations*, are incapable of procuring us a solid and lasting Enjoyment. The *Violence* of the *Pleasure* preys upon its correspondent *Faculty*, and fills the Mind with perpetual Uneasiness and Anxiety. In spite of our selves, we carry about with us a remembrance of those calm uninterrupted Delights which in our early Years, before sordid *Interest*, or extravagant *Desires* had taken hold on us, we enjoyed in gazing on that beautiful *Picture* the great Author of Nature has every where hung before us. And it is this, in a great measure, that in the Intervals of *violent Pleasures* creates in us Weariness and Disgust, and makes us look back upon them with Shame and Repentance. Whereas, were our natural Passions less refined, and our *Faculties* of a coarser Composition, that is, had we a Competence of *Brutality*, these same *violent Pleasures* would be a full and adequate *Happiness* to us, as they are now nothing else but *Vanity* and *Vexation of Spirit*.

IF we seek therefore for a peaceable and easy Satisfaction, free from the Turbulence of impetuous Passion, and unattended with Chagrin and Satiety, let us give attention to the Voice of *Nature*; and since the *World* lies before us, make our selves more *Masters* of it, than they who have made their impudent Boast of *subduing* it. *Possession* is but an empty Name, and 'tis then only we *enjoy* the World;

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World, when we survey the Wonders of it, and content our selves with what *Nature* affords us, For since there is no other *Enjoyment* of beautiful Objects, but what arises from *beholding* them ; in seeking for more, we sacrifice a *real Good* to one that exists not any where but in Fancy. The great Works of *Nature* are incapable of being *appropriated* or *monopolized* : So that a *wise Man* in his *Meanness* has this Part of *Felicity* as much in his Reach as the *great* and the *powerful*. And as the *Universe* is an inexhaustible Storehouse of Knowledge, which no finite Mind is capacious enough to contain ; and as true Knowledge is nothing else but an Enlargement of our View, the Search after it must necessarily be one of the surest Methods to make *human Life* run down clear and gentle ; not only in regard the *Pleasures* it produces are of a calm and delicate kind, but because there is here an *Infinity* of *Objects* to gratify unbounded Desire, and render *Enjoyment* perpetual.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble Servant,

HIBERNICUS.

Nº 6.



N^o 6. Saturday, May 8, 1725.

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal*.

——— *Patriæ, carisque propinquis*
Quantum elargiri deceat, quem te Deus esse
Fussit, & humana qua parte locatus es in re,
Disce. PERSIUS.

S I R,

AVING in my last Letter consider'd so much of our *Happiness* as arises from the Contemplation of *Beauty* in *still Life*, the next thing in the Course of this Essay is to shew how we are affected by that which we call *moral Beauty*, which displays itself in the *Actions* of Mankind, and the *Figure* they respectively make in the *System* of intellectual Beings; wherein the *Enjoyment* does not consist in the mere *Speculation* of *external Objects*, but in the *actual Imitation* of whatever we apprehend *lovely* or *beautiful* in them.

As we are Creatures that stand in perpetual need of Help and Assistance, the *Author* of *Nature* has in great Wisdom and Goodness
given

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given us Associates of our own *Species*, to draw with us in the Yoke of *Life*, and relieve us from innumerable Inconveniences, which in a State of *Solitude* would be inseparable from it. Had we no *Companions* but the *Brute* Part of the Creation, I fancy, none will dispute the *Misery* of such a Condition, even tho they could be brought to understand our Wants, and were tame enough to submit to all the Drudgery we should think fit to impose on them. For that cannot be called *Society*, where there is not a *Participation* of *rational Delight*, and an *Interchange* of Sentiments and Passions; and without *Society* no Being can be *happy*, that is sensible of either Wants or Defects. Beings of *different* or *opposite* Natures one to the other, are no more capable of holding *Society* together, than a Train of *Discords* in Musick is of producing that wonderful *Combination* of *Sounds*, which we call by the Name of *Harmony*. And for this Reason it is necessary to our *Happiness*, that we should have Communication with our *Equals*, who being affected in the same manner we are, and moved by the same Springs, may augment our *Pleasure*, by mingling theirs with it: by which means, as the *Joy* of every *Individual* may be diffused thro' the *Whole*, so whatever *Good* happens to the *Whole*, may be imparted to every *Individual*; in the same manner as when a Man sings in *Consort*, the various *Modulations* are so incorporated together,

gether, that the *Melody* of the *Whole* seems to his *Ear*, as if it were all the Effect of his *own Voice*.

IF we regard only the *Outside* of Mankind; his erect Posture, the Symmetry and Proportion of his Limbs, his majestick Looks, and the expressive Disposition of his Features to display a great Soul, or a *benevolent Heart*; we see a great deal to excite our *Love* and *Admiration*. Mr. *Hobbes*, tho not over-fond of complimenting his *Species* with too much *native Excellence*, yet is forced to fix on *this* as one of the *Perfections* on which our Right of *Dominion* over the *inferior Animals* is founded. And if so, it should certainly entitle us to a *natural Esteem* and *Respect* from one another, unless we contend for a greater Degree of *Insensibility* than *Brutes*. One of the greatest *Masters* of *Nature* that ever wrote, the immortal *Shakespeare*, has described very finely the Effects of this *external Appearance* of Mankind on the Mind, in the Person of a young Lady, who having never seen but one or two Persons before, cries out, upon the Sight of a large Company,

O Wonder!

*How many goodly Creatures are there here?
How beauteous Mankind is! O brave new
That has such People in it! (World,*

And I believe it will be pretty difficult to find
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Man that can behold a numerous Assembly of People with Indifference, or forbear giving way to a secret inexpressible *Pleasure*, when he sees such a *Society*, even tho he had no former Acquaintance with any in it, either in a Party of *Mirth* and good *Humour*, or chearfully pursuing any of the *honest* and *laudable Employments* of Life.

IF the *exterior Show* of Mankind appears thus *beautiful* to us, how much more must we be *charmed* with those *inward Graces*, which the Mind, under a due Regulation, is capable of discovering? As the *Beauty* of the *material World* is owing to the *Motion* as well as the *Arrangement* of its several Parts; so the *Beauty* of *human Life* consists in the *Actions* of those that act their Part in it, and the *Tendency* of them to promote the *Order* and *Decency* of the *Whole*. When we peruse the *Lineaments* of a fair and virtuous *Character*, and trace in a Man's *Actions*, native *Honesty*, and over-flowing *Good-will*, we cannot forbear approving so bright an *Image* of *Perfection*, and entertaining a high Degree of *Love* to the amiable Person that bears it. And this will happen to Persons that do not always practise themselves the *Virtues* they admire in others; a plain Proof, that there is a *natural Comeliness* in them, the *Impressions* of which it is not in the power of *Debauchery* itself to *obliterate*.

Social Affection is natural to all Men. And tho some have shaken it off to a great degree,
or

or at least *confined* the *Exercise* of it in very narrow *Limits*, yet it is a *Principle* can never be totally *eradicated*: Nor consequently is it possible for us to suppress our *Approbation* of those *Actions* that flow from it, and our *Delight* in the *Persons* that discover the largest Share of it. Men abandon'd to the greatest Wickedness seek after *it*, or something that *resembles it*, in those with whom they converse. The most profligate *Villains* in the World, that seem to have joined in League against all *Virtue* and *Goodness*, yet stand much upon Points of *Honour* and *Friendship* among their *Confederates*, and not only put on great *Appearances* of *Fidelity* to them, but very frequently have *Courage* enough to *die* in confirmation of it. So that it should seem to be rather want of *Confidence* in the rest of Mankind, than any fixed *Principle* of *Malice*, or total *Extinction* of *Affection*, that makes Men either *dishonest* or *ungenerous*; for if every Man believ'd his Neighbours *kind* and *sincere*, none could have any real *Interest* in being a *Villain* or *Hypocrite*. But whether this be so or no, here is a plain Acknowledgment of the Necessity of some *Society*, and some Degree of *social Affection*, to make Life *happy*. And certain it is, that there cannot be imagin'd a more *miserable Being* than one that should live in endless *Distrust*, *Suspicion*, and *Jealousy* of all others; which would undoubtedly be the case of a *Being*, that

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was utterly divested of *social Affection*, and is actually more or less so of all those in whom the *selfish Principle* has taken such deep Root, as to deprive the others of any part of their *Nourishment*.

It is granted by all, that for Men to join in *Society*, to enter into *Contracts* to abstain from *Acts* of *Violence* and *Injustice*, and live together as if they really did *esteem* and *love* one another, is absolutely necessary to make *Life easy* and *comfortable*. Wicked Men are hereby kept under, and restrained from breaking loose on their harmless and peaceable Neighbours. People enjoy the Fruit of their Labours without Disturbance: They carry on their *Affairs* with *Calmness* and *Sobriety*, and pursue their *Diversions* with *Innocence* and *Freedom*; and every thing wears a Face of *Decency*, *good Order*, and *Elegance*. These are the Effects of *Laws* and *Constitutions*. Now if *Actions* done from *Political Considerations* are so beneficial, how much more *Pleasure* must they afford, when they spring from pure *Good-will*, and *Sincerity* of *Affection*? If Obedience to a *Scheme* of *Life* imposed on us under *Penalties* be capable of making us thus *happy*, surely when we fall in with it out of *Choice* and *Inclination*, our *Happiness* must be far greater. Is it *good* that we should be *compelled* to consult the *publick Welfare*, and the *Safety* of our *Neighbours*, and would it not be *better*, that we were drawn to do
so

so by a *Law of Kindness*? In short, since the *outward Acts of Goodness* tend so much to our *Comfort and Satisfaction*, it is evident, they will carry it to a much greater Height, when accompany'd with the *inward Disposition*.

I MIGHT here appeal to every Man's own *Experience*, whether our highest Notions of *Pleasure*, when rightly examin'd, do not at last terminate in *rational Love*, and *social Joy*. Let us suppose ourselves placed in those Circumstances wherein the unthinking Part of Mankind imagine *Happiness* consists. Let us mould up all the *pleasing Images* that *Nature*, assisted by *Art*, can afford; transport ourselves to every *Scene of Life* that is *gay and glittering*; call forth all our Ideas of *Grandeur and Magnificence*; and put ourselves in possession of whatever *Luxury, Avarice and Ambition* can desire. I have already taken notice in a former Paper how apt we all are to amuse ourselves in this manner; and a Man of a *warm Imagination* may for a while die away in the *visionary Paradise*. But who is there would be content with all this, if none else were to be *Sharers* with him, or could taste of his *Happiness* but himself? What *Pleasure* is *Wealth* capable of bestowing, unless it be *communicated*? And what is there desirable in *Power*, but the Exercise of it in *Acts of Goodness*? Who is there *savage* enough to choose a *solitary Felicity*? And is not *Solitude* itself

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preferable

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preferable to a *Society* where there should be no *Benevolence*, no *Union* of *Affection*, nor *Intercourse* of *Kindness*? In a word, since without *Society*, what we call the *Goods* of *Life* would be of no manner of *Significance* to us, does it not appear, that the Reason why we court *Society*, is not to secure ourselves in the Possession of *them*, as some People have very weakly imagined, but that we seek after *them* only as the *Means* of *social Pleasure*, and useful *Instruments* for making the *Avenues* to it more *smooth*, *regular*, and *agreeable*?

S I R,

Your very humble Servant,

HIBERNICUS.



Nº 7.



N^o 7. Saturday, May 15, 1725.

*Nec si quid olim lusit Anacreon
Delevit Ætas.* HOR.

To HIBERNICUS.

S I R,



APIN, speaking of the nine *Ly-
rick* Poets mentioned by *Petro-
nius*, of whose vast Labours so lit-
tle has descended to us, says, the
Fragments of *Anacreon* alone
are capable of giving him Comfort for the
Loss of all the rest. On me, I must confess,
the Fragments of *Anacreon* have a different
Effect; not that their Beauties give me less
Pleasure, but more Pain, when by the De-
light I take in those that we have sav'd, I
measure the Delight I should have taken in
those that we have lost; especially, when I
consider my self as robb'd of this Delight,
not so much thro' the Violence of Infidel-
Barbarians, as thro' the Zeal of over-pious
Christians. For *John de Medicis*, afterwards
Pope *Leo* the Tenth, informs us, when yet

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a Boy, he used to hear *Demetrius Chalcondyla* say, the *Greek* Fathers formerly were held in such high Estimation by the *Byzantine* Emperors, that purely upon their account were committed to the Flames many of the old *Greek* Poets, particularly those in whose Composures were found the little Levities of Love; that thus the Comedies of *Menander*, *Diphilus*, *Apollodorus*, *Philemon* and *Alexis*, with the Verses of *Sappho*, *Erinna*, *Anacreon*, *Mimnermus*, *Bion*, *Alcman*, and *Alcaeus* were made away, and (among many others) the Poems of *Gregory Nazianzen* were substituted in their stead; which, as the Pope goes on, however incitive of a warmer Spirit of Devotion, were yet inferior to the others, in true Propriety of the *Attick Dialect*, and flowing Elegance of the *Greek* Tongue. But besides the Works of *Gregory of Nazianzum*, those of the elder *Apollinarius*, who had reduced the *Old Testament* into a perfect *System of Poetry*, were to supply the Antients; his Account of the *Jewish* Affairs from *Adam* down to *Saul*, which he divided into four and twenty Books, each in its Turn usher'd in with a Letter of the *Greek Alphabet*, in *Epick Poetry* was to stand for *Homer*; and his other Pieces comprehending the rest of the sacred Story, if in the *Comick* way, for *Menander*; if in *Tragick*, for *Sophocles*, or *Euripides*; and if in the *Lyrick*, for *Pindar*: while in *Prose Writing*, the Arguments of *Basil* were to serve for those

those of *Demosthenes* ; and the Dialogues of *Apollinaris* the younger, which he composed out of the Epistles and Gospels, for those of *Plato*. Pursuant to this Scheme, they held it in their Schools as sinful for *Christians* to read such Books as every where were filled with the Names of *Pagan Idols* ; and by a *Canon* in the Council of *Carthage* expressly condemn'd the reading of them. But the last *Coup de Grace* was given to Learning by *Gregory the Great*, who order'd the *Palatine Library* at *Rome* to be burnt ; that *Library*, upon whose Walls the few of the Antients that had escaped the Shipwreck of the Times, had hung up as it were their votive Tablets. By this we see, how Virtue may have its Excess, as well as Vice, and equally requires Moderation ; since these very Fathers, who were remarkable for their Aversion to the Antients, were, as Pope *Leo* tells us, no less remarkable for their Virtue, Integrity and Religion. But here let us digress a little to applaud the Moderation of *John* of *Constantinople*, second to none of all the Fathers in Piety and Learning, (he that for his singular Eloquence obtain'd the Surname of *Chrysostom*) to whose proper Care and Authority we owe it, that the whole Works of *Aristophanes* were not destroy'd, as you may see in *Fabricius*, at the same Juncture. *Montaigne*, a Man of critical Observation, remarks upon this Occasion, that when first our Religion began to gain Authority with the Laws, its

Zeal

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Zeal armed many against all sorts of *Pagan* Authors, whose Loss is ever to be deplor'd by the Lovers of the *Belles-Lettres*; a Zeal, says he, that if I am right, has done more hurt to Learning, than all the Fury of the *Vandals*. Of which *Cornelius Tacitus* is a sufficient Testimony: for tho the Emperor *Tacitus*, his Relation, had taken care to fill all Libraries of the World with his Writings; not so much as one intire Copy of them could escape the curious Search of those that sought to abolish them, for a few idle Clauses they contained contrary to our Belief.

BUT of all the Sufferers of Antiquity, I am touch'd with Grief for none more sensibly, than for *Anacreon*; whose various and delightful Verses, I might say wise (since *Socrates* is not asham'd to give him that Title, no more than *Athenæus* that of *Chaste* and *Sober*) were committed to the Flames, not for a few idle Clauses contrary to our Belief, but, as we have seen above, for a few little Levities of Love. I cannot forbear applying to this Subject two Lines of a memorable *French* Translator, not a little to the Purpose.

*Ceux qui par trop fuyant Venus estrivent,
Faillent autant que ceux qui trop la suivent.*

They that are too severe, as faulty prove,
As they that too obsequious are to Love.

For

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For who could be so cruel as to set the *Muses* at odds with *Venus*, since sure no Deities lute better together, or owe more to one another? Whoever shall rob the *Muses* of the Company of *Love*, will rob them of their best Entertainment; as he that shall debar *Cupid* of the Ornaments of the *Muses*, will debar him of his best Weapons. *Anacreon*, in his allegorical way, seems to insinuate this Position, where he tells us, that “ *Love* once straying from his Mother, was taken Captive by the *Muses*, who binding him in Chains of Flowers, gave him up to the Custody of *Beauty*, their Attendant: *Venus* in search of her little Son, offers to ransom him from his Slavery, while he, tho freed from his Chains, and set at Liberty, chooses of his own accord to serve them still, preferring to Liberty itself, the Slavery of the *Muses*.”

BUT as to the Works of *Anacreon*, *Suidas*, besides his *Odes*, mentions six or seven other Species of his Poetry, among which were *Elegies*, *Hymns*, and *Iambicks*, all lost, except a few Fragments of them preserv'd in the Quotations of some antient Authors. And *Barnes* from this Passage in *Horace*,

—— *Et Fide Teia*

Dices laborantes in uno

Penelopen, vitreamque Circen ;

supposes him to have written a Poem upon the amorous Strife of *Penelope* and *Circe*, in favour of *Ulysses*,

BUT

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BUT to sum up all, *Strabo* tells us that the Verses of *Anacreon* were full of the Name of *Polycrates* his great Benefactor: Now in all the Remains of *Anacreon* there is not so much as any mention made of the Name of *Polycrates*. And *Lucian*, talking of the Murder of *Polycrates* by *Orætes*, and his Daughter's Application to *Darius* for Revenge, concludes, that he had drawn the Particulars of that Account from the Verses of *Anacreon*. By which we may guess, how little his *Odes* (the only intire Pieces we have left) are in comparison to his other Works. However, little as they are, they do not miss of giving us great Delight, when we consider their Beauties and Graces ever-smiling, attended with an Air so delicate and easy, that in the Judgment of *Rapin*, there is nothing in Antiquity comparable to them. And truly, if Poetry, as the *Criticks* define it, be but a Copy of Nature, appearing still more beautiful, the more it resembles its Original, no Poetry can vie for Beauty with that of *Anacreon*, since none can boast a nearer Resemblance of Nature. Where can we find a Style more soft and tender, or a Fancy more free and sprightly, yet void of those little *Witticisms* of *Turns* and *Points*, so meanly esteem'd by the Antients, tho' so highly by the Moderns? Madam *Dacier*, in the Preface to her *Anacreon*, addressing herself to those who neither understanding *Greek* nor *Latin*, might possibly complain, that the *Odes* of
Anacreon

Anacreon ended in a manner they call *cold*, that is to say, without a *Point*, informs them, that this was the ordinary Style of the soundest Antiquity. Open a *Homer*, and you will find good Sense thro'out, in every Page, in every Line: but then you will not find one single *Point*; he imitates Nature in all, he follows Reason, and never presents to the Imagination, an Image that is not lively and noble. This is the Beauty of *Anacreon*. The *Latins* also were a long time before they knew the *Point*; and if they sometimes made use of it, 'twas still with such reserve, that we must rather admire their Judgment in using it so sparingly, than their Default in using it at all. But yet 'tis certain, that when it was most in vogue among them, 'twas at the time when they had most degenerated in their Actions from the Virtue, and in their Writings from the Purity of their Ancestors. Whoever would draw a Parallel of those Authors, by whom the *Point* was most or least affected, will be furnish'd with notable Examples out of the *Epigrams* of *Martial* and *Catullus*; those of the first ever ending in the *Point*, those of the latter in the *Anacreontique*; that is to say, in a Word that carries some surprizing Sting in it, or in the Simplicity of some delicate Expression. And how far the latter way of writing was preferable to the former, in the Opinion of *Andreas Naugerius*, an excellent Judge of Poetry, we may gather from the yearly Sacrifice

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crifice he used to make of a Volume of *Martial's* Epigrams to the *Manes* of *Catullus*. For a farther Character of the Delicacies of *Anacreon*, I shall refer you to the Account *Cupid* gives of them, as Mr. *Cowley* makes him address the Poet in his own Language.

*All thy Verse is softer far,
Than the downy Feathers are
Of my Wings, or of my Arrows,
Of my Mother's Doves and Sparrows.
Sweet as Lovers freshest Kisses,
Or their riper following Bliss;
Graceful, cleanly, smooth, and round,
All with Venus' Girdle bound.*





Nº 8. Saturday, May 22, 1725.

The Continuation of our former.

Anacreonta Teium,
Qui persæpe cavâ testudine flevit amorem,
Non elaboratum ad pedem. HOR.

To HIBERNICUS.

S I R,

AFTER having said so much in the commendation of *Anacreon*, I thought it not improper to send you a Translation of one of his most beautiful Odes, in which alone (I speak as to the Original) are all the Elegancies I have describ'd; but chiefly I send it to you for the Benefit of your *Female* Readers, who, better by Example than Precept, will learn to put a juster Value upon the wretchedly witty and romantick Style with which they are daily persecuted in their *Love-Verses*. But first I must observe, that in this Ode I do not study to give you the very Words he spoke, so much as his manner of speaking;

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ing; and therefore shall not take offence at such as will not allow it to be a Translation of *Anacreon*, if they will only allow it to be an *Anacreontique*. And for this liberty of Translating I shall plead the Authority of Lord Roscommon, in whose Judgment, all Lovers of the Muses must implicitly acquiesce.

*Words in one Language elegantly us'd,
Will hardly in another be excus'd:
And some that Rome admir'd in Cæsar's Time,
May neither suit our Genius nor our Clime.
The Genuine Sense intelligibly told,
Shews a Translator, both discreet and bold.*

ANACREONTIQUE.

AS it happen'd on a Night,
Full of Rain and void of Light,
Dismal Night, when not a Star
Shone in all the Hemisphere;
And on Earth by sleep oppress'd,
Ev'ry Soul was gone to rest;
Love, unknown to me before,
Love stood knocking at my Door.
Whence, and who, so late at Night,
(Said I, waking in a fright)
Dare so rude a knocking keep,
To disturb my downy sleep,
Sleep from ev'ry Sorrow free,
Sleep so rare a Guest to me?

Lit.

*Little cause have you to fear,
 Whence we come, or who we are,
 Love, the subtle Rogue, replies,
 Gentle Stranger, pray thee, rise;
 And some tender Care imploy
 On a little harmless Boy,
 Who long wandring up and down,
 Unacquainted with the Town,
 Trembling, cold, and wet all o'er,
 Here have lit upon a Door.
 Mov'd at what the Urchin said,
 Simple Fool, I rose from Bed,
 Struck a light, and op'd the Door,
 Where a little Boy I spy'd,
 Wings that on his Shoulders wore,
 Bow and Arrows by his side.
 Ent'ring, I his Name inquire;
 Lead me, Master, to the fire;
 For my Name, he made reply,
 You shall know it by and by.
 I led him to't, all seeming mild,
 And as he said, a harmless Child.
 His little Hands so chill with cold,
 In mine to warm, I fondly hold;
 His little Locks, so wet with Rain,
 I gently wring and dry again.
 When strait reviving by my care,
 When warm'd his Hands, and dry'd his Hair,
 Landlord! said he, I fain wou'd know,
 How fares my Dart, how fares my Bow?
 If proof against the Wet or no,
 Landlord! How fares my Dart and Bow?*

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*He bent his Bow, he fixt his Dart,
 And shot me full into the Heart.
 Stung with unsufferable Pain,
 I drew the Dart with might and main;
 With might and main I drew the Dart,
 But left th' impression on my Heart,
 Of her whose Image it did bear,
 Cloe, the Gods peculiar Care.
 All this he saw, and seeing smil'd,
 No more a little harmless Child,
 But little Imp, devoid of shame;
 Then, said he, would you know my Name?
 Cupid I'm call'd by Gods above,
 By Men below, the Pow'r of Love;
 The Pow'r in Men and Gods inspires,
 All tender Thoughts, and am'rous Fires.
 Above when minded to be great,
 In Venus' Court I keep my State,
 Venus, my Mother, Queen of Love,
 Whom yet I no more fear than Jove;
 Jove often turn'd, to shew my Pow'r,
 To Bull or Swan, to Flame or Show'r.
 Below, when weary of the Skies,
 I keep incog. in Cloe's Eyes,
 Whence all my private pranks I play,
 And wound a thousand Hearts a Day:
 A thousand——ay! as many Hearts,
 As she has Looks, or I have Darts.
 But fare you well, for now I know,
 Safe is my Dart, safe is my Bow;
 Happy for you, could you but say,
 Your Heart were half as safe as they.*

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IF *Fable*, as is said, be so essential to Poetry, that there can be no Poetry without it, *Fable*, as a *French Critick* observes, being to Poetry what the *Figure* is to the marble *Statue*, no Poet sure was ever so happy as *Anacreon*; ever wrapt up in an *Allegory* so plain and easy, as shews its meaning, in its seeming Unwillingness to shew it. Like the

— *Latentis proditor intimo*
Gratus Puellæ risus ab angulo,

Or the

Pignus direptum lacertis
Aut digito male pertinaci;

Which *Horace*, in my Lord *Foppington's* words, touches to such a *Nicety*. The Ladies will best conceive what I mean by this seeming Unwillingness, when I compare it to the *Net-work*, they often cover their Bosoms with, which thro' a thousand little *Peep-holes* discovers those Beauties it seems put on to hide; or to the *Language* of their *Eyes*, which never more clearly reveal their *Passion*, than when they most endeavour to conceal it. It is the Behaviour of *Virgil's Galatea*, and *Gallus's Puella*.

Malo me Galatea petit lasciva Puella,
Et fugit ad salices, at se cupit ante videri.
Virg.

Erubuit Vultus ipsa Puella meos.
Et nunc subridens latebras fugitiva petebat;
Non tamen effugiens, tota latere volens:
F 2 Sed

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*Sed magis ex aliqua cupiebat parte videri ;
Latior hoc multo, quod male tecta foret.*

Whom Mr. Pope has so well copied in the
Delia and *Silvia* of his *Pastoral* call'd the
Spring ;

S T R E P H O N.

*Me gentle Delia beckons from the Plain,
Then hid in Shades, eludes her eager Swain ;
But feigns a Laugh to see me search around,
And by that Laugh the willing Fair is found.*

D A P H N I S.

*The sprightly Silvia tript along the Green,
She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen ;
While a kind Glance at her Pursuer flies,
How much at variance are her Feet and Eyes ?*

Such willing Nymphs are the *Fables* of
Anacreon, of which I have the rather taken
notice, because I do not remember they
have been observ'd in that Light by any of
the *Criticks*.



N^o 9. *Saturday, May 29, 1725.*

— *Quicquid Chartis amicitur ineptis.*

HOR.

To HIBERNICUS.

S I R,



S I was always exceedingly fond of your Design, I cannot but be equally sorry, that I should have any occasion to be dissatisfied with your manner of executing it. Tho this be but a scurvy Compliment to an Author, yet if you have all that *Philosophy* in your Temper which you have made a Show of in your Writings, you will not be affronted at it; especially when you consider my Reasons for complaining of you. What I chiefly find fault with is, That in a Paper intended for the Use of the Publick, you write too much to a particular Taste. Your Reflections are too general, and too speculative, to be either of great Use or Entertainment to the Bulk of your Readers. I could therefore wish, that instead of your abstract Reasonings and Observations on ge-

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neral

neral Life, you would apply yourself to correct those many Disorders and Absurdities that the present Age is so very fruitful in, to weed out which is the proper Business of such a Paper as yours; since they commonly lie too low to be levell'd at either by the *Penalties* of the *Laws*, or the sacred *Satir* of the *Pulpit*.

THERE is an Evil of this kind which I have often wish'd you would take under your Consideration: I mean the bad Taste of Writing that has of late Years so prevailed among the Inhabitants of these Islands, and the vile choice of Subjects that has been made by many of our Writers. Wit and Learning should never be employed but in such a manner, as to be made subservient to Virtue and good Manners. Yet how little has there appear'd of late among us conducive to those excellent Purposes; I mean from those Gentlemen that write to the polite and gay part of Mankind? This is the more surprizing, when we have so many admirable Authors still living, that are grown grey in the Service of Virtue, and have acquir'd a Reputation, which affords the greatest Encouragement to others to lay out their Wit and Learning in the same manner.

FROM the lying by of these great Men, the Sages of *Grubstreet* have taken the advantage of uttering vast Quantities of their *Merchandise* thro' the Nation, to the infinite Detriment of the *Fair-Trader*, and great Discouragement of the *Staple Manufactures*.
The

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The *English* Reader has been much imposed upon by Translations from the *Latin* and *French*, by People who understand neither the Language from whence, nor that into which they made the Version. Every one will readily recollect Instances enough of this, to save me the labour of mentioning them. And which is still more intolerable, the Authors we are in this manner supplied with, are very frequently a *Scandal* to their own Tongue, before they come over to do *Penance* in ours.

THIS every one will own to be a very great Grievance; but there is still another, which, tho not so often taken notice of, has an equal tendency to corrupt the Taste of the more young and unwary sort of Readers. Such are the fabulous Adventures and Memoirs of *Pirates*, *Whores*, and *Pickpockets*, wherewith for some time past the Press has so prodigiously swarmed. Your *Robinson Crusoe's*, *Moll Flanders's*, *Sally Salisbury's*, and *John Shephard's*, have afforded notable Instances how easy it is to gratify our Curiosity, and how indulgent we are to the *Biographers* of *Newgate*, who have been as greedily read by People of the better sort, as the Compilers of *Last Speeches* and *Dying Words* by the Rabble. It were well however, if the Disorder stopt here. It may, for ought I know, be of some use to know the Artifices of Sharpers, and the Manners and Customs of *Newgate*. It may perhaps

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preserve

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preserve a Country Booby, at some time or other, from being made a Property on his coming to Town, or, it may be, enroll'd as a Member of that hopeful Community. But so luxuriant is our Invention, that it has furnished us Performances, which it would be the highest Effort of Wit to find out any Use for at all, unless in their Destruction.

A NEW *Vein* of Wit has been lately discover'd, and a Method of Writing, which may be properly enough distinguished by the Name of the *Unfavoury*; a kind of *Backward* Perfection in Drollery. The *Wonderful Wonder of Wonders*, is, if I mistake not, intended as a Satir on the human *Posteriors*. I am utterly at a loss to know what *Offence* this Part of our Body has given this witty Author, to deserve such *unmerciful* Treatment, or by what Authority it comes under the *Inspection* of any one, after it has gone thro' its legal Course of *Discipline* in the *Grammar School*, and received its *Manumission* in due form. I have read a System or two of *Anatomy*, that I might see in what particular *Muscle, Vein, or Artery* belonging to this *Region*, the Ridicule could lie; but upon the most accurate Observation could find no *Fund* of Mirth there, unless it were to a *Surgeon*. For which reason, besides that it betrays great want of Courage to attack us thus in the *Rear*, I would humbly propose it to the Wisdom of the Nation, that all the Copies of this *Wonderful Piece* be secured in

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in a *proper Place*, and applied to the *Use* of the Party offended.

THE *Art of F——ing in two Parts complete, &c.* is another witty Treatise of the same Nature, and writ with equal Spirit and Fancy, and in a Language that bears a very natural Similitude with the Art it endeavours to teach. I cannot but think it for the Interest of the Publick, that the Natives of these Kingdoms should be inspired with a better Ambition, than to excel in such an unmannerly Qualification. For I doubt not but several ingenious *Prize-makers* have already taken the hint to raise *Intestine Commotions* among the Country People on this account, and make young Fellows as emulous of a strong *explosive Faculty*, as they formerly used to be of their Dexterity in handling the Quarter-staff and Cudgel. And by this means, it may come to be as creditable, in a short time, to *sink* an Antagonist out of the Field, as to send him away with a broken Head; and a Fellow that has not the Art of making *Fair Speeches*, need not despair of winning his Sweet-heart, provided he can but salute her with a *foul Smell*.

BUT the Author of *Some few serious and cleanly Meditations on a Bog-house*, seems to have reached a *Strain* beyond any of his Competitors in this way of Writing, and it is to be hoped has gone very *deep* into his Subject, before he ventured to publish his Thoughts to the World upon it. As he is
perhaps

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perhaps the first *Rhetorician* that ever *paint-ed* the Beauties of the *Dunghil*, so I should be extremely glad he were encouraged with a Monopoly of the *Business*, and a Privilege to hinder all Interlopers from having the least *Finger* in it.

I CAN hardly imagine what has put our modern Wits upon this new *Scent* of Ridicule. True Humour, I am sure, there is none in it : For nothing in Nature is ridiculous, but as it is either misapplied where it is, or affected where it is not ; in both which Cases the *Laugh* rises from *Men*, and not from *Things*. But perhaps the Design of these Authors, in writing their *Dirty Essays*, was to gratify the *Itch of Scribbling*, without running the Risk of being mauled by the *Criticks*. If they had only this in view, it must be owned, that the Method they have taken has been admirably well calculated for such an End. For they are hereby indeed enabled, like the *Stink-pot-flingers* of Antiquity, to keep their Enemies at a due Distance. Were it not for that, the *Artillery* might with a great deal of *Ease* be turned on themselves.

As nothing is more usual than to pursue a Hint of this kind, that has been once started, I expect, there will be a great Number of more elegant Pieces shortly published upon the Model of these worthy *Originals* ; and that there shall not be a Place of *Nastiness* in *Great Britain*, or *Ireland*, but what shall contribute to the *Wit* and *Mirth* of his Majesty's

jesty's *Liege People*, nor an Author among us take a Dose of *Physick*, but with a View to the Advancement of Learning, and *refining* our *Taste*. And as no body knows how far Men will go, when they are once got into the Road of Discoveries, I doubt not, but in some convenient time, our *Piss-Pots* may furnish Materials for fine Writing, and many sublime Meditations be *squirted* out of a *Glister-Pipe*. And should there ever happen to be a Club of this exquisite *Relish* erected, I suppose, it will be one of their *fundamental* Constitutions to *work* out all their *Compositions* sitting upon a *Stool*, and take their Denomination, like the *Peripateticks*, and some other Sects of the antient Philosophers, from the *Posture* in which they perform their *Exercises*.

I AM sorry, I should be obliged to dwell so long upon so indecent a Subject, which presents no Idea to the Imagination that does not tend either to affront, or pollute it. But the Evil seems to be so growing among us, that there was a Necessity of turning it into Ridicule, *in the Style proper to it*; since to have argued seriously against it, would be little less *impertinent*, than it is to be *guilty of it*.

How despicable must they appear in the Eyes of Men of Sense, who can thus sit down, and in cool Blood compose Strings of *ambiguous* Phrases, to serve as *Vehicles* for their immodest and beastly Images? A Man of common Civility would blush to
vent

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vent such Discourse in well-bred Company ; and yet these *monstrous* Writers are not ashamed to let the World know that their *vile* Thoughts accompany them to their *Closets*, and are the Business of their *Retirements*. There is no harm in Mirth, provided it be managed so as not to be shocking to Decency and good Manners ; which whenever we transgress, we grow *Merrier* than *Wiser*, and instead of acquiring the Character of *Agreeable*, bring upon our selves the just Contempt due to *Buffoonery*.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble Servant,

PERDOMISOS.



N^o 10.



N^o 10. Saturday, June 5, 1725.

—*Rapias in jus malis ridentem alienis.*

HOR.

TO HIBERNICUS.

 HERE is scarce any thing that concerns *human Nature*, which does not deserve to be inquired into : I send you some Thoughts upon a very common Subject, *Laughter* ; which you may publish, if you think they can be of any use, to help us to understand what so often happens in our own Minds, and to know the Use for which it is design'd in the Constitution of our Nature.

ARISTOTLE, in his *Art of Poetry*, has very justly explained the Nature of one Species of *Laughter*, viz. the *Ridiculing of Persons*, the Occasion or Object of which he tells us, is Ἀμείγνητα τι καὶ αἰσχος ἀνώδυνον καὶ οὐ φθαστικόν ; *Some Mistake, or some Turpitude, without grievous Pain, and not very pernicious or destructive.* But this he never intended as a general Account of all sorts of *Laughter*.

BUT

BUT Mr. *Hobbes*, who very much owes his Character of a *Philosopher* to his assuming positive solemn *Airs*, which he uses most when he is going to assert some palpable Absurdity, or some ill-natur'd Nonsense, assures us, that ' *Laughter* is nothing else but sudden ' *Glory*, arising from some sudden Conception of some Eminency in our selves, by ' comparison with the Infirmary of others, ' or with our own formerly : For Men laugh ' at the Follies of themselves past, when they ' come suddenly to remembrance, except ' they bring with them any present Dishonour.'

THIS Notion the Authors of the *Spectators* N^o 47, have adopted from Mr. *Hobbes*. That bold Author having carry'd on his Inquiries, in a singular manner, without regard to Authorities; and having fallen into a way of speaking, which was much more intelligible than that of the *Schoolmen*, soon became agreeable to many free Wits of his Age. His grand View was to deduce all human Actions from *Self-Love* : by some bad Fortune he has over-look'd every thing which is *generous* or *kind* in Mankind; and represents Men in that Light in which a thorow Knave or Coward beholds them, suspecting all Friendship, Love, or social Affection, of Hypocrisy, or selfish Design or Fear.

THE learned World has often been told that *Puffendorf* had strongly imbib'd *Hobbes's* first Principles, altho he draws much better
Conse-

Consequences from them ; and this last Author, as he is certainly much preferable to the generality of the *School-men*, in distinct intelligible Reasoning, has been made the grand Instructor in Morals to all who have of late given themselves to that Study : Hence it is that the old Notions of *natural Affections*, and kind *Instincts*, the *Sensus communis*, the *Decorum*, and *Honestum*, are almost banish'd out of our Books of Morals ; we must never hear of them in any of our Lectures for fear of *innate Ideas* : All must be *Interest*, and some selfish View ; Laughter it self must be a Joy from the same Spring.

IF Mr. *Hobbes*'s Notion be just, then first, There can be no *Laughter* on any Occasion where we make no *Comparison* of our selves to others, or of our present State to a worse State, or where we do not observe some *Superiority* of our selves above some other Thing : And again, it must follow, that every sudden Appearance of *Superiority* over another, must excite *Laughter*, when we attend to it. If both these Conclusions be false, the Notion from whence they are drawn must be so too.

1st. THEN, that *Laughter* often arises without any imagined Superiority of ourselves, may appear from one great Fund of Pleasantry, the *Parody*, and *Burlesque Allusion* ; which move *Laughter* in those who may have the highest Veneration for the Writing alluded to, and also admire the Wit of

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the Person who makes the Allusion. Thus many a profound Admirer of the Machinery in *Homer* and *Virgil*, has laugh'd heartily at the Interposition of *Pallas* in *Hudibras*, to save the bold *Talgol* from the Knight's Pistol, presented to the Outside of his Skull:

*But Pallas came in Shape of Rust,
And 'twixt the Spring and Hammer thrust
Her Gorgon Shield, which made the Cock
Stand stiff, as 'twere transform'd to Stock.*

And few who read this, imagine themselves superior either to *Homer* or *Butler*; we indeed generally imagine ourselves superior in Sense to the valorous Knight, but not in this Point, of firing rusty Pistols. And pray, Would any Mortal have laughed, had the Poet told, in a simple unadorned manner, that his Knight attempted to shoot *Talgol*, but his Pistol was so rusty that it would not give fire? and yet this would have given us the same ground of sudden Glory from our Superiority over the doughty Knight.

AGAIN, to what do we compare ourselves, or imagine ourselves superior, when we laugh at this fantastical Imitation of the *Poetical Imagery*, and Similitudes of the Morning?

*The Sun, long since, had in the Lap
Of Thetis taken out his Nap;
And, like a Lobster boil'd, the Morn,
From black to red began to turn.*

MANY

MANY an Orthodox *Scotch Presbyterian* (which Sect few accuse of disregard for the holy Scriptures) has been put to it to preserve his Gravity, upon hearing the Application of *Scripture* made by his Countryman Dr. *Pitcairn*, as he observ'd a Crowd in the Streets about a Mason, who had fallen along with his Scaffold, and was over-whelmed with the Ruins of the Chimney which he had been building, and which fell immediately after the Fall of the poor Mason; *Blessed are the Dead which die in the Lord, for they rest from their Labours, and their Works follow them.* And yet few imagine themselves superior either to the Apostle or the Doctor. Their Superiority to the poor Mason, I'm sure, could never have rais'd such Laughter, for this occur'd to them before the Doctor's Consolation; in this Case no Opinion of Superiority could have occasioned the *Laughter*, unless we say, that People imagined themselves superior to the Doctor in Religion: but an imagined Superiority to a *Doctor* in Religion, is not a matter so rare as to raise sudden Joy; and, with People who value Religion, the Impiety of another is no matter of *Laughter*.

IT is said, “ * That when Men of Wit “ make us laugh, it is by representing some “ Oddness or Infirmary in themselves, or others.” Thus Allusions made on trifling Occasions, to the most solemn *figured Speeches*

* See the Spectator.

of great Writers, contain such an obvious Impropriety, that we imagine ourselves incapable of such Mistakes as the Alluder seemingly falls into; so that in this Case too, there is an imagin'd Superiority. But in answer to this, we may observe, that we often laugh at such Allusions, when we are conscious that the Person who raises the *Laugh*, knows abundantly the justest Propriety of speaking, and knows, at present, the *Oddness* and *Impropriety* of his own Allusion as well as any in Company; nay, laughs at it himself: We often admire his Wit in such Allusions, and study to imitate him in it, as far as we can. Now, what sudden Sense of Glory, or Joy in our Superiority, can arise from observing a Quality in another, which we study to imitate, I cannot imagine. I doubt, if Men compared themselves with the Alluder, whom they study to imitate, they would rather often grow grave or sorrowful.

NAY, farther, this is so far from Truth, that imagined Superiority moves our *Laughter*, that one would imagine from some Instances the very contrary: For if *Laughter* arose from our imagined *Superiority*, then, the more that any Object appear'd *inferior* to us, the greater would be the Jest; and the nearer any one came to an Equality with us, or Resemblance of our Actions, the less we should be moved with *Laughter*. But we see, on the contrary, that some Ingenuity in *Dogs* and *Monkeys*, which comes near to
some

some of our own Arts, very often makes us merry ; whereas their duller Actions, in which they are much below us, are no matter of Jest at all. Whence the Author in the *Spectator* drew his Observation, *That the Actions of Beasts which move our Laughter, bear a Resemblance to a human Blunder*, I confess I cannot guess ; I fear the very contrary is true, that their imitation of our grave wise Actions would be fittest to raise Mirth in the Observer.

THE second Part of the Argument, that *Opinion of Superiority* suddenly incited in us does not move *Laughter*, seems the most obvious thing imaginable : If we observe an Object in pain while we are at ease, we are in greater danger of Weeping than *Laughing* : And yet here is occasion for *Hobbes's* sudden Joy. It must be a very merry State in which a fine Gentleman is, when well dressed, in his Coach, he passes our Streets, where he will see so many ragged Beggars, and Porters and Chairmen sweating at their Labour, on every side of him. It is a great pity that we had not an Infirmary or Lazar-house to retire to in cloudy Weather, to get an Afternoon of *Laughter* at these inferior Objects : Strange, that none of our *Hobbists* banish all *Canary Birds* and *Squirrels*, and *Lap-Dogs*, and *Puggs*, and *Cats* out of their Houses, and substitute in their Places, *Asses*, and *Owls*, and *Snails*, and *Oysters* to be merry upon. From these they might have higher Joys of Superiority, than from those with whom

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we now please ourselves. *Pride*, or an high Opinion of ourselves, must be entirely inconsistent with Gravity; Emptiness must always make Men solemn in their Behaviour; and conscious Virtue and great Abilities must always be upon the Sncer. An Orthodox Believer who is very sure that he is in the true way to Salvation, must always be merry upon Hereticks, to whom he is so much superior in his own Opinion; and no other Passion but Mirth should arise upon hearing of their Heterodoxy. In general, all Men of true Sense, and Reflection, and Integrity, of great Capacity for Business, and Penetration into the Tempers and Interests of Men, must be the merriest little Grigs imaginable; *Democritus* must be the sole Leader of all the Philosophers; and perpetual *Laughter* must succeed into the Place of the Long Beard,

———*To be the Grace
Both of our Wisdom and our Face.*

It is pretty strange, that the Authors whom we mentioned above, have never distinguish'd between the words *Laughter* and *Ridicule*: this last is but one particular Species of the former, when we are *laughing* at the Follies of others; and in this Species there may be some pretence to alledge that some imagined Superiority may occasion it; but then there are innumerable Instances of *Laughter*, where no Person is ridiculed; nor does he who *laughs* compare himself to any thing whatsoever.

foever. Thus how often do we *laugh* at some out-of-the-way Description of natural Objects, to which we never compare our State at all. I fancy few have ever read the *City Shower* without a strong Disposition to *Laughter*; and instead of imagining any Superiority, are very sensible of a Turn of Wit in the Author which they despair of imitating: Thus what relation to our Affairs has that Simile in *Hudibras*,

*Instead of Trumpet and of Drum,
Which makes the Warriour's Stomach come,
And whets Mens Valour sharp, like Beer
By Thunder turn'd to Vinegar.*

The *Laughter* is not here raised against either Valour or martial Musick, but merely by the wild resemblance of a mean Event.

AND then farther, even in Ridicule itself there must be something else than bare Opinion to raise it, as may appear from this, that if any one would relate in the simplest manner these very Weaknesses of others, their extravagant Passions, their absurd Opinions, upon which the Man of Wit would rally, should we hear the best Vouchers of all the Facts alleged, we shall not be disposed to *Laughter* by bare Narration; or should one do a real *important Injury* to another, by taking advantage of his Weakness, or by some pernicious Fraud let us see another's Simplicity, this is no matter of *Laughter*: and yet these important Cheats do really discover our Superi-

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ority over the Person cheated, more than the trifling Impostures of our *Humourists*. The Opinion of our Superiority may raise a sedate Joy in our Minds, very different from *Laughter*; but such a Thought seldom arises in our Minds in the hurry of a chearful Conversation among Friends, where there is often an high mutual Esteem. But we go to our Closets often to spin out some fine Conjectures about the Principles of our Actions, which no Mortal is conscious of in himself during the Action; thus the same *Authors* above-mentioned tell us, that the Desire which we have to see tragical Representations is, because of the secret Pleasure we find in thinking ourselves secure from such Evils; we know from what Sect this Notion was derived.

Quibus ipse malis liber es, quia cernere suave. Lucr.

THIS Pleasure must indeed be a secret one, so very secret, that many a kind compassionate Heart was never conscious of it, but felt itself in a continual state of Horror and Sorrow; our desiring such Sights flows from a kind *Instinct* of Nature, a secret Bond between us and our Fellow-Creatures.

*Naturæ imperio gemimus cum funus adultæ
Virginis occurrit, vel terra clauditur Infans.*

————— *Quis enim bonus* —————
Ulla aliena sibi credat mala.

Juven.

Nº 11.



N^o II. Saturday, June 12, 1725.

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal*.

*Humano capiti cervicem, pictor equinam
Fungere si velit, & varias inducere plumas
Undique collatis membris, ut turpiter atrum
Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne,
Spectatum admissi, Risum teneatis amici?*

H O R.

S I R,



IN my former Letter, I attempted to shew that Mr. *Hobbes's* Account of *Laughter* was not just. I shall now endeavour to discover some other Ground of that *Sensation*, *Action*, *Passion*, or *Affection*, I know not which of them a Philosopher would call it.

THE ingenious Mr. *Addison*, in his Treatise of *The Pleasures of the Imagination*, has justly observ'd many sublimer Sensations than those commonly mention'd among Philosophers: He observes particularly, that we receive Sensations of Pleasure from those Objects which are *great*, *new*, or *beautiful*; and on the contrary, that Objects which are more *narrow* and *confined*, or *deformed*, and *irregular*.

gular, give us disagreeable Ideas. It is unquestionable, that we have a great number of *Perceptions*, which one can scarcely reduce to any of the five Senses, as they are commonly explained; such as either the Ideas of *Grandeur*, *Dignity*, *Decency*, *Beauty*, *Harmony*; or on the other hand, of *Meanness*, *Baseness*, *Indecency*, *Deformity*; and that we apply these Ideas not only to material Objects, but to *Characters*, *Abilities*, *Actions*.

It may be farther observed, that by some strange *Associations* of Ideas made in our Infancy, we have frequently some of *these Ideas* recurring along with a great many Objects, with which they have no other Connection than what Custom and Education, or frequent Allusions give them, or at most, some very distant Resemblance. The very *Affections* of our Minds are ascribed to inanimate Objects; and some Animals, perfect enough in their own kind, are made constant *Emblems* of some Vices or Meanness; whereas other Kinds are made *Emblems* of the contrary Qualities. For Instances of these *Associations*, partly from Nature, partly from Custom, we may take the following ones; *Sanctity* in our *Churches*, *Magnificence* in publick Buildings, *Affection* between the Oak and Ivy, the Elm and Vine; *Hospitality* in a *Shade*, a pleasant Sensation of *Grandeur* in the Sky, the Sea, and Mountains, distinct from a bare Apprehension or Image of their Extension; *Solemnity* and *Horror* in shady Woods. An *Ass* is the

the common Emblem of *Stupidity* and *Sloth*, a Swine of *selfish Luxury*; an Eagle of a *great Genius*; a Lion of *Intrepidity*; an Ant or Bee of *low Industry*, and *prudent Oeconomy*. Some inanimate Objects have in like manner some accessory Ideas of *Meanness*, either for some natural Reason, or oftner by mere Chance and Custom.

Now, the same ingenious Author observes, in the *Spectator* Vol. I. N^o 62. that what we call a *great Genius*, such as becomes a heroick Poet, gives us Pleasure by filling the Mind with *great Conceptions*; and therefore they bring most of their Similitudes and Metaphors from Objects of Dignity and Grandeur, where the Resemblance is generally very obvious. This is not usually called *Wit*, but something nobler. What we call *grave Wit*, consists in bringing such resembling Ideas together, as one could scarce have imagined had so exact a Relation to each other; or when the Resemblance is carry'd on thro' many more Particulars than we could have at first expected: And this therefore gives the Pleasure of *Surprize*. In this *serious Wit*, tho we are not solicitous about the *Grandeur* of the Images, we must still beware of bringing in Ideas of *Baseness* or *Deformity*, unless we are studying to represent an Object as base and deformed. Now this sort of *Wit* is seldom apt to move *Laughter*, more than *heroick Poetry*.

THAT

THAT then which seems generally the Cause of *Laughter*, is 'The bringing together of Images which have *contrary* additional Ideas, as well as some Resemblance in the principal Idea: This *Contrast* between Ideas of *Grandeur*, *Dignity*, *Sanctity*, *Perfection*, and Ideas of *Meanness*, *Baseness*, *Profanity*, seems to be the very Spirit of *Burlesque*; and the greatest Part of our *Raillery* and *Jest* are founded upon it.'

WE also find ourselves moved to *Laughter* by an overstraining of *Wit*, by bringing Resemblances from Subjects of a quite different kind from the Subject to which they are compared. 'When we see, instead of the Easiness, and natural Resemblance which constitutes true *Wit*, a *forced straining* of a Likeness, our *Laughter* is apt to arise; as also, when the only Resemblance is not in the Idea, but in the Sound of the Words.' And this is the Matter of *Laughter* in the *Pun*.

LET us see if this Thought may not be confirmed in many Instances. If any Writing has obtained an high Character for *Grandeur*, *Sanctity*, *Inspiration*, or *sublimity* of Thoughts, and *boldness* of Images; the Application of any known Sentence of such Writings to low, vulgar, or base Subjects, never fails to divert the Audience, and set them a *laughing*. This Fund of *Laughter* the Antients had by Allusions to *Homer*: Of this the Lives of some of the Philosophers in *Dio- genes*

genes Laertius supply abundance of Instances. Our late *Burlesque* Writers derive a great part of their Pleasantry from their introducing, on the most trifling Occasions, *Allusions* to some of the bold Schemes, or Figures, or Sentences of the great Poets, upon the most solemn Subjects. *Hudibras* and *Don Quixote* will supply one with Instances of this in almost every Page. It were to be wished that the Boldness of our Age had never carry'd their ludicrous Allusions to yet more venerable Writings. We know that Allusions to the Phrases of *holy Writ* have obtained to some Gentlemen a Character of *Wit*, and often furnish'd *Laughter* to their Hearers, when their Imaginations have been too barren to give any other Entertainment. But I appeal to the Religious themselves, if these Allusions are not apt to move *Laughter*, unless a more strong Affection of the Mind, a *religious Horror* at the Profanity of such Allusions, prevents their allowing themselves the Liberty of *laughing* at them. Now in this Affair I fancy any one will acknowledge that an Opinion of Superiority is not at all the Occasion of the *Laughter*.

AGAIN, any little Accident to which we have joined the Idea of *Meanness*, befalling a Person of great Gravity, Ability, Dignity, is a matter of *Laughter*, for the very same reason; thus the strange Contortions of the Body in a Fall, the dirtying of a decent Dress, the natural Functions which we study to conceal

ceal from sight, are matter of *Laughter*, when they occur to Observation in Persons of whom we have high Ideas: nay, the very human Form has the Ideas of *Dignity* so generally joined with it, that even in ordinary Persons such mean Accidents are matter of Jest; but still the Jest is increased by the *Dignity*, *Gravity*, or *Modesty* of the Person; which shews that it is this *Contrast*, or *Opposition* of Ideas of *Dignity* and *Meanness*, which is the Occasion of *Laughter*.

WE generally imagine in Mankind some degree of *Wisdom* above other Animals, and have high Ideas of them on this account. If then along with our Notion of *Wisdom* in our Fellows, there occurs any Instance of *gross Inadvertence*, or *great Mistake*; this is a great cause of *Laughter*. Our Countrymen are very subject to little Trips of this kind, and furnish often some Diversion to their Neighbours, not only by Mistakes in their Speech, but in Actions. Yet even this kind of *Laughter* cannot well be said to arise from our Sense of *Superiority*. This alone may give a sedate Joy, but not be a matter of *Laughter*; since we shall find the same kind of *Laughter* arising in us, where this Opinion of *Superiority* does not attend it: For if the most ingenious Person in the World, whom the whole Company esteems, should thro' inadvertent hearing, or any other mistake, answer quite from the Purpose, the whole Audience may *laugh* heartily, without the least abate.

abatement of their *good Opinion*. Thus we know some very ingenious Men have not in the least suffer'd in their Characters by an extemporary *Pun*, which raises the *Laugh* very readily; whereas a premeditated *Pun*, which diminishes our Opinion of a *Writer*, will seldom raise any *Laughter*.

AGAIN, the more violent Passions, as *Fear*, *Anger*, *Sorrow*, *Compassion*, are generally look'd upon as something great and solemn; the beholding of these Passions in another, strikes a Man with Gravity: Now if these Passions are artfully, or accidentally raised upon a small, or a fictitious Occasion, they move the *Laughter* of those who imagine the Occasions to be small and contemptible, or who are conscious of the Fraud: this is the occasion of the *Laugh* in *Biting*, as they call such Deceptions.

ACCORDING to this Scheme, there must necessarily arise a great Diversity in Mens Sentiments of the *Ridiculous* in Actions or Characters, according as their Ideas of *Dignity* and *Wisdom* are various. A truly wise Man who places the Dignity of human Nature in good Affections and suitable Actions, may be apt to *laugh* at those who employ their most solemn and strong Affections about what, to the wise Man, appears perhaps very useless or mean. The same *Solemnity* of Behaviour and *Keeness* of Passion, about a Place or Ceremony, which ordinary People only employ about the absolute Necessaries
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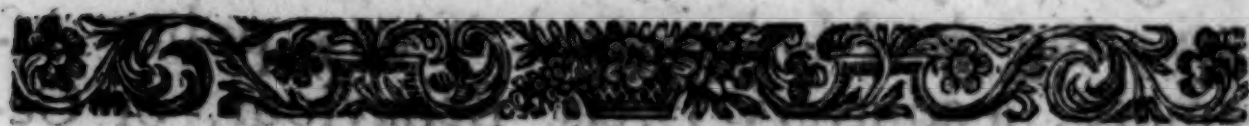
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of Life, may make them *laugh* at their Betters. When a Gentleman of Pleasure, who thinks that good Fellowship and Gallantry are the only valuable Enjoyments of Life, observes Men with great *Solemnity* and *Earnestness*, heaping up Money, without using it, or incumbering themselves with Purchases and Mortgages, which the gay Gentleman with his paternal Revenues, thinks very silly Affairs, he may make himself very merry upon them: And the frugal Man, in his turn, makes the same Jest of the Man of Pleasure. The successful Gamester, whom no Disaster forces to lay aside the *trifling Ideas* of an Amusement in his Play, may *laugh* to see the serious Looks and Passions of the gravest Business, arising in the *Loser*, amidst the Ideas of a Recreation. There is indeed in these last Cases an Opinion of *Superiority* in the *Laughter*; but this is not the proper occasion of his *Laughter*; otherwise I see not how we should ever meet with a composed Countenance any where: Men have their different Relishes of Life, most People prefer their own Taste to that of others; but this moves no Laughter, unless in representing the Pursuits of others, they do join together some whimsical Image of *opposite* Ideas.

IN the more polite Nations there are certain Modes of Dress, Behaviour, Ceremony, generally received by all the better sort, as they are commonly called: To these Modes, *Ideas of Decency, Grandeur, and Dignity* are

are generally joined ; hence Men are fond of imitating the Mode : And if any polite Assembly, a contrary Dress, Behaviour, or Ceremony appear, to which we have joined in our Country the contrary Ideas of *Meanness*, *Rusticity*, *Sullenness*, a Laugh does ordinarily arise, or a disposition to it, in those who have not the thorow good Breeding, or Reflection, to restrain themselves, or break thro' these customary Associations.

AND hence we may see, that what is counted ridiculous in one Age or Nation, may not be so in another. We are apt to *laugh* at *Homer*, when he compares *Ajax* unwillingly retreating, to an *Aff* driven out of a *Cornfield* ; or when he compares him to a *Boar* : Or *Ulysses* tossing all Night without Sleep thro' Anxiety, to a *Pudding* frying on the *Coals*. Those three Similies, have got low mean Ideas joined to them with us, which it is very probable they had not in *Greece* in *Homer's* days ; nay, as to one of them, the *Boar*, it is well known, that in some Countries of *Europe*, where they have *wild Boars* for Hunting, even in our Times, they have not these low fordid Ideas joined to that Animal, which we have in these Kingdoms, who never see them but in their dirty Sties, or on Dunghills. This may teach us how impertinent a great many Jests are, which are made upon the Style of some other antient Writings, in Ages when Manners were very different from ours, tho perhaps fully as rational, and every way as human and just.



N^o 12. Saturday, June 19, 1725.

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal*.

————— *Ridiculum acri*
Fortius & melius magnas plerumque secatur res.

S I R,



O treat this Subject of *Laughter* gravely, may subject the Author to a Censure, like to that which *Longinus* makes upon a prior Treatise of the *Sublime*, because wrote in a manner very unsuitable to the Subject. But yet it may be worth our pains to consider the Effects of *Laughter*, and the Ends for which it was implanted in our Nature, that thence we may know the proper Use of it: which may be done in the following Observations.

First, WE may observe, that *Laughter*, like many other Dispositions of our Mind, is necessarily pleasant to us, when it begins in the natural manner, from some *Perception* in the Mind of something ludicrous, and does not take its rise unnaturally from *external Motions* in the Body. Every one is consci-
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ous that a State of *Laughter* is an easy and agreeable State, that the Recurring or Suggestion of ludicrous Images tends to dispel *Fretfulness, Anxiety, or Sorrow*, and to reduce the Mind to an *easy, happy State*; as on the other hand, an easy and happy State is that in which we are most lively and acute in perceiving the *Ludicrous* in Objects: Any thing that gives us Pleasure, puts us also in a fitness for *Laughter*, when something ridiculous occurs; and ridiculous Objects occurring to a sour'd Temper, will be apt to recover it to Easiness. The implanting then a *Sense* of the *Ridiculous*, in our Nature, was giving us an *Avenue* to Pleasure, and an easy *Remedy* for Discontent and Sorrow.

AGAIN, *Laughter*, like other Affections, is very contagious; our whole Frame is so sociable, that one merry Countenance may diffuse Chearfulness to many; nor are they all Fools who are apt to *laugh* before they know the Jest, however curiosity in wise Men may restrain it, that their Attention may be kept awake.

WE are disposed by *Laughter* to a good *Opinion* of the Person who raises it, if neither our selves nor our Friends are made the *Butt*. *Laughter* is none of the smallest Bonds of common Friendships, tho it be of less consequence in great Heroick Friendships.

IF an Object, Action or Event be truly great in every respect, it will have no natural Relation or Resemblance to any thing

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mean or *base*; and consequently, no mean Idea can be joined to it with any natural Resemblance. If we make some forced remote Jests upon such Subjects, they can never be pleasing to a Man of Sense and Reflection, but raise Contempt of the Ridiculer, as void of just Sense of those things which are truly great. As to any great and truly sublime Sentiments, we may perhaps find that, by a playing upon Words, they may be applied to a trifling or mean Action, or Object; but this Application will not diminish our *high Idea* of the great Sentiment. He must be of a poor trifling Temper who would lose his relish of the Grandeur and Beauty of that noble Sentence of *Holy Writ*, mentioned in a former Paper, from the *Doctor's* Application of it. *Virgil Travesty* may often come into an ingenious Man's Head, when he reads the Original, and make him uneasy with impertinent Interruptions; but will never diminish his Admiration of *Virgil*. Who dislikes that Line in *Homer*, by which *Diogenes* the *Cynick* answered a Neighbour at an Execution, who was inquiring into the Cause of the Criminal's Condemnation? (which had been the Counterfeiting of the antient Purple)

Ἐλλαβε πορφύρεον θάνατον καὶ μοῖρα κραταίην.

Let any of our Wits try their Mettle in ridiculing the Opinion of a *good and wise Mind* governing the whole Universe; let them try
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to ridicule *Integrity* and *Honesty*, *Gratitude*, *Generosity*, or the *Love of one's Country*, accompanied with *Wisdom*. All their Art will never diminish the Admiration which we must have for such Dispositions, wherever we observe them pure and unmixed with any low views, or any Folly in the Exercise of them.

WHEN in any Object there is a *Mixture* of what is truly *great* along with something *weak* or *mean*, Ridicule may, with a weak Mind which cannot separate the *great* from the *mean*, bring the whole into Disesteem, or make the whole appear weak or contemptible: But with a Person of just Discernment and Reflection it will have no other Effect, but to separate what is great from what is not so.

WHEN any Object either good or evil is aggravated and increased by the Violence of our Passions, or an *Enthusiastick Admiration*, or *Fear*, the Application of Ridicule is the readiest way to bring down our high Imaginations to a Conformity to the real Moment or Importance of the Affair. Ridicule gives our Minds as it were a bend to the contrary side; so that upon Reflection they may be more capable of settling in a just Conformity to Nature.

LAUGHTER is received in a different manner by the *Person ridiculed*, according as he who uses the Ridicule evidences good Nature, Friendship, and Esteem of the Person whom he laughs at; or the contrary.

THE enormous *Crime* or grievous *Calamity* of another, is not of it self a Subject which can be naturally turned into Ridicule: The former raises Horror in us, and Hatred; and the latter Pity. When *Laughter* arises on such occasions, it is not excited by the *Guilt* or the *Misery*. To observe the Contortions of the Human Body in the Air, upon the blowing up of an Enemy's Ship, may raise *Laughter* in those who do not reflect on the *Agony* and *Distress* of the Sufferers; but the reflecting on this Distress could never move *Laughter* of it self. So some fantastick Circumstances accompanying a Crime may raise *Laughter*; but a piece of cruel *Barbarity*, or treacherous *Villany*, of it self must raise very contrary Passions. A Jest is not ordinary in an *Impeachment* of a Criminal, or an *Invective Oration*: It rather diminishes than increases the *Abhorrence* in the Audience, and may justly raise Contempt of the Orator for an unnatural Affectation of Wit. Jestings is still more unnatural in Discourses design'd to move *Compassion* toward the distressed. A forced unnatural Ridicule on either of these occasions, must be apt to raise in the guilty or the miserable Hatred against the *Laughter*; since it must be supposed to flow from Hatred in him toward the Object of his Ridicule, or from want of all Compassion. The guilty will take *Laughter* to be a Triumph over him as contemptible; the miserable will interpret it as hardness of Heart,

Heart, and Insensibility of the Calamities of another. This is the natural Effect of joining to either of these Objects, mean ludicrous Ideas.

IF smaller *Faults*, such as are not inconsistent with a Character in the main amiable, be set in a ridiculous Light, the guilty are apt to be made sensible of their Folly, more than by a bare grave Admonition. In many of our faults, occasion'd by too great Violence of some Passion, we get such *Enthusiastick* Apprehensions of some Objects, as lead us to justify our Conduct: The joining of opposite Ideas or Images, allays this *Enthusiasm*; and, if this be done with good Nature, it may be the least offensive, and most effectual Reproof.

RIDICULE upon the smallest faults, when it does not appear to flow from kindness, is apt to be extremely provoking; since the applying of mean Ideas to our Conduct, discovers *Contempt* of us in the Ridiculer, and that he designs to make us contemptible to others.

RIDICULE applied to those Qualities or Circumstances in one of our Companions, which neither he nor the Ridiculer thinks *dishonourable*, is agreeable to every one; the *Butt* himself is as well pleas'd as any in Company.

RIDICULE upon any small *Misfortune* or Injury, which we have received with sorrow or keen resentment, when it is applied by a third Person, with appearance of good Nature,

Nature, is exceeding useful to abate our *Concern* or *Resentment*, and to reconcile us to the Person who injured us, if he does not persist in his Injury.

FROM this Consideration of the *Effects* of *Laughter*, it may be easy to see for what *Cause*, or *End*, a *Sense* of the ridiculous was implanted in Human Nature, and how it ought to be managed.

It is plainly of considerable *Moment* in Human Society. It is often a great occasion of *Pleasure*, and enlivens our Conversation exceedingly, when it is conducted by good Nature. It spreads a pleasantry of Temper over Multitudes at once; and one merry easy Mind may by this means diffuse a like Disposition over all who are in Company. There is nothing of which we are more communicative than of a good *Fest*: And many a Man who is incapable of obliging us otherwise, can oblige us by his Mirth, and really insinuate himself into our kind Affections, and good Wishes.

BUT this is not all the Use of *Laughter*. It is well known, that our Passions of every kind lead us into wild *Enthusiastick Apprehensions* of their several Objects. When any Object seems great in comparison of our selves, our Minds are apt to run into a perfect *Veneration*: When an Object appears formidable, a weak Mind will run into a *Panick*, an unreasonable, impotent Horror. Now in both these Cases, by our *Sense of*
the

the ridiculous, we are made capable of Relief from any pleasant, ingenious Well-wisher, by more effectual Means, than the most solemn, sedate reasoning. Nothing is so properly applied to the *false Grandeur*, either of Good or Evil, as Ridicule: Nothing will sooner prevent our excessive Admiration of *mix'd Grandeur*, or hinder our being led by that, which is, perhaps, really *great* in such an Object, to imitate also and approve what is really *mean*.

I QUESTION not but the Jest of *Elijah* upon the false Deity, whom his Countrymen had set up, has been very effectual to rectify their Notions of the Divine Nature; as we find that like Jest has been very seasonable in other Nations. *Baal*, no doubt, had been represented as a great Personage of unconquerable Power: But how ridiculous does the Image appear, when the *Prophet* sets before them, at once, the poor Ideas which must arise from such a limitation of Nature as could be represented by their *Statues*, and the high Ideas of *Omniscience*, and *Omnipotence*, with which the People declared themselves possessed by their *Invocation*. Cry aloud, *either he is talking, or pursuing, or he is on a Journey, or he is asleep*.

THIS Engine of Ridicule, no doubt, may be abused, and have a bad Effect upon a weak Mind; but with Men of any Reflection, there is little fear that it will ever be very pernicious. An Attempt of Ridicule

before such Men, upon a Subject every way great, is sure to return upon the Author of it. One might dare the boldest Wit in Company with Men of Sense, to make a Jest upon a compleatly great *Action*, or *Character*. Let him try the Story of *Scipio* and his *Fair Captive*, upon the taking of *Cartagena*; or the old Story of *Pylades* and *Orestes*; I fancy he would sooner appear in a Fool's Coat himself, than he could put either of these Characters in such a Dress. The only danger is in Objects of a *mixed Nature* before People of little Judgment, who by Jest upon the weak side, are sometimes led into Neglect, or Contempt, of that which is truly valuable in any Character, Institution, or Office. And this may shew us the Impertinence, and pernicious Tendency of general undistinguished Jest upon any *Character*, or *Office*, which has been too much over-rated. But, that Ridicule may be *abused*, does not prove it useless, or unnecessary, more than a like possibility of *Abuse* would prove all our Senses, and Passions, impertinent, or hurtful. Ridicule, like other *edged Tools*, may do good in a wise Man's hands, tho Fools may cut their Fingers with it, or be injurious to an unwary By-stander.

THE Rules to avoid Abuse of this kind of Ridicule, are, First, *Either never to attempt Ridicule upon what is every way great, whether it be any great Being, Character, or Sentiments*: Or, if our Wit must sometimes

times run into Allusions, on low occasions, to the Expressions of great Sentiments, *Let it not be in weak Company, who have not a just discernment of true Grandeur.* And, Secondly, Concerning Objects of a mixed Nature, partly great, and partly mean, *Let us never turn the meanness into Ridicule, without acknowledging what is truly great, and paying a just Veneration to it.* In this sort of jesting we ought to be cautious of our Company.

*Discit enim citius, meminitque libentius illud,
Quod quis deridet, quam quod probat & veneratur.*

Hor.

ANOTHER valuable Purpose of *Ridicule* is with relation to smaller *Vices*, which are often more effectually corrected by *Ridicule*, than by grave Admonition. Men have been laughed out of Faults which a Sermon could not reform; nay, there are many little *Indecencies* which are improper to be mentioned in such solemn Discourses. Now *Ridicule* with *Contempt* or *Ill-Nature*, is indeed always irritating and offensive; but we may, by testifying a just Esteem for the good *Qualities* of the Person ridiculed, and our *Concern* for his Interests, let him see that our *Ridicule* of his Weakness flows from Love to him, and then we may hope for a good Effect. This then is another necessary Rule, *That along with our ridicule of smaller faults we should always join Evidences of good Nature and Esteem.*

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As to *Jests* upon *Imperfections*, which one cannot amend, I cannot see of what use they can be: Men of Sense cannot relish such *Jests*; foolish trifling Minds may by them be led to despise the truest *Merit*, which is not exempted from the casual Misfortunes of our Mortal State. If these Imperfections occur along with a vitious Character, against which People should be alarmed and cautioned, it is below a wise Man to raise Aversions to bad Men from their necessary Infirmities, when they have a juster handle from their vitious Dispositions.

I SHALL conclude this Essay with the words of Father *Malebranche*, upon the last Subject of *Laughter, the smaller Misfortunes of others*. That *Author* amidst all his *Visions* shews sometimes as fine Sense as any of his Neighbours. *Book IV. Ch. XIII.*

‘ THERE is nothing more admirably
 ‘ contrived than those natural *Corresponden-*
 ‘ *ces* observable between the *Inclinations* of
 ‘ Mens Minds and the Motions of their Bo-
 ‘ dies.— All this secret *Chain-Work* is a
 ‘ Miracle, which can never sufficiently be
 ‘ admired or understood. Upon Sense of
 ‘ some surprizing *Evil*, which appears too
 ‘ strong for one to overcome with his own
 ‘ strength, he raises, suppose, a *loud Cry*: This
 ‘ *Cry* forced out by the Disposition of our
 ‘ *Machine*, pierces the Ears of those who are
 ‘ near, and makes them understand it, let
 ‘ them be of what Nation or Quality soever:
 ‘ For

' For it is the Cry of all *Nations*, and all
 ' *Conditions*, as indeed it ought to be. It
 ' raises a Commotion in their Brain,— and
 ' makes them run to give *Succour* without
 ' so much as knowing it. It soon obliges
 ' their *Will* to *desire*, and their *Understand-*
 ' *ing* to *contrive*, provided that it was just
 ' and according to the Rules of Society. For
 ' an indiscreet *Outcry* made upon no occa-
 ' sion, or out of an idle Fear, produces, in
 ' the Assistants, *Indignation* or *Laughter*
 ' instead of *Pity*.— That indiscreet *Cry*
 ' naturally produces *Aversion*, and desire of
 ' revenging the Affront offered to *Nature*,
 ' if he that made it without cause, did it wil-
 ' fully : But it ought only to produce the
 ' Passion of Derision, mingled with some
 ' Compassion, without Aversion or desire of
 ' Revenge, if it were a *Fright*, that is a
 ' *false Appearance* of a pressing Exigency,
 ' which caused the *Clamour*. For *Scoff* or
 ' *Ridicule* is necessary to re-assure and cor-
 ' rect the Man as *fearful* ; and *Compassion*
 ' to succour him as *weak*. 'Tis impossible
 ' to conceive any thing better ordered.'

I am, Sir,

Your very humble Servant,

PHILOMEIDES.

Nº 13.



N^o 13. *Saturday, June 26, 1725.*

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal.*

————— *Hoc est*

Vivere bis. —————

MARTIAL.

S I R,



Y Readers will remember, that in a former Paper, I endeavoured to shew, that *Nature* having implanted in us a Principle of *Benevolence*, the *Pursuits* of it must necessarily be attended with great and real *Pleasure*. For our *Creator*, who has made nothing in vain, has given us no *Desires* without making ample *Provision* for the *Gratification* of them. I now proceed to illustrate farther this Subject, by giving Instances of some of those *Joyful* Effects, which *Benevolence* has upon those generous Minds that are animated by it.

BUT before I go any farther, it may not be unnecessary to obviate an Objection, which some Gentlemen have drawn from the *Love of Praise*, so natural to all Mankind, against the *Sincerity* of our *Benevolence*, and consequently

sequently the *reality* of any *Happiness* derived thro' that *Channel*. *Noble* and *virtuous Actions*, say they, beget the *Esteem* and *Applause*, not only of such as immediately reap the *Benefit* of them, but even of the *unconcerned* and *distant Spectators*. This creates great *Triumph* of *Heart*, and makes the *Mind* *enamour'd* of its own *Perfections* and *Superiority*. So that in our *best Actions*, instead of *honestly* intending the *good* of *others*, or taking any *real Pleasure* in it, we only are sacrificing to *Self-Love*, and scatter our *Favours* with a more *liberal Hand*, because we are sure of a *plentiful Harvest* of *Reputation* in *return*. This would be all true, if the first *Motive* to the doing of *good* were the *Praise* that accompanies it; but when we do *good* to a *Man*, because we *love his Person*, I believe no one will affirm, that we have any such *expectation* in *reversion*, however pleasing it may prove to us afterwards, to receive decent *Expressions* of *Gratitude*. Besides, since to place our *Esteem* on a *worthy Object* is equally *pleasant* as to be our selves in the *Esteem* of *others*, the *Love* of such *Esteem*, instead of arguing our *Affections* to be altogether of the *selfish* kind, seems no contemptible *Proof* of the contrary; in regard, even the *Picture* of our own *Minds* never yields us such *full Delight*, as when we find, or imagine, it promotes the *Pleasure* of the *World* about us.

BUT

BUT whether *Benevolence* be only an Effect of *Self-Love*, or a distinct *Principle* from it, it is certain, that the constant *Exercise* of it is a *Source* of continual and unspeakable *Joy*; and that wherever the *Vigor* of it has been impaired thro' the *Violence* of *contrary Passions*, a Man has but a very uneasy and melancholy time of it. We find no *Pleasure* in a *Place*, whenever we begin to disrelish the *Company* in it; so that *Life* must be a *Burden* to him that loves not *Society*. And we know very well, that what endears any *Place* to us, such as that of our *Birth*, *Education*, or *long Residence*, is not so much the *Memory* of the *Place* it self, as those *Ideas* of *social Pleasure* that crowd in along with it, and at last become inseparable from it. Thus the *Inanimate Beauties* of *Nature* receive additional *Charms* from the *good Affections* of those who behold them; and our *Enjoyment* of them is heighten'd by our being *social* as well as *curious* Beings.

WHERE is there any other *Enjoyment* in *Life*, that has not its *seasoning* from the same *Principle*, and does not lose its most delicious relish, whenever it is made a *Monopoly*? What is it draws Men into *Luxury* and *High-living*, but only to enjoy the *Company* of their *Friends*, agreeable to the old homely *English Phrase*, which calls that sort of *Life* *Good-fellowship*? The same might also be shewn of all the other *Entertainments* of *Sense*, and much more in those that gratify
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our *internal* and *superior* Faculties. We do but deceive our selves, when we imagine that in our Pursuits after *Pleasure* we are driving on a *Game* exclusive of the rest of Mankind, and that our highest *Delight* consists in *appropriating the Prey*. The *Pleasures of Friendship* are at the bottom of far the greater part of our Designs, and often influence us in a manner unperceived by our selves. For in them it is, that we find the truest and most substantial *Felicity*, where the Inter-course of *Kindness*, and *Participation of Sentiments* give a perpetual *increase and addition of Pleasure*. Minds thus united are like *obverted Mirrors*, endlessly *reflecting*, and *reflected* in each other; and by that means renew the *Images* of their *common Joys* so oft, that they become *infinite*, and *multiply* their pleasing *Forms* the more, as we *contemplate* them the longer; contrary to the Nature of all *sensual Pleasures*, which give but a *single Transport*, and immediately *vanish*. Thus the *Pleasure of loving any one amiable Quality* in another, is of longer continuance than all the Gratifications of *Sense* put together. These are *Bubbles* that *break* as soon as they are *formed*, and owe all their *Beauty* to *borrowed Colours*; the other is *durable* as the *Diamond*, and appears best, when viewed by its own *native Light*.

To this we may add, that as the surest Method to distinguish *real* from *imaginary Goods*, is to try whether they produce the
same

same *Delight* in *Fruition*, which they promis'd in *Expectation*; so in this respect the *Pleasures* of *Society* have the Advantage of all others. For whereas other *Pleasures* are *strong* in the *Imagination*, and *feeble* in the *Sense*; these, on the contrary, where they take their rise from an honest and sincere *Affection*, have a Degree of *Strength* and *Liveliness* in the *Sense*, which the *Imagination* is utterly incapable of reaching. This is evident in *Poetry*, where we meet frequently with very exact and surprizing Descriptions of things which strike the *external Senses*, while it is the most difficult thing in the *Art*, and what very few have succeeded in, to paint the charming Emotions of *Love* and *Friendship* right: The Reason for which can be no other than this, that in the former Case we are able to draw *fairer* than the *Life*, but in the latter, always come short of it. The Strokes are indeed too fine and delicate to be express'd any otherwise than by the Hand of Nature her self, on the living Tablet of the *Heart*.

Now if *common Friendship*, which is only *partial Benevolence*, be capable of producing so much *Pleasure* and so many amiable Effects, how much larger a Field of *Joy* must they have, whose *Affections* take in a greater Compass, and are comprehensive of Multitudes? If loving only one, or a few *Friends*, yields such a refined and easy *Delight*, what an inexhaustible Fund of *Satisfaction* must they

they have, that are carried away with the *Love* of their *Country*, or a generous Concern for the Welfare of Mankind; who are sharers in all that belongs to the whole *human Race*, and extend their Prospects thro' the Womb of *Futurity* to *Generations unborn*? A Disposition to *Goodness*, even when confined within a very narrow Circle, is attended with the softest and most charming *Sensations* that can possibly enter into the Heart of Man. And surely the more extensive that *Principle* is in us, we must receive the more of those agreeable *Sensations*. To be thus disposed is to resemble the great and bountiful *Author of Nature*, and to partake of that *Happiness* which is *Infinite* and *Divine*. The confinement of *Affection* is certainly a *Defect*, and of course can be attended with no *Joys* but what are *little* and *confined*, in comparison of those felt by great and generous Souls; such as have either saved a sinking *State* from *Tyranny* and *Destruction*; brought a vitious and barbarous People under the restraint of *good Laws*, and a *regular Government*; reformed a *blind* and *superstitious Age*, and recovered Men from a Spirit of *Madness*, *Cruelty*, and *Bigotry*; or who have benefited *Mankind*, and made *Life* more easy and comfortable, by the Invention of *noble* and *useful Arts*. Souls of this make, as they shew the highest Perfection of *human Virtue*, so they cannot but enjoy a proportionable Degree of *Happiness* in the exercise of it, and anticipate in

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this Life the Joys of *another*, not subject to those Vicissitudes and Disappointments which are to be met with below.

*Hic Manus, ob patriam pugnando vulnera passi,
Quique Sacerdotes casti, dum vita manebat:
Quique pii Vates, aut Phæbo digna locuti:
Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes:
Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo:
Omnibus his nivea cinguntur Tempora Vitta.* Vir.

'TIS true, no Man ever was, or will be able to exert his Good-will to that degree, that the whole *Universe* shall feel the immediate Effects of it; and but very few have it in their power to promote the Interest either of a large *Society*, or of any considerable number of their *Fellow-creatures*, in so extensive a manner as a generous Mind would desire. Yet still there is none among us but what is capable of having a *remote Influence* on the *universal Good*. Every one has a certain *circle* of Acquaintance, which, without a Pun, may be called the *Sphere of his Activity*; wherein he has room to employ all his *social Affection*, and by putting one small part in *Motion*, propagate in some measure the happy *Impulse* thro' the whole *System*. Philosophers tell us, that the least Degree of *Motion* in the *material World* communicates it self far and wide thro' the Dominions of *Nature*; and certainly the *moral World* is not less susceptible of *Action* than the *natural*. When we can do no more, the Example of an *inoffensive Life* is an Act of *Benevolence* to *Mankind*,

Mankind, as it may influence others, of greater *Abilities*, to subdue their *selfish Appetites*, the natural Consequence of which will be setting them on *Pursuits* of a more *generous* kind; since it is only *excessive Indulgence* of the former, that hinders Mens regularly and chiefly applying themselves to the latter. But tho this were not so, the *Pleasures* of *Benevolence* would nevertheless still remain in Vigor. For it is of the Essence of that *godlike Principle* to rejoice in the *Happiness* of others, not as the Effect of our *own Power*, that being the Language of *Pride* and *Self-Interest*, but as a thing *intrinsically good*, let whoever be the *Causes* or *Instruments* of it. And a *virtuous Mind* can never want Occasions of thus *rejoicing*, while we have a merciful *Creator* over us, who is daily conveying his *Favours*, and showering down *Blessings* on all the *Children* of *Men*.

Thus is *social Virtue* not only the Cause of *future Advantages* and *Pleasures*, but in the very *Exercise* of it a Spring of *present Peace, Joy* and *Satisfaction*.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble Servant,

HIBERNICUS.



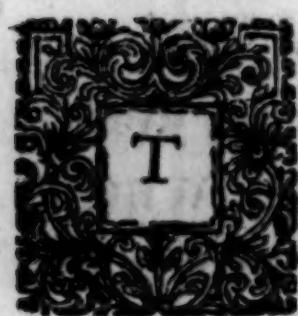
N^o 14. *Saturday, July 3, 1725.*

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal.*

*Quæ res in se neque consilium neque modum
Habet ullum, eam consilio regere non potes.*

T E R.

S I R,



HERE are a great many Things in Human Nature, and which we meet with innumerable Instances of in the ordinary Occurrences of Life, which it is almost impossible to reduce to a System, or account for by those Principles, which either ought, or usually do govern Mankind in their Pursuits. We all know, or at least 'tis only want of a little Reflection that hinders us from doing so, what are the truest Advantages of Life, and the real Blessings it affords. We are also well enough acquainted with our own Hearts, to know what Objects please us most; or, which is the same thing in other words, wherein we place our greatest Happiness. Nor are Men commonly so wanting in Sagacity, as not to be able to discern, unless in some nice and per-

perplexed Cases, the likeliest and most probable Means of compassing the Ends they propose. Yet, notwithstanding all this, there are frequent Appearances in our Conduct, that contradict, not only all cool Notions of Reason and Interest, but even the known Disposition, and governing Inclinations of the Persons in whom they break out.

How oft have we seen Men of excellent Sense and Reflection, and of great Benignity of Mind, and Nobleness of Temper, at some times turn intolerably peevish, and give a loose to very indecent and unreasonable Passions? Persons very liberal and generous, have upon some Occasions shewn themselves exceedingly narrow and close-fisted; as, on the other hand, some, whose known Character was Avarice, have been found to squander away in an Instant, what they had starved themselves for whole Years to amass. Many noble Spirits, who have had a just Contempt of the World, and clear Views of the Vanity of those things the bulk of Mankind set their Hearts upon, have yet frequently dwindled from their Character, and appeared as whimsical in some Instances, as the unthinking Crowd, that place their whole Happiness in the Goods of Fortune, and the imaginary Enjoyment of superfluous Possessions, or the yet more airy Satisfaction of Pomp and Pageantry.

THE *Roman* Story has given us a remarkable Instance of what I am now saying, in

the Person of *Valerius Poplicola*. That great Man, who was chosen Consul quickly after the Expulsion of *Tarquin*, and the Dissolution of the Monarchy, had built himself a stately House on an Eminence, very conspicuous, because hanging over the most publick Place in the City, the Seat of their Courts of Justice, and usual resort of the Commonwealth. The Magnificence of the Fabrick, and the Grandeur of the Situation gave a Jealousy to a haughty People, who so lately had recovered their Liberty, that a private Citizen could have no other use for such an Habitation, than to be the Seat of a future Tyranny. *Valerius* was no sooner acquainted with this Murmur running among the People, than he called an Assembly, assured them of his Zeal for the publick Liberty, and promised them, that the House he had built, should be no Obstacle to their easy and secure Enjoyment of that Freedom they had so gloriously purchased. The next Morning presented them the Effects of their Consul's Promise. The House was found demolish'd, and the very Hill, upon which it stood, levelled, by his Order. The People were filled at once with Admiration and Regret; and no Praises were thought sufficient for a Man who had shewn, by so generous a Sacrifice, how much he preferred the Tranquillity of his Country to his own Satisfaction, or the Splendor of his Family.

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ONE would be very apt to believe, that a Soul of this brave and happy Temper, that had shewn so much Mastery over it self, should have been Proof in every other Instance to the Charms of empty Shew, and vain Ostentation. Yet how little of this appears in the same Man's Conduct on another Occasion? The *Capitol*, lately finished, is to be dedicated. The Performance of this great Solemnity is to be by one of the Consuls. *Horatius*, who is *Valerius's* Colleague in that Office, equally ambitious as himself of the Honour, refers it to the Lot, which of them shall obtain it. The Gods declare against *Valerius*. He is obliged to take the Command of the Army upon him, and march out against the Enemies of his Country. The Honour of an Employment, which a wise and good Man would in his cool thoughts prefer to any other in the World, is no Relief from the Vexation he feels at the gaudy Appearance of his Rival on a Holiday. While Glory, Victory, and the Safety of the Commonwealth depend on his Motions, he is only taken up with contriving Methods of disappointing his Competitor's imaginary Felicity. To do this, he dispatches a Messenger, on the Day of the Dedication of the Capitol, to carry *Horatius* the false News of his Son being dead in the Camp. The fatal Message is delivered, just as *Horatius* is beginning the Ceremony. His Courage, however, will not suffer him to desist from performing the Solemnities;

and the Messenger is coolly dismissed with a Charge, that *the Deceased should be honourably buried.* Thus two great Men make themselves memorable Examples of the Force which Humour and Caprice may have upon the Human Mind. For let us suppose *Poplicola* acted either by Reason, Interest, or Ambition, it was certainly inconsistent with any of them, to prefer a Fool's Bauble to a Station which put him at the Head of his Country, both in respect of Power and Dignity; and afforded him the Means of doing great Good, and consequently of procuring substantial Honour. And on the other hand, what a Delusion must it have been that could make such a Man as History represents *Horatius* to us, become so enchanted with a Farce, as to suppress the Motions of Humanity, when himself had lost a Son, and his Country a Patriot?

EQUALLY difficult to be accounted for are a great many Occurrences we every day behold in common Life. There is a Freakishness which makes Men very often fall into Extravagancies they detest, in the same instant they commit them. We see sometimes that what we are going to do is a weak and foolish thing, and yet we persist in a Resolution we are sure will be attended with Pain and Repentance. Lovers are never more apt to squabble with one another than in the most violent Transports of Affection; and many a tender Friendship has been dissolved
with

with the mutual Régrét of both Parties, who deliberately withstood their own Happiness. I believe, more than one half of the Quarrels and Disorders which have happened among Mankind, have been owing to Causes very foreign, either to the Interest or Inclinations of the Parties embroiled with each other, and have proceeded from Motives undiscerned by the Persons themselves; the main Springs of our Actions being very frequently, like those of a Machine, hard to be discovered, because hid far within the Work.

SOMETIMES it is Pride and Obstinacy which makes us thus inconsistent with Reason and Ourselves. We have taken up a Resolution rashly, and then think it below us to retract it. At other times we entertain groundless Suspicions of our Friends, and those we converse with, and by that means are led into a thousand Misinterpretations of all their Words and Actions; and sometimes are so wonderfully quick of Apprehension, as to draw Mischief from their very Looks. During the continuance of such Impressions, it is hardly possible but our Conduct must be very irregular and unsteady. Ill Company and Example is another Source both of whimsical Behaviour, and vicious or foolish Elections. Our virtuous Affections themselves, when not brought under a due Regulation and Balance, may betray us into Actions the most contradictory to Virtue and good Sense. Mistaken Notions of the World will be apt
to

to lead us into unreasonable Expectations ; and the consequent Disappointment sour our Temper, and alter the whole Frame of our Minds. And to compleat our Misfortune, Bigotry and Superstition, a rainy Day, or an Easterly Wind, have sometimes Influence enough upon us to thwart our most rational and best-concerted Designs, and make us deny our selves our dearest and noblest Enjoyments.

MEN subject to these Infirmities, as we all are in some degree or other, ought to be very mild, and make great allowances for the failings of their Neighbours ; and not form their Notions of a Man's whole Character from some little Slips in his Behaviour. A Man's being now and then peevish, is no just Reason for branding him with Ill-nature. *Job* was a Miracle of Patience, at the same time that the Severity of his Affliction provoked him to curse the Day of his Birth. And the Instance I have given of *Poplicola*, is no Proof of his being a Man easily puffed up with Vain-glory and false Grandeur, who, in the whole Course of his Life, had evidenced so much true Greatness and Moderation of Mind. We do not reckon Men valiant, who are inflamed with Brandy, or elevated with the Sound of a Trumpet ; nor call that Generosity, which is the Effect of some sudden Impulse of Vanity. And for the same Reason, we ought not to put an ill Construction upon those Escapes in Behaviour and Manners which are the Effects of external Causes,

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Causes, and do not flow from Principle, and a settled Waywardness of Disposition.

NEXT to downright quarrelling with Men on the score of such little Humours and Blind-fides, the foolishlest thing in the World is to endeavour to argue them out of them. We may as well attempt to stop the Current of a River, as charm a Man out of a freakish or a sullen Fit. The Disease lies in the Imagination; so that we apply in the wrong place, when we tamper with a Man's Reason for the Cure. We must give the Humour leave to subside of it self, before we seek out for a Remedy; and then, the best I know is the Ridicule, under the just and necessary Restriction laid down by my Friend *Philo-meides*, *That along with our Ridicule of smaller Faults, we should always join Evidences of Good-nature and Esteem.*

I am, Sir,

Your very humble Servant,

HIBERNICUS.



Nº 15.



N^o 15. Saturday, July 10, 1725.

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal*.

————— *Tenet insanabile multos*
Scribendi cacoethes, & ægro in corde senescit :
Sed vatem egregium, cui non sit publica vena,
Qui nihil expositum soleat deducere, nec qui
Communi feriat carmen triviale moneta ;
Hunc, qualem neque monstrare, & sentio
tantum. Juv.

S I R,



MON G the many Abuses we daily meet with in the Streets of this, and every other great City, there is none that cries more loudly for a Reformation than the known Practice of singing Ballads, at least in the manner wherein it is now regulated by the Managers of this Part of our publick Diversions.

I DO not hereby so much reflect on the ragged Appearance, the suspicious Looks, and the miserable Voices of our circumforaneous Musicians, however wretched a Concurrence of Circumstances we find even in that

that View, as on the Subject-matter of those Poetical Admonitions, which are by this means conveyed to the Ears of his Majesty's Liege Subjects, the Mob. Having a very great regard for that numerous and venerable Body, especially that Part of it whose Misfortunes compel them to go bare-headed, and walk a-foot, I could wish it lay in my power to redress a Grievance which bears so hard on their Interest. For besides the gross Injury done them by inveigling the solitary Farthings out of their Pockets in this manner, it is but too evident that the Garrets of *Great Britain* and *Ireland* are at present inhabited by a Set of People who have not the Good of the Rabble sincerely at heart, nor take any kind of pains to make their *trivial* Performances of use to those for whom they are intended.

BUT to be serious, however ridiculous it may appear to be so upon a Subject so seemingly little and insignificant, I am truly of opinion, that a great part of the Debauchery which has of late years descended from the polite Rakes of the Town to the lower Rank of People, is not only owing to the Imitation of the fashionable Vices of their Betters, but to the Care taken by our *Grubstreet* Versificators to humour them in it, and harden them in their Contempt of Innocence and Simplicity. There have been great Complaints made, and very justly too, of the mischievous Consequences produced by the Looseness of many of those Compositions
which

which have been written by Authors of good Note, and for the Entertainment of the fashionable World. But few have taken notice, how much the same Spirit has prevailed among the Generation of Scribblers, who can pretend to no higher Capacity than that of making a Brace of Syllables jingle; who, as they write to a Body of People both more numerous, and less able to resist the Impressions endeavoured to be put upon them, have, by that means, done equal mischief with those of a superior Rank, and greater Abilities.

IN the early and uncorrupted Ages of the World, Poetry was a sacred Thing. *Parnassus* was all holy Ground. The Muses were devoted to the Service of the Divinity. The Creation of the World, the Glory of the first Being, the Bounty of Providence, and the Beauty of Nature, were the first Subjects that brought Speech into Tune and Measure. The most part of antient Prophecies, whether *Jewish* or *Heathen*, were dictated in the same Language. And one of the most rational Pieces of Homage Man can pay his Creator, was reckon'd by those happy and innocent Mortals among their highest and most delightful Enjoyments.

IN After-times, when Men, puff'd up with Power and Pride, began to lord it over their Fellow-creatures, and were seized with the Frenzy of thinking they were something more than Human, many of them thought fit to arrogate to themselves those Honours which
had

had been formerly appropriated to the Divinity. Among these it is no wonder, that Poetry, which has always had such an universal Influence on Mankind, should be one of the first. So, from henceforward, the Actions of their Heroes, either in Love or War, were made the chief Subjects of their Poetical Compositions.

WHATEVER ill Effects this might for some time be attended with, in making Tyrants and Parricides the Admiration of those they had enslaved, it is certain, it had at last some good Consequences with respect to Mens Manners and Passions. The Recital of great Actions, especially when set out with the Ornaments of Verse, naturally raises noble Thoughts, and generous Resolutions. And nothing contributes more to the subduing a fierce and untractable Disposition, than to see the Passion of Love described thro' all its tender Movements, and amiable Distresses. Benevolence, and Fortitude, are the two great Powers of human Virtue; the one being as necessary for Ballast to it, as the other is for Sail. So that nothing could be better designed for the benefit of Mankind, than to turn the Stream of Poetry into a Channel, where it might so easily set the Springs of virtuous Action a going. For the Campaign Courage be but a small part of Fortitude, and the Passion of Love a very distinct thing from Benevolence, yet I think it must be granted, there is such a Connection between them,

them, that opening the Soul to any one of them is a fair Step towards introducing the other.

AMONG the *Greeks* and *Romans*, this was certainly the chief Use their Poetry was apply'd to for many Ages. The rude Poetry of our Ancestors was also of the same kind. Every great Action was celebrated in Verse; and there are yet extant large Chronicles in Metre, comprehending the History of many Ages. The Rhymes, and Language, are indeed very barbarous; yet there often-times shines thro' that Barbarity, a great Nobleness of Thought, joined with Sentiments very pure and virtuous. Their lesser Pieces too, such as are our Ballads, retained the same Simplicity, and regard to Decency and good Manners. The Hero was always roused up to Action by the Love of his Country; and the Lover discovers nothing unbecoming an honest and generous Passion. The Monks were the first Corrupters both of Taste and Manners. Their Champions are all Furiosos, obliged, by the Rules of their Knighthood, not to wait for Adventures, but seek for them; which cannot be so properly said, to fall in Love, as to leap into it: Saintly Murderers! who were sworn to propagate Superstition, and Cruelty thro' the World, and knock down every Miscreant *Painim*, that should dispute an Article of their Creed, or a Feature of their Mistress's Beauty. Nor has their Love any thing of that Passion, save the Name.

For

For it is all either senseless Rant, and Hyperbole ; or else, when the Hero was on a merry Pin, something very shocking and brutal.

THE Revival of Letters, as it put an end to the whole Scheme of Monkish Chivalry, so it introduced a more natural and sober way of writing among Authors of all sorts. And one great Part of the Entertainment of the common People in all Ages, being Songs and Ballads, several Authors at that time seem to have made it their Business to improve this prevailing Inclination to the Service of Virtue, and good Sense. Who the Men were, themselves have not thought fit to let Posterity know ; but that they have been Men of Worth and Genius too, is evident from very many of those Half-sheet Performances, which serve for Furniture to the Walls of Country Ale-houses, and such like Places. These are for the most part little Heroick Poems, celebrating some worthy Action perform'd either in the cause of the Publick, or the defence of distress'd Virtue. Several of them have gained the Admiration of the first Writers in our Language. And one of them has been thought worthy to be commented upon by one of the finest Genius's this or any other Age has produced. I suppose my Readers do not want to be inform'd, that I mean, the old Song of *Chevy-Chase*. I have also seen large Fragments of a Ballad called *Hardiknute*, wherein there is a Life, and a Nobleness both of Design and Expression, that might have

become the *Augustan* Age. It is said to have been recover'd a few Years since from the Mouth of an old Woman in *Scotland*. And it is highly probable, a great many other valuable Pieces of the same kind might have been transmitted down to us, had it not been for an unaccountable Humour which prevailed in that Nation about twenty or thirty Years ago, of extirpating their old Women, and burning them for Witches.

BUT if we look into the Love-Songs of that Time, we shall still be made more sensible of the Purity of their Taste, in comparison of ours. There we find that Passion represented with all the Softness and Delicacy wherewith it operates in those virtuous Minds, which find Love itself to be the highest Enjoyment in Love. Instead of forced Turns of Wit, and labour'd Allusions, we are entertained with the Language of undisguised Nature, and true Affection. I have seen a noble Instance of this in an old Song, called *Phyllis* and *Amyntas*. I do not know but it may have suffer'd much from the leud Corrections of unskilful Hands; but the four or five concluding Stanza's seem to have escaped that Misfortune, and have something in them so just and tender, that I persuade my self, my Readers will not be displeased with a sight of them.

*How oft didst thou declare to me,
The Heavens should turn to nought,*
The

HIBERNICUS's Letters. 131

*The Sun should first obscured be,
Ere thou shouldst change thy Thought?*

*Ye Heavens, dissolve without Delay;
Sun, show thy Face no more!*

*Amyntas' Love is lost for Ay;
And woe is me therefore!*

*God knows, it would not grieve me much,
For to be slain for thee;
But oh! too near it doth me touch,
That thou shouldst murder me.*

*With that her Hand, cold, wan and pale,
Upon her Breast she lays;
And seeing that her Breath did fail,
She sighs, and then she says——*

*Amyntas—— And with that, poor Maid,
She sigh'd again so sore,
That after that, she never said,
Nor sigh'd, nor said no more.*

THUS were the common People of these Islands entertained about a hundred, or a hundred and fifty years ago; which should make us blush, when we compare it with what passes thro' their Hands now-a-days. But to do this must be the Business of some succeeding Paper.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble Servant,

HIBERNICUS.



Nº 16. Saturday, July 17, 1725.

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal*.

— — — *Non tu in triviis, indocte solebas
Stridenti miserum stipulâ disperdere carmen.*

VIRG.

S I R,



EW People are more answerable for their Writings, than those who have made successful Court to the Muses; and no Set of Authors ought to be more careful to purge their Works from every thing indecent or offensive to Virtue and good Manners. Their Labours are the usual Amusements of the Great and the Fair, the Young and the Gay; and consequently their Influence is very extensive, as they have a great Hand in forming the Taste and Manners of those who are either the Envy or Admiration of the rest of Mankind. Their Notions steal easily into the Minds of their Readers, who, transported with the pleasing Enthusiasm, have no leisure to examine into the Justness and Reasonableness of them.

them. And as the meaner sort of People are ever imitating the Manners and Customs of their Betters, we need not be much at a loss for the Reason of what I observ'd in my last Letter, our common People being of late years so ill used in the Entertainments their Scribes prepare for them. For all Dregs must participate of the Liquor from whence they have settled; and so Doggrel, which is but the Lees of Poetry, as that becomes corrupted, will of course increase both in Bulk and Filth. It is not therefore to be wonder'd at, that when immodest Images and indecent Expressions are adopted by Writers of Genius and Learning, the Performances of the Rabble should sink into downright Ribaldry and Bawdry; and that as far as that kind of Wit goes, the Learned of *Grubstreet* are now able to *Pit, Box, and Gallery* it with Mr. *Bayes* himself.

My Correspondent *Perdomifos* thought it his duty to animadvert on a Species of Writing in Prose, of too short a continuance to deserve being taken notice of. There was no danger that the Authors he censures should have any body to imitate or succeed them. Had he been pleased to inspect the Poetical Precincts of *Grubstreet*, as carefully as he seems to have done the Prosaic, he would have found our modern Ballads much more worthy the Pains of chastising. For tho the Individuals are poor perishable things, that are born and die in a Day, yet the Kinds are

still propagating, and afford the common People new Incentives to the Practice of every Vice their Station of Life renders them capable of.

It would be endless, as well as idle and ridiculous, to recount the several Species of Impertinence which may be met with in turning over but a few of our late *English* Ballads. There is one seems almost peculiar to the People of these Nations; that is, the unaccountable Liberty taken by many of our Doggrelists of rhyming seditiously, and setting the Affairs of the Nation to a Tune. This has a natural Tendency to set the Populace a madding, and propagate Lyes and senseless Animosities among them. We have seen this carry'd to a Height of Insolence in our own Age, which, in concurrence with some other Circumstances, had very near involved us in Blood and Confusion. An important Debate in Parliament, or at the Council-Board, cannot be heard of, but immediately the Arguments *pro* and *con* must be laid out in proper Stanza's; and a falling Minister makes his Exit in a Ballad, as naturally as if there were a standing Law for that purpose.

THIS however is an Abuse of vulgar Metre, which seems to be pretty much laid aside at present, and indeed never was so universal as your Half-sheet Histories of constant Lovers and cruel Parents. As Love is the constant Attendant of Youth, as well among the mean and laborious, as the rich and the idle,
the

the ill Consequences of cultivating mistaken Notions about it, cannot but be very great. A wretched Jingle has it by this means in his power to debauch all the Apprentices and young Serving-Maids within the District of the Printing-house he works for. The pious Design of a Parish in erecting and endowing a Charity-School, may be defeated by a graceless Rogue that can hardly read; and a Farthing Candle burnt out in the composing of a Half-penny History, become an Instrument of more real Mischief to a Nation, than a whole Train of Artillery loaded with all the Thunder of an Epic Poem. Nor will this appear so very paradoxical, to any one who duly considers of what Importance it is to a State to train up the Youth in Industry and Virtue, and knows how much the Bulk of the People are usually wrought upon by this sort of Entertainment.

THO I think it much below the Dignity of the Pulpit to take such a mean Subject into cognizance, yet I apprehend, that in Country Congregations it would be full as useful as to confute *Hobbes*, and other bold Authors, who have more openly attack'd Religion and Virtue. There is many a Country Booby that would not be shaken out of his Piety or Honesty by all that Mr. *Hobbes* has written, who by reading some pretty new Garland might very easily be put in mind to give a Green Gown to the first ruddy Lass that came in his way. And I dare say, the young

Squire who fell in love with beautiful *Nancy*, and preferr'd her to a rich Heiress his Parents had provided for him, has cost more Maiden-heads among Chambermaids and Farmers Daughters, than could be gained by the most elaborate Defence of Whoring, any licentious Wit of the Age is capable of producing. Men are much more apt to be wrought upon by Example than Instruction; and this holds equally in inculcating the Principles of Vice, as in propagating the Maxims of Reason and Virtue.

How often have Footmen, and other mean People, been spirited up to make their Addresses to young Ladies of Fortune and Distinction, by the Instances they have read of in Ballads of such unequal Alliances? Many a virtuous and honourable Family is, I doubt not, at this very instant mourning the Ruin of a darling Child, reduc'd to Shame and Poverty by a saucy Fellow, whose Assurance would probably never have carry'd him to such an Attempt, had it not been strengthen'd by the perusal of many successful Adventures of the same kind he happen'd to meet with in the course of his reading. If you catch a Gentleman's Servant, or a Tradesman's Apprentice, with a printed Paper in his hand, 'tis great odds but you will find it to contain a History of some young Lady, who fell in love with one of their Station; and despairing of her Friends consent to make it a Marriage, makes off with her

her Lover in a disguised Habit, lists herself for a Soldier, or perhaps goes aboard a Man of War in quality of a Cabin-Boy. There, to be sure, after a great Variety of extraordinary Adventures, she raises herself to some considerable Command; and upon her Return home, and discovering herself to her Parents, is received with such Transports of Joy, that they immediately forgive her all her Extravagances, and reward the Rogue that betray'd her, with making him their Son-in-law. In the time of the late War I have met, I believe, with upwards of a hundred Ballads all raised upon this Plan, and remember to have seen several young Girls mightily pleased to find their Sex had done so many notable Services against the common Enemy, not without some distant Thoughts of repeating so pretty an Experiment themselves.

I LEAVE it to my Readers to gather what may be the Effects of inspiring the common People with such unreasonable Ambitions. But there is still something worse than all this in many of our Ballads. Intrigues and Cuckoldoms are become very fashionable Subjects of the *Grubstreet* Productions. Our Ancestors knew little or nothing of this; and such things were never mention'd but with Reproach and Abhorrence. For tho *Chaucer* has some Tales that are licentious enough, yet they are all of the Satiric kind, and seem to be principally levelled at the loose and disorderly Lives of the then Clergy, that the
Eyes

Eyes of the Nation might be opened, and People prepar'd to shake off a Bondage under which they had so long groan'd; to the doing whereof, it has been the Opinion of several judicious Authors, his Writings did not a little contribute. The old Ballad of Queen *Eleanor* and Earl *Marshal*, is a most moving and pathetick Description of the fatal Consequences attending the Breach of the Marriage-Vow. I have seen a whole Fireside burst into Tears at the Recital of it, tho labouring under all the Disadvantages of mean Expressions set to most wretched Musick. The present Generation of Songsters make an Affair of this sort matter of Triumph and Merriment. A rich Merchant gone up the *Streights*, and having his Place supply'd by *Billy* the Apprentice, is a standing Jest; and nothing can be more edifying, than to observe how the Mob chuckle, and hug themselves, upon hearing *Trillo* and his virtuous Consort, melodiously distributing among them the various Tricks of some cunning well-tutored Good-wife, to accomplish her Designs, and impose upon an easy and good-natur'd Husband.

THERE are but two ways I can think of for remedying these Abuses. The one is, that Authors who are favour'd by the Muses, and blest with a superior Genius, should give no ill Example to the Croud of Scriblers below them, who ever were, and ever will be imitating their Manner, and treading in
their

their Footsteps. If the noble Rage of Poetry exerts itself in virtuous, and manly Performances, such as may inspire great and generous Sentiments, fortify the Mind in conscious Honesty and Integrity, and call up the dear and charming Ideas of Innocence, Love, Friendship, Liberty and a Country, it is next to an Impossibility but something of that Spirit must follow, and propagate it self thro' a whole People. But when Wit and Learning are misemployed in the Production of *Hans Carvel's*, *Paulo Purganti's*, and such like Pieces, we can expect nothing else, but that the same Taint shall spread thro' the Compositions of the Vulgar, and with a much greater degree of Impurity and Corruption. I submit it to these ingenious Gentlemen themselves, whether in their cool Thoughts, they would think it more eligible to enjoy the Reputation, as Sir *William Temple* somewhere expresses it, of *making a Company laugh, or a whole Kingdom rejoice.*

THE other Remedy I would offer is only an Expedient, till a more perfect Reformation can be obtained; That every one, as far as their Influence extends, should either divert those under it from reading Ballads altogether, or else be at the pains to look out for such as may afford them Amusement, without vitiating their Understanding, or endangering their Innocence.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble Servant,

HIBERNICUS.



N^o 17. *Saturday, July 24, 1725.*

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal.*

Ut enim pictores, & ii, qui signa fabricantur, & vero etiam Poetae, suum quisque opus a vulgo considerari vult; ut si quid reprehensum sit a pluribus, id corrigatur; hique & secum, & cum aliis, quid in eo peccatum sit, exquirunt: Sic aliorum judicio permulta nobis & facienda, & non facienda, & mutanda, & corrigenda sunt.

CIC.

S I R,



IN the whole Compass of Speech, I don't remember a Phrase more frequently in every body's mouth, or that has run thro' a greater Variety of different Significations, than *the Contempt of the World*. The original Meaning of it, I take to have been, that just Disdain, which a wise and good Man ought to have of the external Advantages of Life and Fortune, when brought into competition with the Enjoyments arising from the Pursuits of Reason and Virtue. And in regard

gard such a Principle seems entirely opposite to the Maxims, or at least to the Practices of the Bulk of Mankind, this Phrase was afterwards brought to signify that generous Disregard and Unconcern at the Censures of others upon our Actions, which arises in us whenever we find them agreeable to Honesty and Virtue, and are convinced of our own Integrity in the Motives from whence they proceeded.

To despise or contemn the World then in this Sense, is a Thing founded on right Reason, and the Effect of a truly noble and magnanimous Temper. But there are People in the World equally Proof against the Censures of it, whose Conduct none will presume to justify, and whose whole Lives are one continued Contradiction to every Thing manly or rational. These scorn the World as much as the wisest and best Man in it, and are as careless what others think of their Conduct, as if it were entirely blameless and unexceptionable.

It is natural, even for the most degenerate Species of Mankind, to love the Appearance of any Virtue, however averse they may be to the Practice of it. Hypocrisy is but the Counterfeit of Devotion; Frugality is a Cover for Avarice; and the pretended Resemblance it bears to Liberality and Beneficence, is very often improved into an Argument for Profusion. A scrupulous Exactness in the Payment of Debts contracted by Gaming, has been frequently

frequently the Occasion that many an honest Tradesman has starved in a Goal for supplying the Necessities of the very Person that was thus punctual to the Engagements of Riot and Prodigality. And I have known a Fellow Villain enough to stab a Man in the dark, who would not have endured the least foul Play at a Cock-fight, and would have expressed the highest degree of Indignation and Resentment, had a Mastiff met with any ungentleman-like Treatment in the Bear-garden.

To this universal Affectation of every Thing great or laudable, it is, that we may ascribe, in a great measure, the Baseness which weak or vicious Men appear to be under, with respect to the Opinion and Esteem of the World about them. It is reasonable, nay more, it is generous, in some Cases, to act in contradiction to a prevailing Notion, and to sacrifice the Applauses of an injudicious Multitude to the silent Pleasures of Self-approbation and conscious Innocence. In such Cases, to act any otherwise, wou'd be doing Violence to Human Nature, and be attended with such inward Pain and Reluctance, as all the external Advantages of Fortune and Reputation would never be able to counter-balance. Every body therefore is fond of appearing animated by so very just and manly a Principle; by which means, what should only be the Shield of Virtue and Good-sense, is frequently made a Stalking-horse to Vice
and

and Indiscretion. Hence we see there is no where to be found a Race of more inveterate and obstinate *Despisers of the World*, than your People of broken Reputations and irregular Conduct. All the Misfortunes and Disesteem their Vices or Follies have brought upon them, are only the Frowns of an *envious and malicious World*; and therefore can claim nothing but Disregard from People of such a superior Genius, and exalted reach of Understanding.

A FELLOW of this impudent Make, who has lost his Nose in the pursuit of ungovernable Lust, shall immediately *snuff* at the *World*, with as haughty an Air, as a Philosopher, who had only the misfortune to be born without one. Another who has ruined his Estate, either thro' supine Negligence and Mismanagement, or an expensive and riotous Course of Life, will triumph over his thriving and industrious Neighbours, laugh at, what he calls, their mean and pitiful Ways, and receive most prodigious Consolation in thinking how unequally the World is dispens'd. Nor is it very unusual to find People, whom it is grown scandalous to appear in company with, express the highest Contempt of others, and in great Gallantry of Wickedness persist in making themselves more and more odious to them; as if they delighted in Misery out of pure Spite, and to put an Affront upon Mankind.

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UNAVOIDABLE Misfortunes are by no means a proper Subject of Ridicule; and therefore no Man has any just cause to be ashamed, or cast down on the score of them. But when they are the Effects of a criminal or highly imprudent Conduct, to put on an Air of Neglect and Unconcern about the Judgment of Mankind upon us, to carry a scornful Behaviour, and bravery of Countenance under them, seems to be a plain renouncing both of Reason and Humanity. The greatest Happiness of rational Beings arises from the Exercise and Enjoyment of social Love: So that whosoever has arrived to that degree of Insensibility, as habitually to prefer the Gratification of sordid and unruly Appetites to the Esteem and Good-will of his Fellow-Creatures, has evidently fallen from Human Nature, by making an Election of Pleasures inconsistent with it, and extinguishing the first and most rational Principle of Action. And in this Case, there can be no Hopes of Amendment, or that the Mind can ever recover its original Virtue; because having lost the Sense of its truest and greatest Interest, there are no proper Motives left to influence its Actions, and bring them to a just and regular Direction. Nothing less than a Miracle is capable to restore a Soul thus depraved and abandoned. Whereas so long as Men retain a Reverence for Mankind, and are desirous of keeping up a fair Character in the Eyes of the World, there still
remains

remains a handle whereby to turn them off from any little Extravagances they may be betrayed into, either by the Violence of sudden Passion, or too keen a Sensation of Pleasure.

BESIDES this *Contempt of the World*, with regard to its Censure on Actions really vicious and wicked, there is another criminal kind of it, tho not equally so, which sometimes breaks out in the Conduct of Men, who are otherwise People of Sense and Virtue; and leads them into Errors, which frequently expose them to a great many Inconveniences in the Commerce of Life, and the Enjoyment of Society.

THERE are few of my Readers, I believe, but what could produce innumerable Instances of People of this Character, who by an inviolable Attachment to some favourite Whim, perhaps not unreasonable in it self, have drawn upon themselves the Ridicule of all their Acquaintance; against which they have had no other Refuge, than to exclaim against the whole World, as a Pack of unthinking Mortals, who have no manner of true Taste or Discernment, and are governed by Prejudices and popular Opinions, which have no Foundation in Nature or Reason.

THE Affectation of Singularity, and every kind of Pedantry, are Diseases of this sort; in which, tho the Objects of our Humours be of an indifferent nature, yet since the Judgment of Mankind is against them, we

ought not, for a Trifle, to render ourselves absurd and disagreeable to those, whose Ease and Satisfaction it is a great part of our business in this World to promote. The bare Lawfulness of a thing is not sufficient to justify the Use of it at all times, and in all places; because at that rate, we should be perpetually running ourselves into Difficulties and Trouble, without serving any other End than pleasing an idle and obstinate Humour. There would be nothing unlawful, for instance, in turning the Back-part of our Coats foremost, wearing the wrong Side of our Stockings out, clapping half a dozen Knots to a Wig, or appearing very peculiar in any other part of Dress or Equipage; yet, I fancy, every body would reckon him a very indiscreet Man, who shou'd for the sake of such unaccountable Distinctions expose himself to the Laughter of his Neighbours, and to be pointed at as he pass'd along the Streets.

NOTHING can be great, says Longinus, which it is Greatness to contemn. For the same reason, our Contempt of any Thing can never be an Argument of a great Mind, when it rises from a Matter of Indifference, and which has no regard to the Conduct of Life, or the Interest of Mankind. In this case we discover the littleness of our Minds, in regard we could not justify to ourselves our running counter to the World, without being much employed in thinking on the Points in difference between us and it. Now there is
not

not any thing more contemptible than to employ our Thoughts on little and insignificant Subjects, such as all those are from whence Society can receive neither Good nor Hurt. So that in effect, a tenacious Adherence to our Humour, in contradiction to the prevailing Customs of the Age or Country we live in, betrays much the same Spirit with those who spend their Lives in the Contemplation of *Butterflies*, or the empty Subtleties of the *School-Metaphysicks*; with this difference, that it requires a greater degree of Pride and Ill-nature to be a *queer Fellow*, in an active, than in a studious and speculative Life.

WE ought therefore to be very cautious how we give ourselves the high Airs of contemning the World; and should be very sure both of our own Superiority, and the hurtful Tendency of any general Custom, before we presume to treat it in a supercilious and scornful manner. In doubtful matters it is certainly our Wisdom not to contend with the Majority; and Wisdom and Goodness both forbid us to disturb the Peace of Mankind, which Disputes of all kinds in some measure do, for things we own ourselves to be indifferent; especially since there is a much greater Probability of any single Person's being in the wrong, than the Bulk of Mankind.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble Servant,

HIBERNICUS.

L 2

N^o 18.



N^o 18. *Saturday, July 31, 1725.*

To HIBERNICUS.

*Quid prius dicam solitis parentis
Laudibus? Qui res hominum ac deorum,
Qui mare & terras, variisque mundum
Temperat horis?
Unde nil majus generatur ipso;
Nec viget quidquam simile, aut secundum.*
H O R.

S I R,

 N one of your late Papers, you have observed very justly, that Poetry in the early Ages of the World was consecrated to the Service of the Divinity. Let me add, that the Reason for its being so, continues as strong now as ever; and that no other Subject affords a true Poet such a noble Field for displaying the Greatness and Beauty of his Genius, as this does. Infinite Power, joined with infinite Goodness, is a Theme can never be exhausted. And as the Knowledge of Nature is the greatest Source of Invention, the Praises of its Author must of
3 consec-

consequence be the best and noblest way of employing that Faculty.

OUR Poets, in excuse for their not cultivating this kind of Poetry, may alledge the bad Taste of the Age as long as they please; but it is evident, there has not been given that occasion for the Complaint which they pretend. For tho in a licentious Reign, and at a time when the Man and his Principles were become obnoxious to the greater Part of the Nation, *Milton's Divine Work*, the *Paradise Lost*, was overlooked for many Years; yet we have seen it, even in this *Wicked Age*, take a Run beyond any thing in Verse that ever was published in our Language, and grow the Delight and Entertainment of all Sorts of People among us, that had the least Genius or Inclination for Letters. So that it is not so much Compliance with the Humour of the Age, that has hinder'd our Authors from striking into that Path, as its being disagreeable to their own.

IN confidence that the general Taste is not so corrupted as these Gentlemen loudly affirm, I send you the following Poem; the Author of which can claim no other Praise, than that of turning common Speech into Blank Verse; the Thoughts, and almost the Expressions, being little more than copied from one of our sacred Writers, as they lie in a Prose Translation. You are therefore to regard them only as an Attempt to shew how proper for Verse Divine Subjects are, and how

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capable of supporting the Spirit of Poetry,
by the great Images and noble Descriptions
they so naturally furnish, even when other
Advantages are wanting, as they are visibly
so in what is now submitted to you by,

S I R,

Your very humble Servant,

MUSOPHILOS.

PSALM CIV. Paraphrased.

IN

Imitation of *MILTON*'s Style.

BLESS God, my Soul! exceeding great and glo-
rious
Thou sitt'st, O Lord, enthron'd on Heaven's high Arch,
Thy Palace, cloth'd with Majesty and Honour.
Compass'd about with everlasting Light,
Thy Realms thou cover'st with th' effulgent Mantle,
Whose ample Skirts diffusing orient Gleams,
Illumine all the blue translucid Æther,
By thee stretch'd out; a fair and vast Pavilion!
Where mighty Floods with Din and Roar impetuous
Toss high the angry Wave, thine Hand has laid
The Rafter that sustain thy shining Chambers;
A wondrous Fabrick! Clouds thou mak'st thy Chariots,
Which carried on the Wings of driving Storms,
Proclaim the awful Presence of th' Almighty.
Him Winds obey; and airy Meteors flash

His

HIBERNICUS'S Letters. 151

*His Messages, to the Divine Command
 Obsequious. Earth he on her Centre fix'd
 Immoveable, and pois'd in yielding Air.
 Her Face with Waters thou didst overspread;
 Collected stood the vast circumfluous Heap,
 The lofty Mountains in its Womb involving;
 Abyss profound! Again at thy Rebuke
 They fled; and at the Thunder of thy Voice,
 Precipitant roll'd down into the Deep,
 Their oozy Bed; Wave tumbling after Wave.
 Thence thro' the Rocks by secret Ducts they rise,
 And gushing thro' the shaggy Mountains sides,
 Irriguous travel o'er a thousand Lands,
 Till in the Deep's capacious Lap receiv'd.
 Here he hath circumscrib'd the swelling Ocean,
 And fix'd its Bounds, that it may overwhelm no more
 The spacious Earth. He sends the limpid Springs,
 That down the Hillocks with melodious Lapse
 Descending, wander thro' the verdant Lawns,
 Where Herbs, and Flourets grow of various Hue.
 There Beasts that rove in Forest or in Field,
 Drink unrestrain'd; and void of Fear, wild Asses
 Their Thirst allay; while on the grassy Bank
 Tall Trees their Branches spread abroad profuse;
 Fit Habitation for the tuneful Birds,
 Whose liquid Notes with gentle Impulse tremble
 Along the Silver Surface of the Brook.*

*FROM his high Chambers in the sailing Clouds
 He sendeth softning Rain; Moisture prolific!
 That gently watereth thirsty Hill and Dale,
 Till Earth, with Plenty crown'd of golden Fruits,
 Smiles amiable. Tender Blades of Grass
 He causeth spring, that Cattle there may browse
 Luxurious: Nor for Man's Relief are wanting
 Herbs, Part expiring aromattick Fumes
 Of healing Virtue; Part with Juice delicious
 Inviting sweet Repast; with Wine to chear
 The heavy Heart, and gloomy Cares dispel;*

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*Oil, to anoint and brighten up the Face ;
And Corn, the Food and Strength of Human Kind.*

*THE Trees of God are flourishing and fair ;
Without the Art of Man the Mountain Cedar
Is nourish'd, and on Lebanon exalts
Its comely Height, affording ample Shelter
To airy Wanderers, the feather'd Brood.*

*The lofty Fir the Stork her Dwelling chooses ;
Wild Goats the Summit of the craggy Rock,
Within whose hollow Caverns feebler Creatures
Retiring, 'scape the Rage of close Pursuers.*

*AT God's Command the Moon, her Silver Horns
Imblazing in the Sun's resplendent Orb,
Renews her Face, and points the changing Seasons.
His Duty too the glorious Lamp of Day
Is taught, and knows his fixed Hours to rise,
And flush with rosy Charms the Face of Morn,
Or set in Western Waves. Then gloomy Darkness
(Her Sable Stole o'er Heaven's high Convex spread)
Permits the Forest Beast to range abroad ;
When, sallying from their rueful Dens, young Lions
Roar thro' the silent Wilderness for Prey,
And seek their Meat from God, whose lib'ral Hand
The Universe sustains : All Night they prowl
Secure and undisturb'd, till Morn's Approach
Back to their Haunts the Ravagers commands ;
While Man, commencing with the Sun his Toil,
Till Even-tide the fruitful Glebe manures.*

*HOW manifold, Lord, are thy Works, that bear
Such bright Discoveries of Almighty Skill !
The spacious Earth, replenish'd with thy Riches,
Proclaims the Bounty of her great Creator.
Nor silent is the mighty Deep, whose Bosom
Swarms numberless with Fish of every kind,
Part huge of Bulk, and Part a reptile Spawn.
There royal Navies cut their stately Way,
And plow with bended Keel the foaming Surge,
There too, the great Leviathan upheaves*

His

HIBERNICUS's Letters. 153

*His cumbrous Mail, and in pernicious Frolick,
Lashes with dreadful Fins the furious Billows.
All these for Sustenance on Thee attend,
And seek their daily Alms from Thee; indulgent
Thou freely giv'st, and they with Joy receive:
Thou op'st thy Hand, and they are fill'd with Good;
Thou hid'st thy Face, and strait again they mourn;
Their Breath thou tak'st; they die, and at thy Word,
Thy pow'rful Word! Death and Corruption see,
Again thou send'st thy Spirit forth, enliv'ning
With vital Warmth the dead unactive Heap;
And Earth, renew'd as in her youthful Prime,
Smiles chearful on her new-created Offspring.*

*THUS thro' successive Ages is proclaim'd
Thy Glory: and, stablish'd by thy Providence,
The World a standing Monument of Praise
Remains; for pleas'd with what thine Hand has made,
Thou dost the Wastes of mould'ring Time repair.
If thou in Wrath but look'st upon the Earth,
It trembleth strait, and rent with strong Convulsions
Shrinks at the Presence of an angry God!
And lofty Mountains at thy Touch are made
To smok, and veil their Heads in Clouds of Darknes.*

*IN Hymns to God, from whom I have my Being,
I will that Life he has bestow'd employ;
Sweet Exercise! that to my Soul will yield
Soft Peace, and Streams of Joy, and heav'nly Solace.
Let impious Men by impious Deeds draw down
Almighty Vengeance on their guilty Heads,
And dire Destruction seize the sinful Crew.
Bless thou, my Soul, the Lord thy God; and join
In Consort, all ye list'ning Worlds around.*



Nº 19. Saturday, August 7, 1725.

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal*.

Sit mihi fas audita loqui. — VIRG.

S I R,



T would be unjust, as well as unkind, intirely to overlook the Letters of my Correspondents. Such of them as would admit of being publish'd by themselves, and as intire Pieces, I have already communicated to my Readers; and it gives me abundance of Pleasure to reflect, that I have had thereby an Opportunity of making the Publick amends for my own Faults and Deficiencies. But besides those, I have other Letters, which cou'd not so conveniently be published in that manner. I have therefore set apart this Day's Paper to make my Acknowledgments on this Head, and account for my Conduct to the Gentlemen concerned.

THE first is from one T. B. who calls himself a Country Curate, and finds great fault with me for a preceding Paper upon *Castle-building*, which it seems had such Influence

fluence over him, as to engage him very deeply in that whimsical Exercise. Now it happens, that this Letter is not for my self neither, but I am only to be the Canal for conveying it to his Mistress, to whom he makes great Complaints of my having set him so hard at work. I must own, I think it a little unreasonable in him, to desire I should make my self the Tool of his Resentment, and incur the Displeasure of a Lady, whom, I can seriously protest, I never had the least Intention to offend, not knowing whether there be any such Person living. Then to say, that I put him on *Castle-building*! is a most unjust and groundless Aspersion——For my whole Design in that Paper was only to advise such as were *Castle-builders* already, to settle their Foundations on a surer Bottom than is usually done by our invisible Architects; and to fetch their Schemes from real and not imaginary Circumstances of Life. So that had he taken me right, he would have employed his Talents in *Masonry* to the *Edification* of Churches, rather than to the *Building* of Castles.

I HAVE also a Copy of Verses from a Gentleman, who subscribes himself *Sylvius*, upon a fine Lady, who had her Face very much disfigured with the Small-pox; wherein there are a great many things worthy a place among Performances, which may hope for a longer Existence than any thing of mine can pretend to. But at the same time my Correspondent

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spondent must give me the liberty of thinking, that some things might very conveniently have been spared, and that Wit may be sometimes too luxurious, and carried into an unbecoming Extravagance. Upon consulting my Friend *Perdomis* in this Case, it was found requisite to desire the Gentleman would take a review of his Performance, and prune it of some little Excrescencies, which, with very short recollection, himself will easily discover.

PHILO-Hibernicus, who sends me a Description of a certain profound Mathematician he happened to pick up in *Essex Street*, is desired to send me the Name, and place of Abode of the Person he characterizes. For upon laying all Circumstances together, my Mind misgives me very much, that the Person there represented is not to be found on this side the Clouds. And I am fully persuaded, the Surface of our Earth is fruitful enough in absurd and ridiculous Characters, to prevent our going in search of them to the higher Regions of the Atmosphere.

A CERTAIN School-master refusing to give his Scholars Play on the first of the last Month, being the Anniversary of the memorable Battle of the *Boyne*, has occasioned a very sarcastical Epigram from one of the young Gentlemen aggrieved, who is exceeding earnest with me that I should publish his Verses, after having taken care to have them properly

properly pointed. As I think Youth ought to be encouraged as much as possible in every thing towards and ingenious, I should be extremely fond to comply with his Request, were I not apprehensive there may be some danger to my young Correspondent himself in interposing in an Affair of this nature. I must therefore beg to be excused till the first of *July* next ensuing; by which time, if he be a good Boy, and minds his Book, he may possibly be more out of the Terror of *Birch*, and consequently in a better Capacity for aspiring to the Honour of the *Bays*.

THERE remains only one other Obligation, which I must confess, I have been over long in acquitting. It is a Copy of Verses occasioned by the before-mentioned Paper on *Castle-building*. Some Friends to whom I have shewn them, are of opinion, they are rather intended as a piece of Raillery upon me, than a Compliment. Of that the Author himself is the best Judge. For me, I am perfectly indifferent in which of the two Lights they are taken. I give them to my Readers only, because I think them good Verses; and they are welcome to understand them as they please, provided the Perusal of them contributes to their Entertainment.

To

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TO HIBERNICUS.

BY your aerial and indulgent Scheme
 We're all permitted, when awake, to dream;
 To raise our Thoughts above our own Degree,
 And lull our Cares with feign'd Felicity.
 Great are the Joys in those exalted Scenes
 Where Pow'r and Pleasure wait, and Fancy reigns;
 For there no Disappointment intervenes. }
 Those Raptures too are innocently wrought;
 Our only Crime's extravagance of Thought;
 But that, to what is great and good inclin'd,
 Atones for all Excesses of the Kind.

THE plodding dull material Mortar-Man
 Spends half his Life adjusting of his Plan;
 The other half he is perplex'd to find
 Matter and Situation to his Mind;
 Whilst we at once erect, and fill a Throne,
 The Crown, the Sceptre, and the Right our own;
 Our Thoughts our Subjects, and our Realms the Air,
 Our Palace an enchanted Castle there,
 Where no Pretender with a foreign Aid
 Can be admitted, or our Court betray'd.
 So when we would enjoy Pow'r, Wealth and Fame,
 We're soon possess'd of all our Wishes claim.

WHATEVER wild Chimera of the Brain
 Lifts our Conceits above the Sense of Pain,
 Suspends our Cares, our Hearts with Gladness fills,
 And gives us Pow'r to dream away our Ills;
 Whate'er you call that sort of Resverie,
 'Tis your best Wisdom and Philosophy.

HAVING thus accounted for the Favours
 of my Correspondents, I must make it my
 Request to such of them as intend to continue
 honouring me with their Correspondence, to
 endeavour

HIBERNICUS's *Letters.* 159

endeavour so to contrive it for the future, that I may not be frequently obliged either to incur their Displeasure, or make up my Papers of broken and independent Pieces. For however taking that way might have been in some former Papers, which it would be a piece of insufferable Vanity in me to mention, while I am talking of my own, it is evidently inconsistent with the Nature and Design of this, which, without losing its good Grace, requires to be confined to some one particular Subject. This, however, shall not hinder me from giving my Readers, at some convenient Intervals, a miscellaneous Paper, made up of such little loose Pieces as may hereafter be sent me, and shall appear deserving to be communicated to the Publick; there being nothing I should be more ambitious of, than to be the Means of bringing into Light the hidden Worth and Genius of my Countrymen, as much as it is now the Fashion to undervalue and neglect it, where it is truly eminent.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble Servant,

HIBERNICUS.

Nº 20.



Nº 20. Saturday, August 14, 1725.

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal*.

— — — — — *Non est,
Quod vos creditis esse, vita non est.*

PENTADII Frag.

S I R,



ALL the open Attacks which have been made upon Religion and Virtue by their declared Enemies, have not been capable to do near the Harm which has been done either thro' the indiscreet and intemperate Zeal, or the wrong and mistaken Notions, of some Men, not only pretending, but really possessing an honest Intention for the service of both. By the former means Men, otherwise of a noble Temper and kind Disposition, have suffer'd themselves to be drawn in to hate, vilify, and persecute their unhappy Neighbours, only for thinking in a different manner; and thereby have given the Enemies of Religion a Handle to charge it with a Fault, only imputable to the Weakness or Wickedness of its Professors. In the same manner, when Religion has been inculcated by Men
of

of a saturnine and melancholy Humour, it has been set in so dark and comfortless a View, that People of a more lively and chearful Turn have been frightned with the Picture, and fled from it as a dangerous Shore, the falling in with which must at once dash to pieces all the Enjoyments and innocent Pleasures of Life.

How often has Virtue too been represented in the same unamiable and forbidding Form, by some of her over-zealous and injudicious Votaries? How often have we been told, that the wise, the good Man must make himself independent on every thing external; must renounce Pleasure, extinguish his Desires; and in a word, cease to be a Man, by aspiring to become a God? Virtue with them is all Self-denial; and we must do violence to Nature and Inclination, before we can be enrolled among her Followers. And thus have they done with Mens Minds, as some Physicians do with their Bodies, kept them under the perpetual Disease of taking Physick, in order to preserve their Health. It is to be hoped however, they have imitated the Prudence of the *Faculty* in another very material Point, and been very sparing themselves in the use of those Medicines they prescribe to others.

IN order to make this System go down the better, they have endeavour'd to give us a little and contemptible Notion of human Life, and all the Enjoyments it affords, as things of no Consequence, and unworthy the Pur-

suit of a noble and rational Mind. If we will believe them, this World is but a Wilderness, and all our Life but one continued Dream, and that too, filled up either with nothing else but Images of Horror and Misery, or airy Visions of empty and delusive Happiness. Inasmuch that if we be Men of Sense and Philosophy, the most natural thing we could do were to resolve in the Negative that Difficulty *Shakespeare* makes his *Hamlet* to labour under;

To Be, or not to Be, that is the Question.

For indeed if Life be what these Gentlemen paint it, it is at least a Possession we have no great reason to wish the Continuance of.

SOME *Christian* as well as *Heathen* Authors have fallen into the same Road of thinking; and to enhance the Joys and Felicity of a Life hereafter, have thought fit to give us the lowest and meanest Idea possible of the Comforts to be met with, and the Employments to be pursued in our present State of Existence. We have a remarkable Instance of this in one of the greatest Writers of our Age, the admirable Author of the *Theory of the Earth*; who, after having in a Blaze of divine Eloquence, suitable to the Grandeur of the Subject, described the Ruin of this Earth in the Conflagration, upon a Review of the several Revolutions it had undergone, and particularly this last great and amazing one, among a great many Excellencies, has the

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following Reflection, which, if taken in its full Extent, is, in my humble Opinion, very exceptionable. That I may not misrepresent a Man of so much Worth and Goodness, I shall give it to my Readers in his own words.

For what is this Life but a Circulation of little mean Actions? We lie down, and rise again, dress and undress, feed and wax hungry, work or play, and are weary; and then we lie down again, and the Circle returns. We spend the Day in Trifles; and when the Night comes, we throw our selves into the Bed of Folly, amongst Dreams, and broken Thoughts, and wild Imaginations. Our Reason lies asleep by us, and we are for the time as arrant Brutes as those that sleep in the Stalls, or in the Field. Are not the Capacities of Men higher than these? And ought not his Ambition and Expectations to be greater? Let us be Adventurers for another World: 'Tis at least a fair and noble Chance; and there is nothing in this worth our Thoughts or our Passions. If we should be disappointed, we are still no worse than the rest of our Fellow-Mortals; and if we succeed in our Expectations, we are eternally happy.

Is this a true description of human Life, under a just and proper Regulation? Surely no. For tho it must be owned, that a great part of Mankind do indeed pass their Lives in the Manner here represented, enjoy no

more than a kind of Animal Existence, and dream away whole Years without any higher Occupation than Eating, Drinking, and Sleeping, so that to them Life becomes a Trifle and a Burden; yet that does not arise from the Nature of things, but from our own Misapplication of them, and an over Indulgence of the sensual Appetites. This World is not the Seat of Folly and Misery, because there is nothing else to be found in it, but because we ourselves do not tread the Paths of Wisdom and Happiness. Providence has been so bountiful to us, that even in this Life there is ample Provision made for our Enjoyment of rational and substantial Pleasures, tho' subject to a great many Vicissitudes, and frequently mingled with much Affliction and Sorrow. The Inquiry after Truth; the Contemplation of God and Nature; a justly acquir'd Reputation among Mankind; rational and entertaining Conversation with our Friends; doing them all the good Offices that lie in our power; promoting the Interest of our dear Country; or generous Endeavours for the universal Good; are all of them productive of Pleasure in this Life, and Pursuits of such a kind, as I dare venture to affirm, the excellent Author, upon whose Words I have been animadverting, never imagined to be *unworthy of his Thoughts or his Passions*, but much the contrary.

THIS Contempt of Life, and all its Enjoyments in gross, will lead us to the Contempt
of

HIBERNICUS'S *Letters.* 165

of Being in general. For tho both Reason and Revelation assure us of a future State vastly preferable to this; yet 'tis certain that our several Employments in that State, and the consequent Pleasures arising from them, will only differ in degree, and not in kind, from those of a good and virtuous Man here below. So that we must always take these general Exclamations of the Vanity of the World, and the Emptiness of all the Goods it affords, with some grains of allowance, otherwise we shall damp our most reasonable Ambition, and sicken with our Expectations of an hereafter; it being impossible we should desire to continue eternally in a Course of Action, which yielded us no manner of Delight or Satisfaction at present.

Is it because this Life is short, and its Pleasures transitory and fugitive, that we must entertain a Disgust of it? Or because many of the Objects of our good Affections are perishable, and capable of being ravish'd from us, or we divorced from them, must we therefore grow uneasy with our Being, or betake ourselves to a dry joyless Speculation of every thing about us? This were a very weak Conduct. He must be an odd kind of Man, who could not relish an Entertainment, because he knew it was to have an end; and if he gave his Host thanks at all, they must at least come from him with but an ill grace.

SUPPOSING we had neither Hopes nor Promises of any future Happiness in rever-

sion, but were immediately after the Dissolution of our Bodies to drop into a State of Non-existence, I apprehend it would be the Opinion of all *reasonable*, I am sure of all *generous* Creatures, that they ought to express their highest Gratitude to their kind and indulgent Creator, in whom they *live, move, and have their Being*. But if we have conceived little and low thoughts of that Station in which he has placed us, how is it possible we should ever be grateful to him, for what we are taught to esteem either as no Blessing at all, or at least one we should be very willing to be rid of?

THERE is an inseparable Connection betwixt our Duty and our Happiness in all Cases. For tho sometimes it may become a Duty to sacrifice a present Interest or Enjoyment for the sake of doing a good, a generous, a beautiful Action; yet it is still to be supposed, that there is a greater Happiness to the Mind in making such a Sacrifice, than there would be in acting any otherwise: and this arises from the strong Instincts we have to Actions of that sort; to act against which Instincts would be doing greater Violence to Nature, than it were to forgo any little present Interest. Whoever therefore argues against this Life as a low undesirable State of Being, takes out of it all Sense of Duty and Obligation, whose first and truest Original is that great, that divine Pleasure we take in doing those things which go under that Name.

All the other Enjoyments of Life are either only *secondary*, or *fictitious*. Of the former sort are *Eating*, *Drinking*, and other *animal Gratifications*; and of the latter *Fame*, *Wealth*, and *Power*, the Possession of which is no part of real Happiness. So that to single out these parts of human Life, and then declaim against the Whole of it, is not a just nor philosophical way of Reasoning. 'Tis just as if we should dispute the Beauty of a Picture, by only regarding the Shades of it, which, taken by themselves, have neither Beauty of Colour, nor Proportion.

THE Contempt of the World, when truly explained, is no doubt a thing very right and laudable; and to fortify Men in it, the Prospect of a happy Immortality the noblest and most powerful Motive that can be. But while we are contending for a virtuous and manly Principle, let us not, by a loose or vague way of speaking, impress Men with Notions which have a natural tendency to defeat the End we propose, by filling their Minds with dark and gloomy Apprehensions of things, and giving them a Distaste of Life, and consequently a dishonourable and vicious Negligence about the Concerns of it.

WHENEVER we cease to act, we cease to live, at least to live as becomes intelligent and social Beings. But what is there shall move us to act, when we imagine there is nothing in Life worthy our Care? We must

in that case become poor lumpish, melancholy Creatures, incapable of performing our Duty with that chearful and willing Mind which is absolutely necessary to render it acceptable to the Author of all Goodness, and the Fountain of all Joy. Let Virtue creep into her Cell, or retire to the Desert; let every honest Heart wear a sorrowful Countenance, and the Aspect of the Wise and Good become a perpetual Map of Mortification: What would be the Effect of so blessed a Change? Would this recommend Virtue to Mankind? Or would it be an effectual Method to allure them from the pleasing Snares of *Vice* and *Folly*? Sure far otherwise. And yet this, and this alone can, consistently with their Principles, be the method with those who are possessed with an Opinion of there being nothing in this World lovely or desirable. Whereas, on the contrary, wise Men have in all Ages made it the peculiar Excellency of Virtue to promote our Welfare and Happiness here, and improved it as none of the least Motives for Men to follow Wisdom, that even in this present Life, *Her Ways are Ways of Pleasantness, and all her Paths are Peace,*

I am, Sir,

Your very humble Servant,

HIBERNICUS.

N^o 21.

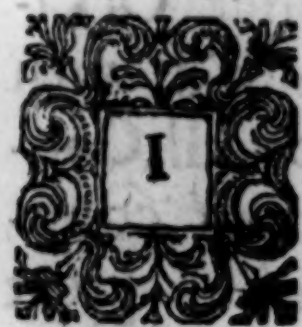


N^o 21. Saturday, August 21, 1725.

To HIBERNICUS.

Conventus trahit in medios, turbamque sonantem. VIR.

S I R,



HAVE been often very much surprized, that in the Course of your weekly Correspondence with the Publick, you have taken so little notice of the Occurrences of the Town, which afford abundance more Matter for useful Speculation, than many of those dry Discourses you have within these five Months past transmitted to your courteous Readers. I hope, you and they continue still in good Terms; since they must be an ill-natur'd sort of People indeed, who can be angry with a Man for putting them to sleep.

WERE a Man of my Temper settled in the Province you have undertaken, the management of it would be very different from what your's is. You must know, Sir, that I

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am a passionate Admirer of a Croud, and am never so easy, as when I am squeezing thro' a great concourse of People. I haunt all Places of publick Resort, from *Lucas's* Coffee-house to the *Fish-Market*; and breathe the Air, or hearken to the Eloquence of either Place with equal Satisfaction. My Face is as well known upon Change, as any Merchant's in Town, tho the chief thing I am remarkable for, is my having no manner of Business there. If a Fellow be going to be hang'd, I'm sure to be in the number of his Attendants, and think my self obliged to be present at his Execution, as well as his Trial. In short, I make one upon all publick Occasions, and am by that means furnish'd with such a number of Observations upon all Conditions and Degrees of Life, as, I am confident, would supply your Papers with a great Variety of the most useful and entertaining Materials. And if you encourage my Correspondence, I shall from time to time collect my Adventures, and by your means communicate to the World the Progress I make in the *Peripatetick* Philosophy.

IF the Publick shall receive benefit from my Labours of this sort, they will owe me more than ordinary Thanks. For I can assure you, not a few are the Inconveniences I undergo, by reason of this same ambulatory Humour of mine. Many a broken Head have I got for Quarrels I had no manner of hand in. I have lost more Handkerchiefs
than

than would serve to set up a Milliner. And no longer ago than Thursday, the twelfth of this instant, I had very near been over-set by a Journeyman *Taylor* a riding the *Franchises* of this City, who from an over-great Concern to preserve the Posture of his Employment, gave his Horse a good deal more spur than the poor Creature found he had occasion for, and thereby set him full drive against me, to the no small detriment both of my Person and Apparel.

NOT deterr'd however by this unfortunate Accident, I continued a very eager and diligent Spectator of this Triennial Procession of our Worshipful Corporations, till the same was brought to a Conclusion. And I am humbly of opinion, that an Appearance of this sort has something in it highly worthy of the publick regard, and that the Memory of it ought not to perish in the compass of a Week or a Fortnight. I therefore presume on your good Nature, to make your Paper for one Day a Repository for the Remarks I have made on this Occasion.

I SHALL not accompany the Right Honourable our Lord Mayor thro' the several Liberties of the City, nor take any notice of the important Solemnity of flinging the *Dart*; both because of their being so universally known to all the Inhabitants of the City, and that Sir *James Ware*, in his *Annals of Ireland*, has, in some measure, communicated the same to the whole Nation, having very judiciously

ciously described that Ceremony, and with much Care and Erudition marked out all the Places where our Magistracy is entitled either to hold *Courts*, or eat *Custard*. Nor is it my intention to tire your Patience, with an Account of any thing usual and customary on such Occasions, but only to hint at some new and singular Phænomena which appear'd upon this.

Y o u know, Sir, that time out of mind *Vulcan* has been receiv'd as the true and undoubted Patron of the Worshipful Corporation of *Blacksmiths*, and as such upon all publick Ceremonies has constantly appear'd at their Head, equipt with a complete Suit of Armour, and a massy Basket-hilted Sword, terrible to behold! Now this Figure has been so very tempting to their Fellow-Citizens, that several other Corporations, who seem to have no manner of Interest in, or Relation to him, have taken a Fancy to have a *Vulcan* at their Head likewise. The *Booksellers*, who, one would think, were none of the most martially inclined People, had not only their *Vulcan*, but three or four armed *Highlanders* attending him, as if they intended to propagate Learning by the Sword, and push Men into the Depths of Science, as People drive Nails, by knocking them on the Head.

THE *Hosiers* too have fallen into the same Impropriety. What *Vulcan* has to do with Weaving of any sort, I must confess, I am utterly at a loss to discover, as well as what there

there can be in a Suit of Armour any ways typical of a pair of Stockings. The only plausible Reason I have hitherto heard urg'd to justify so incongruous a Spectacle, is, that their *Vulcan* perhaps might be intended for an *Alexander the Great*, and serve to put us in mind, that a *Loom-socking*, like the *Gordian Knot*, is to be unravelled no otherwise than by cutting. But whatever there may be in that, it must be allowed, that the Reverend *Bishop*, and the *Oxford* Scholar, who bore a Part in this Cavalcade, signified something very extraordinary and important, tho perhaps too mysterious to be communicated to the profane Vulgar; and therefore I will not presume to give my Conjectures upon it, unless I had the Consent of the *Master* and *Wardens* of the Corporation for so doing.

I DO not remember, that ever *Venus* made her Appearance on any former Occasions of this kind; so that her doing it now will help to account for this great Superfétation of *Vulgans*, especially if we consider, that *Mars* is entitled to wear the same Habit, and has been always known for a constant Attendant and Retainer to her Ladyship.

WERE I as big with *Tully* and *Seneca* as you pretend to be, I imagine I could squeeze very fine Morals from so copious a Subject. To instance in only one Particular, the Show of the *Coachmakers* would afford a fair Hint of the Vanity of Greatness; since by placing their *Kettle-drums* in a Machine drawn by
fix

six Horses, they broadly insinuate a Coach and six to be a just and proper Emblem of Noise and Emptiness.

BUT there yet arises a more general, as well as a more useful Reflection from a Sight of this nature. A Croud of People innocently gay and chearful, is to a Man who loves his Fellow-Creatures, a very agreeable Entertainment, however ludicrous either the Occasions, or some Circumstances of their assembling may be, when examined by the strict and rigid Rules of Reason. Joy and Chearfulness have a natural diffusive Effect; and tho it is indeed an Infirmary in human Nature, that fine Clothes and Equipage should excite a Pleasure and Triumph of Heart, yet it would be still more unnatural for Men to be so morose as to despise or ridicule the Satisfaction an honest well-meaning Man may sometimes find in a Trifle. Our Ancestors, and most other free Nations, thought it Wisdom to raise the Spirits of the People with frequent publick Shows and Processions. They reckon'd it inspir'd them with a Notion of Freedom, publick Spirit, and Contempt of Danger, to give them now and then an Opportunity of putting on their best Looks, and making a handsom Appearance among their Friends and Neighbours. And if I am not misinform'd, several of our greatest Authors have been of opinion, that nothing can contribute more to the Preservation of Liberty in a free State, than training up the People to
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the Exercise of Arms, and appointing stated days of Muster for all the Men between sixteen and sixty, within such and such Districts; agreeable to the antient Practice of these Nations, of which we may still observe some faint Traces in our Court-Leets, and other Assemblies of that kind.

THE Sound of a Trumpet, and the Beat of a Drum, have a wonderful and inexpressible Effect on some Men's Minds; and when accompanied with the other Circumstances of military Pomp, frequently raise a Gallantry of Spirit in the most languid and flegmatick Dispositions. I cannot therefore help thinking, that giving the industrious and laborious Part of our People one gaudy Day in three Years, is very far from being either unreasonable or ridiculous. A little Diversion and Relaxation from Business and the Cares of Life, is necessary to all Men; and sure none have a juster Claim to it, than those who have both the greatest need of it, and are at the same time among the most valuable and useful Members of the Society, which, without dispute, the Manufacturers are in all trading Nations.

INSTEAD therefore of running down this Custom of my Fellow-Citizens, I could wish it were more frequent, not only for the Reasons already given, but because the comical Accidents and merry Appearances which do, and unavoidably must happen at such times, afford a Fund of Discourse, and innocent

cent Raillery to the common People for a good while after; not to mention, that the previous Managements and little Emulations among the several incorporated Bodies, which of them shall distinguish themselves in the best manner, leave very honest Impressions on their Minds, and raise a commendable Zeal for the Interest of their respective Communities. The Love of our Country, tho one of our worthiest as well as most active Passions, very often owes its Original, or at least is considerably strengthen'd by Incidents and Circumstances, seemingly as little and inconsequential as these. On all these accounts, I am hopeful neither you, nor your Readers will take it amiss, that I have interrupted the Course of your Reflections for one Day, by handling a Subject that will not recur till three Years hence.

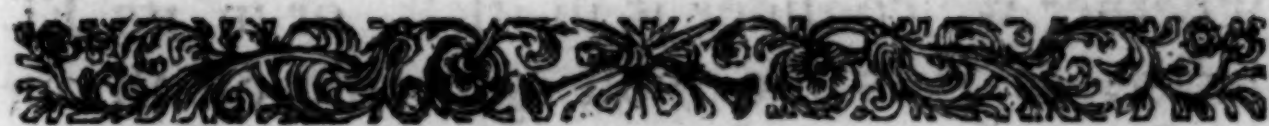
I am, Sir,

Your very humble Servant,

DEMOPHILUS.



Nº 22.



N^o 22. Saturday, August 28, 1725.

To HIBERNICUS.

Scribere jussit Amor.

OVID.

S I R,



INCE it would be a Wrong to your good Nature, and the Zeal you have shewn for the publick Good, to think that any thing which offer'd at its Advancement, were a trouble to you, I shall make no Apology for this Attempt, the Design of it being to put you upon reforming an Abuse, which perhaps will be found the Source of many of those Vices, which our Age so justly complains of, and yet is so far from being thought a Vice, that *Illi errori virtus nomen posuisset honestum*; I mean the many and needless Delays and Ceremonies which Custom has imposed upon us in *Love-Affairs*.

LOVE, Sir, you know has been call'd the Source and Perfection of worldly Happiness; and I think the Passion which we express by that Name, and which has Beauty for its

Vol. I.

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Object,

Object, has a good right to this Encomium, whether we consider it in itself, or in its Effects; as it is the most agreeable of all our Passions; as it is the Spring whence flow the most tender Relations and Friendships of the World, and the Link of Society itself: whence it is plain how careful we should be to cherish so useful a Plant; and as it has been the Care of every Age, to pluck up the obscene Weeds which spring with it and obstruct its Growth, so methinks we should endeavour to manure the Soil, lest it fall among Stones and perish.

How much Love has been, is, and ever will be the Business of Youth, every body knows; but alas, how different in the Success and Effects?

IN the first Ages of the World, and in that Part of it which yet retains the primitive Simplicity, Love was as little conceal'd as Truth; it was honest, nor feared the Light; the happy Pair no sooner conceiv'd a mutual Flame, but they confessed it, and join'd in the common Business of Life, begetting Children, who excited and assisted their Industry, and were to their Country a present Pledge of their Parents Loyalty, and a future Defense and Ornament. But how much is the Case alter'd with us! Our Youth are forc'd to spend the best part of their Lives in fruitless Courtships, to leave the Acquisition of Arts, Improvement of their Manners, and every reasonable Employment; to run into all manner of

of Vanity and Extravagance, and make themselves despicable, to be approved by the Fair. By this means our Fortunes are impaired, our Talents uncultivated, or entirely immersed in a Deluge of Vice, Folly, and Impertinence; and we are often forc'd to fly from the Cruelty of the *insulting Angel*, to the pernicious Fondness of the *fawning Devil*: so that if we at last succeed in our Amour, we only join a *rotten* to a *wither'd Carcase*, and the Business of our Lives is to jar about those ill Habits we have both acquir'd, and breed Children (if we have any) full of hereditary Infirmities, to grow up to the same Course of Folly and Misery.

THIS, tho a general and mighty Evil, is submitted to as past Redress; 'tis (say we) the Effect of a Pride natural to the Fair Sex, and natural Diseases seldom admit a Cure. But I believe we do in this, as in many other things, lay a Fault upon Nature, which is none of hers.

FOR if their Vanity of being admired be so prevalent, that it makes them forego every Pleasure, tho ever so great, that may lessen our Devotion to them; methinks this very Vanity should make them dread the Curse of approaching Wrinkles, and fly for shelter to the Arms of *Matrimony*. But alas! Sir, they have another Refuge, and 'tis from this I would rout them; but, *Hic Labor*: for tho every Man of Sense must despise a Creature, that has tyrannically wasted those

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Charms which might have made herself and Mankind happy, to be under the wretched Necessity of supplying the Decays of Nature by Art; tho no Man would sigh for a Picture, who could enjoy the Original, yet there are a Sort of Creatures call'd BEAUX, who value Beauty as they do themselves, and every thing else, for no earthly Thing but to look at. These indeed are their Admirers; for who that could not smell, but would prefer an artificial to a natural Rose? and it is with their Admiration that the Ladies are pleased. And if Paint, Washes and Jewels, can gain them their Approbation, they are satisfy'd. This is the true Reason why Merit and Love are so little regarded, and ill requited by the Fair Sex. And 'tis this vain Hope of being always young, always admired, that makes so many of the most tender and compassionate Sex, the greatest Tyrants: to rectify which Mistake, and prevent the ill Effects of it, it may be worth your Care, to put this deceitful Beauty in its proper Light; to which purpose I send you the following Lines, which being written upon a particular Occasion, and not for this Purpose, I can only hope they may rouse some proper Genius to so useful a Work, as ridiculing an Imposition which has so bad Consequences.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble Servant,

T. B.

A U R E.

AURELIA.

WHILE winking Tapers screen the
Cheat,
And Darkness favours the Deceit,
Aurelia in a borrow'd Prime,
Conceals the sad Effects of Time.

STIFF in Brocade with Brilliants
bound,
Secure she takes her nightly Round;
At Castle, Drawing-Room, and Play,
Each sighing Coxcomb owns her Sway:
And she alas as vainly proud,
The Wish and Wonder of the Croud,
Looks from her Height with proud Disdain,
Upon the Slaves that drag her Chain.

BUT ah sad Change! behold at Morn
Aurelia to her Cell return!

THEN see her pensive, sad, alone!
Behold her weep, and hear her moan!
" Alas! nor artful white and red,
" Rich Dress, nor Brilliants, nor Brocade,
" Can from a watchful Lover's Eyes
" The Signs of withering Age disguise.

AT Night a Cupid's Torch she burns,
A dying Snuff when Day returns.

SO when the Moon with borrow'd Light,
Assumes the Empire of the Night,
Thro' the pale Gloom in solemn Show
She glides, and gilds the World below;

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*Her silver Orb and starry Train
Th' admiring Gazers Eye detain;
But sickning at th' Approach of Day,
The gilded Wonder dies away.*

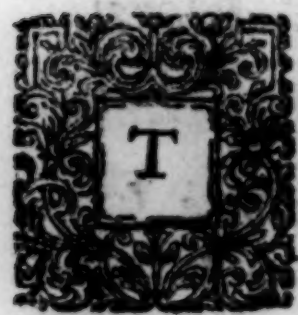


N^o 23. Saturday, September 4, 1725.

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal*.

*Pax servientibus gravior est, quam liberis
Bellum.* TAC.

S I R,



THE melancholy Accounts we have lately had from *France*, of the Misery to which the Inhabitants of several Provinces in that rich and powerful Kingdom have been reduced, by the Want of Bread, at the same time that they justly call for our Pity and Commiseration of the Calamities of our Neighbours and Fellow-Mortals, may afford several very useful Reflections to all who have the Happiness to live in a Land of Liberty, and very proper to inspire the Hearts of the Free-born with the highest Sense of Joy and Gratitude.

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IF we consider the Kingdom of *France* with regard to its natural Advantages, we must own it the noblest, the finest, the most flourishing Country in *Europe*, if not in the whole World. Its Dominions are great and entire, comprehending three hundred thousand square Miles of rich and fruitful Soil, situated in a most kindly and temperate Climate. Wine and Oil, Corn and Fruits of all kinds, are here to be met with in the greatest Plenty and Perfection. Two sides of this lovely Track of Ground are washed by our *Ocean*, and the *Mediterranean*, which, by means of several large and noble Rivers, dispense the Benefits of Navigation and Commerce to the most inland Provinces of the Kingdom. And to make this Bounty of Nature still more conspicuous, and more effectual too, the Inhabitants want neither Vigor nor Ingenuity for improving whatever Advantages they enjoy, so as to make Life easy and comfortable.

By this Account, one would expect the *French* Nation should be the happiest and richest People in the Universe. But in fact it is far otherwise. For without inquiring minutely into the State of the Burghers and Peasantry in the several Towns and Provinces, we have this plain Evidence of the Hardships the Commonalty there lie under, that within these last thirty Years they have been reduced three or four times to the lowest degree of Want and Misery by

Famine; while some of their Neighbours, a great deal less indulg'd by Nature, have enjoyed Fulness of Bread in much Peace and Security.

THE only Reason which can be assigned for this great Difference, arises from the Frame and Constitution of their Government. Where People have not Liberty, they have no Heart to provide for Futurity, and lay up Store for Days of Joy and Pleasure to come. Well knowing their Property to be precarious, and that the Fruits of their Industry may be ravished from them the next Moment, they take no care for any thing but the present Exigence, and manure no more Ground than what they apprehend sufficient to supply that. So that one unfavourable Season infallibly brings Penury and Want on all the middling sort of People in *France*, whose whole Stock consists in what they have sow'd for that Year, which, to be sure, is no more than what will serve to make them drag on Life till the next. The Poet's Advice is the Rule of their Conduct; they *live to-day*, not so much because there is a probability, thro' the common Accidents which all Things are subject to, of *to-morrow* being cross and unfriendly to them, as that there is a certainty that their Labour will be in vain, whenever it produces more than they can immediately consume themselves. The making a comfortable Provision for Posterity is the great Spur to human Industry; but that can
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have no place under a Government, where the Breath of a Tyrant disposes both of Mens Lives and their Properties, and no Man can call any thing his own any longer than it is the Will of the Prince to permit it.

THEY who have travell'd into *Italy*, and given us Accounts of that Country, furnish us with abundant Proofs of the Truth of what I am asserting. The richest and most fertile Parts of that Region have fallen to the Share of arbitrary Princes; and in the midst of all the Advantages of Nature, give an Idea of nothing but Horror and Desolation, thro' the Discouragements and Oppression the poor People labour under. Here and there indeed the Palace of a Prince, or rich Cardinal, makes a noble Appearance; and the beautiful and luxurious Gardens belonging to them, shew to what a Height those Territories might be improved, were Industry duly supported, and secured in the possession of its Gains. But look on the Country in general, and it wears no other Face but of Poverty and Misery. On the other hand, the barren Mountains of *Switzerland*, which seem only a Load and an Encumbrance to the Earth, which are covered with perpetual Snows, and subject to the most sudden Vicissitudes of violent Heats and Colds, are yet crouded with Inhabitants, who by the mere Force of Care and Art have made the rugged Rocks not only safe but commodious Dwellings; where Peace and Plenty

smile

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smile amidst the mishapen Fractures of Nature, and the hideous Precipice blooms with the Effects of an honest Industry, and the Trophies of a glorious and happy Liberty.

I KNOW, the Patrons and Advocates of arbitrary Power, to soften something of the frightful Aspect it carries to a manly and generous Disposition, will tell us that Things are not so bad under absolute Governments as has been here represented: That tho indeed the Will of the Prince is the sole Law of the Society, yet that is never exercised in such a manner as to render the Property of the Subject entirely precarious: That no Man has his Possessions taken from him, but in consequence of his having violated some precedent Law, sufficiently published to him, and the Penalty whereof he might therefore have timely avoided: And that for the rest, the Judges of the Land being sworn to administer impartial Justice betwixt Man and Man, the People have all the Security for their Properties and Estates that they possibly can have under a free and limited Government; seeing in all Societies the Power of the Legislature is the same, to wit, supreme and uncontroulable.

THIS however is all a Flourish, to say no worse of it. For it is the same thing whether a Prince has the Power of resuming, and transferring the Estates of his People at Pleasure, or of laying them under such heavy Burdens and Taxes as will make them entirely

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entirely unprofitable, if not ruinous to their Owners. And that this is the Case in most of the absolute Governments which have ever been in the World, he must be a great Stranger to the Affairs of Mankind who can make any manner of question. In Debates of this kind there is no arguing against Matter of Fact. In some of our neighbouring Nations, there are Multitudes who would reckon it a singular Mercy to have their Estates taken off their hands at two Years Purchase; as in some others it has been known where People have expressed their Joy at being eased of their Possessions, without any other Consideration than the Freedom they thereby enjoyed from the immoderate Exactions, and many aking Hearts they endured by keeping of them. For the Truth of which, I might appeal to a late *noble Author* * of our own Nation, whose Memory will be ever dear to all who love Liberty, their Country, or Mankind. And I think I may venture to affirm, that even at present, in a Time of profound Peace and Tranquillity over all *Europe*, many of our Neighbours pay greater Sums to support their own Slavery and Misery, than ever the *British* Nations have done in the Defense of their Liberty and Property, during the long and expensive Wars they have maintain'd since the late *HAPPY REVOLUTION*.

* See the *Account of Denmark*, written by Robert Lord Viscount Molesworth.

CONSIDERATIONS of this sort should serve to keep awake and active in us the true Principles and Love of Liberty; a Blessing which, like those of Air and Water, thro' its Commonness, becomes frequently neglected and unattended to, tho one Day's Loss or Privation of it would quickly make us sensible of its Value and Importance. God be praised, the Calamities of our Neighbours are the only Means we have at present of coming to a right knowledge of what we must undergo the Day we suffer this inestimable Jewel to be torn from us; and that is the Use which ought to be made of them. For ruined Constitutions, like dead Bodies, may not only be useful to shew the Causes of their own Decay, but to prevent the like Disorders in the Survivors; and for that Reason it is the Interest and Duty of every Free-man now and then to rip up the Carcase of absolute Government, let it smell as strong as it will. To make frequent Comparisons betwixt our own Happiness and others Misery, is the only way to make us tenacious of our just Rights and Privileges. This is necessary at all times, especially among a People, where there yet remain some (very few I hope) so unhappily deluded as to look back upon Bondage with an Eye of Pleasure, or at least Indifference; and to wish one for their Governor, who claims to be their Tyrant

Tyrant by a divine indefeasible Right, and whose Pretences are founded on Principles destructive of the Freedom and Happiness of all Society whatever.

It is a great Misfortune to a People, to become cold and dead to the Advantages of Freedom. The next Step will very probably be the patient Resignation of it, and the Happiness of their Posterity too, into the first bold or artful Hand which shall be stretch'd out for that purpose. We know Nations in the World who seem to have lost the very Idea of Liberty, and hug their Chains with as great eagerness as others would struggle to get out of them. The *Glory of the Monarchy*, the *Grandeur of the Prince*, and two or three other vile insignificant Words, supply them with so many Charms, to lull them into a perpetual Indolence and Stupidity. Nor are these Distempers peculiar to the ignorant Vulgar, and the poor unthinking Populace. Even the fine and free Spirit of Mr. *Bayle*, tho assisted with as great a Variety of Learning as perhaps ever was crouded into one Head, could not free itself from the Prejudices of a confined and servile Education, nor hinder him from calling a learned † Civilian, an ignorant Lawyer, and a bad *Frenchman*, for his Impudence in proving to a Demonstration that his Country and all *Europe*

† Hottoman, *Author of the Francogallia.*

were

were once in possession of a free and legal Constitution. All which, I hope, will be a sufficient Apology for my employing one Paper in reminding my Fellow-Subjects of their own Felicity; since where the Spirit of Liberty yet lives, it is very easy to be set in motion, but can never be revived, where it has been once suppressed, without a Miracle.

BUT besides the Distresses of our Neighbours, it will be of use to us to reflect on the Difficulties and Dangers our Ancestors have overcome, in transmitting to us the excellent Constitution we now enjoy. Many have been the Attempts made upon it, which our Enemies have not a more effectual way of renewing, than by possessing weak and unwary People with a Notion, that the ill Designs our Ancestors opposed were false and imaginary. Great Endeavours have been used to palliate the arbitrary Proceedings of former Times, and ridicule the *necessary Means* of our Deliverance from them. But it is to be hoped, no Artifices of that sort will ever have an Influence hereafter upon People of common Sense and Reflection, especially after having had so full a View both of our Danger and of our Escape, as is set before us in a late incomparable History, which for its noble Impartiality and Sincerity never was equalled but by *Polybius*, and *Philip de Comines*. A History, which
has

HIBERNICUS's *Letters.* 191

has received the best Testimony of its Worth from the Mouth of its Enemies, by giving equal Offense to the Bigotted and Interested of all Parties, Sects, and Denominations amongst us: A History, which does Honour to the Language it is writ in, and will for ever make the Name of BURNET sacred and venerable to all who prefer an Empire of Reason and Laws, to that of blind Passion and unbridled *Will* and *Pleasure*.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble Servant,

HIBERNICUS.





N^o 24. *Saturday, September 11, 1725.*

To HIBERNICUS.

*Non omnes arbusta juvant, humilesque
myrica.* VIR.

S I R,



H O the Burlesquing Humour, which has so much prevailed among us, were enough to deter any Man from communicating his Labours to the Publick ; there is another as prevalent, and so much more dangerous to a tolerable Writer, as the Levity or Indiscretion of its Abettors, is more hurtful to a good Cause, than the Strength or Policy of its Adversaries ; I mean the Imitating.

How vexatious those Imitators (who by their bad Draughts render the best Originals ridiculous, and like the Devil labour to destroy what they love) have always been to good Writers, I need not tell you, who, I believe, are no stranger to their mistaken Kindness.

BUT

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BUT above all others, the Writers of Pastoral Poetry seem most obnoxious to this Fate; the seeming Easiness of the Subject, and the Agreeableness of its Images to the Condition of Love, have render'd it the Theme of every Scribler: insomuch, that *Damon* never sighs or weeps, but the Zephyrs and Fountains sympathize in his Sorrow; and no sooner is he to be blest'd with the Possession of his Fair-one, but some shady Grove is made the Scene of his leud Imagination; in vain should *Diana* strive to protect her Virgin Attendants, and chaste Retreats, from the Pollution of his vigorous Fancy.

IN opposition to this Folly, a Friend of mine writ the following Poem, (since the Perusal of which, I have as industriously avoided Groves, Meadows, and Fountains, as if our *Hibernian* Retreats were full of Snakes and Adders) and which, in hopes it may have the same Effect upon my simlizing Brethren, I send you, to be, by your Favour, publish'd in the *Journal*.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble Servant.



Damon, a City Eclogue; written to a Gentleman in the Country.

WHEN now the Stars began to hide their Heads,
 And leud Debauchees sought polluted Beds;
 When nodding Watchmen left their tiresome Post,
 And noisy Pomp in peaceful Sleep was lost;
 Damon, a hapless Youth whom Beauty fir'd,
 And sacred Friendship's brighter Flame inspir'd,
 In mournful Lays bewail'd his absent Fair,
 And for his Friend confess'd an equal Care;
 While from the neighbouring Street, in shriller Cries,
 To his sad Song a Chimney-sweep replies,
 The Chimney-sweep in sable Pomp array'd,
 As if, like him, he mourn'd the absent Maid.
 While thus the Youth — Now Sol restores the Day,
 And gilded Signs reflect the Orient Ray;
 But ah! to me the rising Sun supplies
 No Light, in absence of my Cælia's Eyes:
 Those sparkling Eyes that did outshine by far:
 The radiant Diamonds pendant in her Ear,
 Spend all their Fire unseen and unadmir'd,
 In Country Wastes and lonely Vales retir'd;
 While all despairing, comfortless I lie,
 Can taste no Pleasure, and can find no Joy.

NO more, returning from the gaudy Court,
 Bless'd with her Sight, the Tavern I resort;
 To meditate the Lightning of her Eye,
 Or quench the Flame in generous Burgundy.
 For since she's fled, alas! what Toast can join
 Life, Warmth, and Lustre, to the flatten'd Wine?

NO fashionable Dress can charm my Sight,
 Nor Musick, ev'n Dubourg's, my Ear invite;

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O mourn Dubourg! no more the crouded House
 Shall fill thy Purse, and all thy Musick rouse:
 She's gone, she whom alone we flock'd to see,
 Intent on Love, and deaf to Harmony:
 She's gone——and now coquetting Phyllis shines,
 Like Phœbe when the golden Sun declines.
 Let Cynthia now a thousand Captives bring,
 And Chloe boast her Conquests at the Ring;
 Since she, who from contending Beauties won
 Each Lover's Heart, is now for ever gone.
 She's gone——oh dreadful Sound! oh Tale full sore!
 Rather were Cities, Courts, and Plays no more!
 Rather the Green, the Park, the Strand were fled,
 And courtly Visits evermore unpaid.
 For what are Courts or Plays when she's not there?
 The Green, the Park, the Strand, increase our Care,
 The sad Remembrance of what once they were.

O Cælia, cruel Cælia, thus to leave
 A thousand sprightly Beaux to sigh and grieve;
 To fly from wretched Damon, most unkind!
 Nor leave one slender Proof of Love behind!

BUT ah unhappy Damon! witless Swain!
 In vain you love, unpity'd you complain:
 Some happier Youth, some Beau of matchless Size,
 With active Gambol charm'd her wondring Eyes;
 With smart Ramillia-Wig her Heart he gain'd,
 And val'rous Tales of saucy Porters can'd.
 To him her parting Kisses did belong,
 To him the softest Accents of her Tongue;
 To him the nicely-furling Fan she gave,
 And he, perhaps, (oh happy Fop) has Leave
 In witless Lines (such Lines become a Beau)
 To write what's what, and tell her who loves who.

CURS'D be his Charms! and curs'd the fatal Plains
 That from my longing Eyes my Love detains!

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*Curs'd be the Fields——but ah where e'er she goes,
 Let Pumps arise, and croud the Scene with Beaux !
 May ev'ry Cart a gilded Chariot seem !
 And Plays, and Balls, in her pleas'd Fancy swim :
 From Cans uncouth let shapely Tea-Pots rise,
 And ev'ry Hound be chang'd to * Thavy's Size.
 But ah ! return, return, relenting Fair,
 Be touch'd with Pity, hear a Lover's Pray'r !
 Then shall proud Chloe quit her high Disdain,
 And Phyllis ogle from the Box in vain.
 For thee the sighing Swains shall Altars raise,
 For thee malicious Poets learn to praise ;
 A thousand pleasing Secrets shalt thou hear,
 A thousand Whispers croud into thy Ear.
 O hadst thou known what horrid things are said
 Of Chloris, and what naughty Tricks were play'd ;
 You'd surely come——but if in vain we sue,
 If we no more those heav'nly Charms shall view,
 Damon must bid the empty World adieu. }
 Thus sung the Swain.——To Friendship next he turn'd
 His tuneful Voice, and absent Thyrsis mourn'd.*

*BUT now the busy Town from Slumber rose,
 And various Tasks a various Noise compose ;
 Exclaiming Duns attend the great Man's Door,
 And watchful Bailiffs terrify the Poor :
 Here lab'ring Hacknies trudge for doubtful Pay,
 While roaring Bullies swear their Bread away ;
 Unheeded Bells in empty Churches rung,
 While gaping Multitudes attentive hung }
 Upon the Ballad-singers tuneful Tongue.
 The growing Murmur drown'd the Shepherd's Song ;
 Else might his Numbers be as much too long,
 Too tedious, and too troublesome to thee,
 As my dear Thyrsis' Absence is to me——*

* The Lady's Lap-Dog.



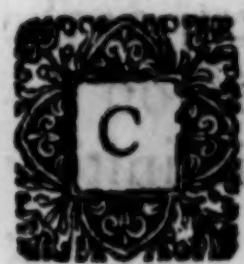
Nº 25. Saturday, September 18, 1725.

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal*.

Plus scire velle quam sit satis, intemperantiae genus est. Quid, quod ista liberalium artium consecratio, molestos, verbosos, intempestivos, sibi placentes facit; & ideo non discantes necessaria, quia supervacua didicerunt.

SEN.

S I R,



CURIOSITY being a Principle so closely interwoven into the Frame of human Nature, and so very necessary to make us fit for the performance of social Duties, as well as for our own private Entertainment and Diversion, it is no wonder, that this, like all other Passions, is sometimes over eagerly pursued; and by running out in chase of too many Objects, defeats the main End for which it was implanted. Our best Affections need the Restraint and Direction of Reason; and we are never more apt to make false Steps in Life, than when we are acted by very commendable Motives, but which are at the same time

so strong as to hinder us from reflecting whether we are going, and which is the proper Point where we ought to terminate our Views. If this were not so, there would be no necessity for the Faculty of Reasoning at all; since if Good-will, Pity, Humanity, Generosity, or any other honest and virtuous Principle, did, or could constantly and regularly aim at one certain Mark, and produce all those excellent Effects, which under the government and by the assistance of Reason they do, it were sufficient to leave us to their Impulses alone, without adding to them another Force, directing us in what Circumstances, and under what Limitations we ought to obey them.

THE Necessity of this governing Principle appears no where more evident, than in the Case I just now mention'd of Curiosity, or the Desire of Knowledge. This is a Passion natural to all Men, tho to some in an infinitely greater degree. And the Reason for its being so is very obvious, in regard the knowledge of Things is absolutely necessary for supplying us with the proper Means both of private and publick Happiness; besides, that it opens to the Mind a very large Scene of present Pleasure, and renders a Man an easy and agreeable Companion to himself in the Intervals from Business and Conversation. Consider'd therefore in this Light, a reasonable Creature cannot but look on the Search after Knowledge as a very proper and becoming Employ.

Employment of its Faculties. Yet still, as all Mens Actions ought to terminate in some honest and good End; and as the honestest and best End we can propose, is the universal Welfare of Mankind; so in our Search after Knowledge, we ought to conduct ourselves in such a manner, as that our Labour may not be in vain, and our Inquiries degenerate into mere Self-amusements, and an idle Luxury of Speculation, instead of producing something of general Use and Advantage.

THE Offenders against this Rule may be properly ranged into two Classes. The *first* consists of those who employ themselves in noble and useful Inquiries, but at the same time are so wrapt up in them, that they never think of any thing else. They are so devoted to their Studies, that they quite forget the End and Design of them, and let Life, which ought chiefly to be run out in Action, evaporate away in Contemplation. It is their business to store their Minds with the best and truest Maxims, without ever practising one of them; and like Misers, to lay in great Riches, which they have not heart enough to expend. With such People, Learning is no more than a beautiful Picture; it serves them for Pleasure and Ornament, but is, to all other Intents and Purposes, a Piece of useless Furniture, and which only hinders the Canvass it is drawn on from becoming a much more necessary Member of Household-stuff.

THE *second*, and indeed most pernicious Class of learned Criminals, are those very curious Persons, who think they never can have enough of Knowledge, and so are for making every thing in Nature an Object of it, however useless or insignificant to any Purpose in Life. Their Concern is only to know how, and what Things are, and not know how, or what they are good for. And hence, instead of studying how they may best promote their own, or the publick Happiness, they spend their whole Lives in the Chase of some childish Trifles, or in discussing certain knotty and whimsical Difficulties which arise in the more abstract Parts of Learning; an eager Fondness for which, has in all Ages, not only had an ill Influence on Mens Tempers and Manners, but frequently produced very terrible Consequences in Affairs of the greatest Importance to Mankind.

It is obvious, that the Difference betwixt these two sorts of Persons lies in this, that the former employ their time to no purpose, the latter to an ill one. In the one Case, the Error may arise from an Excess of a very commendable Quality, there being a very great Charm in Contemplation to People of an easy and peaceable Disposition; the other seems to be the Effect of a querulous and restless Temper of Mind, which, if not diverted by such intellectual Amusements, would break out in something else more immediately mischievous to Society. The one content themselves

selves with being inoffensive, while they might become useful; and the other make themselves useless by the Pleasure they take in being offensive. In short, the one will be at no pains to do the Good they know; and the others are indefatigable to render themselves incapable of doing any at all.

THAT the latter Part of this Contrast truly belongs to some Members of the Commonwealth of Letters, whoever has but a tolerable acquaintance with what we hear very frequently called solid and deep Learning, will, I believe, readily own. We are not satisfied with knowing the Measures of our Duty, the Boundaries of Right and Wrong, the Nature and History of Mankind, and a general Sketch of the great Works of God in the Universe; tho these, perhaps, are the only things which fall within the Compass of the human Understanding; but we must perplex ourselves, and the World about us, with Questions about certain Beings and their Qualities, which either never had any Existence at all, or only in our Ideas, and some metaphorical Forms of speaking, which, for want of Ideas, we are sometimes obliged to make use of. Under the pretence of clearing the way to Truth, and talking more exactly and distinctly about it, we have only made it more puzzling and intricate than ever. And to make this still the greater Farce, in some of our Inquiries, the only point pretended to be shewn, is, that we are not capable of arriving
at

at a clear and distinct knowledge of Matters so very sublime and transcendent. Thus we are to study, only in order to prove ourselves ignorant. For that, I think, has been the sole Issue of all those numerous Controversies about Freedom and Necessity, Space and Duration, and such like Subjects, which of late, as well as in former Ages, have been argued with such fervor of Dispute, and solemnity of Gibberish.

It were well however, if after all this Labour to discover our own Ignorance, it produced a suitable Effect, in making us more modest, and less dogmatical. But alas! the Case is much otherwise; and we have the Impudence to argue to the Death any favourite Notion, at the same time that we contend for Freedom of Thought, and cry out against others for being too positive and obstinate in maintenance of their Opinions.

THIS is, and must always be the Case, when Men do not study in order to make themselves serviceable to the World, but merely from a Lust of knowing a great deal. The Niceness and Difficulty of a Subject, not the Usefulness of it, is their only Motive to become acquainted with it. And hence, instead of pursuing manly and worthy Inquiries, they lose themselves in a Maze of empty Notions and idle Speculations. Something of this we may see in all the Parts of Learning. How has the Reason of Mankind been played with, and imposed upon with the
Sophi-

Sophistries of *Logick*, and the Subtilties of the *Metaphysicks*; and human Nature affronted with a Jargon of uncouth Terms, and unintelligible Distinctions? And what is more usual than to hear an impertinent *Sciolist* triumph over an honest Man of plain good Sense, for not defining his Terms according to Art; tho at the same time he reasons as justly and truly upon them as the Witling himself, or the Pedant who trained him up in the Science of Ill-breeding and Wrangling?

IN *Natural Philosophy*, and the *Mathematicks*, we see the same Humour of trifling carried on to a most prodigious and unaccountable Extravagance. We must see Nature forthwith to its inmost Recesses, and reduce every thing to its first Elements. We had rather see the uneven Surface and coarse Grain of some small useless Particle of Matter thro' a Microscope, than with the Eyes which God has given us survey the Grandure and beautiful Arrangement of the several Parts of that magnificent Theatre on which he has placed us; tho this latter Prospect is both much more pleasing to the Imagination, and affords the Understanding a vastly larger Field for reflecting on the Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of the Almighty Architect. Many a poor contemptible Insect perceives Objects very distinctly, which the famous *Leuwenhoek* was never able to discover with all his Glasses. The poor Insect is robb'd of its little Life, whenever either our Curiosity or Wanton-

ness

ness requires; and the wondrous *Dutchman* is celebrated as a mighty Pillar of the Commonwealth of Learning. It is almost a pity, that Souls of that Make were not lodged in the Reptil Forms they are so conversant with, that they might behold the *Arcana Naturæ* with greater Exactness, and perhaps in due time be registered by some future *Albin* in the lasting Records of a Copper-plate, with their Effigies curiously engraven and blazoned, not omitting the precious Bramble they delighted to crawl on, together with a learned and philosophical Account of the several Transformations they have undergone, from their first animating the unsightly Figure of a *Maggot*, till their Accession to the Rank and Dignity of a *Butterfly*.

How our *Mathematicians* employ their Time, themselves know best. The useful Discoveries they have thought fit to communicate to the World of late Years, have been but few. And if several of them may be believed, their Studies are grown too fine and subtle, to carry with them all that Evidence and Certainty they once so much boasted. It is indeed to be feared, that they make no great Progress at present in valuable Knowledge, since tho Books on that Science were never more numerous than now, yet we see so very little done by them any way beneficial to the Publick. And I think, it cannot be denied, that several of their Labours, which have made no small Noise among the Virtuosi, have

have been very mean and insignificant. Father *Malebranch*, tho none of the most jocular Writers, has given us a very merry Instance of this in an eminent *English* Author, who thought fit to write a profound elaborate Treatise on a Subject any Boy of eight Years old, of moderate Parts, might be made Master of in an Afternoon or two ; and I fancy, it would be no hard matter for a Person of any reading in that kind of Books, to furnish out a good many more.

I AM sorry to observe it, but yet it is a Truth, that this Curiosity both of Thought and Expression has crept too much even into our Writings on *Morality*, where every thing ought to be as plain, and as little perplexed as possible. The Causes hereof are the same as in the other Parts of Learning, an immoderate Affectation of knowing much, and an Ambition of distinguishing ourselves as Men of close Thinking, and great Penetration. With this View we have brought in a great many technical Forms of speaking about the commonest and most obvious Duties in Life ; and put a great number of difficult Cases, which never did, and probably never will happen, the Solution of which can be of no Importance, while they are distant, but would be very easy to an honest well-disposed Mind, whenever it should find itself in such Circumstances. For the generous and kind Instincts which Nature has planted in us, are a much surer and better Guide to us than long and fine-

fine-spun Deductions from the Nature and Relations of Things ; and with this Advantage too, that they lend us their Aid and Direction in the most critical and unforeseen Conjunctions, when deliberate Reason and Counsel have not time enough to repair to our Assistance.

To what has been urged, I know it will be objected, that it is impossible to come at the right knowledge of our Duty, without a very strict and nice Examination both into the Nature of things in general, and of Mankind in particular ; and that we see much more of the Beauty and Harmony of the Universe by making a very careful and narrow Search into all the Objects of Knowledge. This is in part only true. For certain it is, that the great and Fundamental LAWS of NATURE are obvious to all Men who have the least degree of Reflection ; and if it were not so, they would not be equally binding in all Times and Places. And for the Beauty and Harmony of the Universe, I am confident, we see more of it when we look on it in the general Landskip, than when we take the nice and distinct survey of its Parts, which we have not length of days enough to go entirely thro' with. It is with our Understandings, as in Opticks ; very clear and distinct Views of single Objects deprive us of the Pleasure of contemplating the Whole, and the beautiful Proportion and Disposition of its several Parts. A close Judgment, like pur-
blind

blind Eyes, gives its Owner great Insight into minute Things, but will only serve to confound him, when he comes into a wide Field of Action, which requires large and comprehensive Views. And a Philosopher, who considers the World in too near a Light, fares like a Lover who should look at his Mistress's Skin thro' a Microscope; he loses all those Charms which present themselves to his naked Eye, and instead of them sees of what gross Materials and Filaments it is composed, the sight of which can create nothing but Satiety and Disgust.

SENECA, in the Motto of my Paper, tells us, that this Greediness of curious and vain Learning *makes Men troublesome, noisy, impertinent and selfish.* And I believe, there are few Men in the World who have not had frequent Occasions of making the same Observation. To what are most of the Disputes which have happen'd in the World owing, but that People are fond of appearing to know more than they really do, which they would not be if they were not first desirous of knowing more than they need? For none would be proud of displaying superfluous Knowledge, unless they consider'd it as a thing worthy the acquiring. And what are the fatal Consequences of such a Temper, the whole History of Mankind abundantly shews. To this Source have been owing all the Brawls of Philosophers, which have kindled so much Ill-will and Contention among Mankind. It is
this

this which has corrupted both our Religion and Morals. Inspired with this blessed Disposition, we have seen grave Synods and Councils meet together, for no other end than to curse one another to the Pit of Hell, for not understanding certain hard Words, and unmeaning Propositions, which both Sides have owned to be utterly inexplicable. It is this, in a word, which makes Men Bigots and Enthusiasts, and lays a Foundation for Persecutions and Wars on the account of Religion, which are always carried on with a greater degree of Havock, Rage and Barbarity, than any other Differences among Mortals.

ALL these bad Effects will be prevented, if Men make the Good of Mankind the end of their Studies. The more they know, the more they will be convinced that the Virtues of the Heart are preferable to those of the Head; and consequently, instead of dreaming away their Lives in the acquisition of unnecessary Accomplishments, they will endeavour to employ them in that virtuous and honest Course of Action, to assist us in the performance of which is all that makes any kind of Knowledge excellent or valuable.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble Servant,

HIBERNICUS.



N^o 26. *Saturday, September 25, 1725.*

To HIBERNICUS.

*Nihil rectum, nisi quod ipsorum moribus
conveniat, putabunt.* CORN. NEPOS.

S I R,



I AM a Scholar, tho *I say it*, that
should not say it: I am the Per-
son who draws up all the Petiti-
ons on our side of the Town;
and whenever any Sailor's Wife
gets a Letter from her Husband abroad, she
applies to me for to get it read.

Now, you know Sir, that all of us that
have Learning, are curious of reading one
another's Works; and accordingly, whenever
my daily Business is over, the first thing I
do, after pulling off my Apron, and washing
my Hands and Face, is to go to a Book-
seller's near me, who I believe is a very ho-
nest Fellow; for he deals chiefly in good in-
telligible English Books, and troubles himself
with very few of those puzzling Greek and
Latin Things, which some conceited Folks
pretend to be so fond of.

Vol. I.

P

LAST

LAST night, particularly, the first Book I happened to cast my Eyes on, was one call'd *Plutarch's Lives*.—By the by, whoever writes that Account of *Plutarch's Lives*, I believe, is an huge Lyar; for I never heard of any thing having more Lives than one, except a *Cat*. But no matter for that; it is in print, and there are a great many good Stories enough in it.

NOT one of them tho, I can tell you, pleas'd me so well, as an Account of the Trick play'd upon a *queer Gentleman*, call'd *Aristides*, who forsooth would fain have run away with almost all the Honesty in the Country; and so, for a while, simple People stil'd him *Aristides the Just*. But I thank you, this did not last long; his Countrymen were as fond as we are of *Liberty* and *Property*, and did not like those that were for engrossing, or monopolizing, as we Scholars call it: And it came, at last, to a sort of Polling, whether this same Mr. *Aristides* should be, as one may say, *drumm'd out of the Country*, or no, for taking so much upon him.

BUT while this Polling was going on, up comes me a good jolly Lad—Faith, *Sir*, I fancy he was very like me, only he cou'd not write,—and meeting with Squire *Aristides*, whom he did not know by Sight, desired him to put down upon his Oyster-shell, or Scollop-shell. I swear I can't tell which,—*ARISTIDES GUILTY*.
—“ Why

——“ Why so, said *Aristides*,” (who all the while was fretting like *gummed Taffeta*)
 “ what has *Aristides* done to you? ——
 “ Done! said the other; why, he sets up
 “ for being better and more virtuous than
 “ other Folks, and let me tell you, that’s
 “ high Treason among a free People.”

My poor Gentleman was still plaguy fond of his Honesty, and so wrote his own *Mittimus*, as I hear them call it at my Neighbour the Justice’s Office: And, to make my Story short, he was sent off, Bag and Baggage.

Now, *Sir*, I no sooner read this, but it put me in mind of a certain Person, lately sent among us —— I don’t care to name Names, till I think it safe; but I believe you will guess at him, by the first and the six last Letters; the first is a big *C*, and the six last are, a little *r*, a little *t*, a little *e*, another little *r*, another little *e*, and another little *t*: And that’s the way you know, most of the ingenious Authors of Satires and Lampoons let Folks know who they mean. A Word to the Wise; I dare say you smoke me already.

I say then this *C—rteret* is a strange sort of a Man, I think a thousand times worse than *Aristides* himself: For he has not only (to the prejudice of other his Majesty’s good Subjects of *Ireland*) got the Appellation of *C—rteret* the handsome, *C—rteret* the polite, *C—rteret* the affable, *C—rteret* the sincere, *C—rteret* the learned, *C—rteret* the wise,

C—rteret the just, but (what is most absurd in Men of his Fashion) *C—rteret* the religious and exemplary——

I COULD say many and many more sad things of him; but for fear of tiring you with too long a Letter at our first Correspondence, I will mention but one more, which frets my very Gizzard.——

You must know, I am very fond of Plays, and am look'd upon as so good a Judge, in the Twelve-penny Gallery, that I am always allow'd the Privilege of clapping first at a waggish Jest; and my Brethren of the *HIGHER RANK* watch me with great Deference and Attention to receive the Word of Command.

BUT, since *C—rteret* is here, those servile Rogues the Actors have laid aside all that we call the merry Plays, or at best, have taken out whatever they think may offend his Gravity forsooth, and that of another Person, just of his own Kidney, who sits by him; so that we have now little more than dry moral Lessons, instead of our good old Jokes; and I have no longer an Opportunity of shewing my Quickness of Apprehension among the Fraternity of the worsted Lace.

ALL these things considered, if those old wise People thought their *Aristides* deserv'd Banishment, only for getting to himself the Sirname of the *JUST*, I leave you to guess what ought to be done to ours.

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I BEG you will consult all your learned Acquaintances on this Affair; and if you and they think we may obtain Redress from these Grievances by way of Petition to his Majesty, you may readily employ my Head and Pen, which, as I told you, are well us'd to such Performances.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

N. N.



N^o 27. *Saturday, October 2, 1725.*

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal.*

Hoc regnum sibi quisque dat. SEN. Trag.

S I R,



IN several former Papers I have at some length considered the Nature of human Happiness, and traced two great Branches of it, to wit, *Pleasure* and *Joy*, to their Sources. The last Branch I mentioned, which was *Tranquillity*, yet remains to be discours'd on; and this I intend to make the Subject of the present Paper.

THE antient Philosophers were so much divided in their Notions concerning the *Summum Bonum*, or sovereign Good, (*Varro*, if I rightly remember, reckoning up no less than two hundred and eighty eight different Opinions about it) that at last the *Stoicks*, to cut short a Controversy which had spun out into so great a Length, and consisted for the most part in the Artifice of Words, started a new Thought, and would needs have our Happiness to arise wholly from our selves, and to consist in the Reflection of our own Integrity, without the least dependence on external Objects at all. And in prosecution of this Point they have said a great many lofty things about the Dignity of our Nature, and the Insufficiency of worldly Enjoyments to render us truly happy, which, taken by themselves, are really excellent, and can never enough be admir'd, but are in the highest degree inconclusive and absurd in respect of what they are made use of to prove. The Matter was pushed a great deal too far. The Wisdom of the Wise, and the Virtue of the Virtuous, were made the only thing necessary to procure them an undisturbed Tranquillity; and that was all any Man could reasonably desire. To be happy was only to be perfectly inattentive to all things without; and then neither Pleasure nor Pain could have any effect on Minds so fortified and entrenched within themselves.

W H A T

WHAT I have said in my former Papers on this Subject, is in direct contradiction to this whole Scheme. Therein I have endeavour'd to shew, that our Happiness principally consists in the contemplation of Natural Beauty, and the exercise of Social Affection; both which suppose the necessity of external Objects. And indeed without framing or imagining another System of Things than the great Author of Nature has thought fit to establish, I could not avoid thinking and speaking as I have done; since otherwise I must have spoke a Language not intelligible in the Universe, as at present modelled.

To talk of the Independence of the Mind on Things without, and drawing our Felicity merely from our selves, seems to me not only the effect of great Presumption, but to argue an inexcusable Ignorance both of Nature in general, and of Mankind in particular. There neither is, nor can be any self-sufficient Being in the Universe, but Him who is possessed of all Perfections. And since Independence on Things external for our Happiness is but another word for Self-sufficiency, to ascribe it to the human Mind, is to set Man on a level with his Creator, and give that Praise to vain Philosophy, which is only due to Omnipotence.

THIS is so obvious a Consequence of that Doctrine, that to shun the Absurdity of it, some of the Assertors of that Philosophy have been oblig'd to explain themselves by

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a certain *Apathy*, or Insensibility both of Pleasure and Pain, which even in its present imperfect state, say they, the Mind is capable of acquiring, and wherein, according to them, the whole Notion of Happiness consists. But this is very far from helping to mend the matter. The Infirmities of Flesh and Blood will be always too strong for the strongest Arguments against Pain. And tho the whole World should agree to pronounce Pain no Evil, yet whoever feels it cannot help wishing he were free from it; and in doing so, as effectually declares it to be one, as by the most explicit Retraction of his Principles. Besides, what will all the Happiness of this *Apathy* amount to? The best we can make of it is a mere negative Quality, the Moment of which, if we had it, would be but equal to that of Annihilation, or the entire abstraction of Life and Sense. For since Life is but perpetual Motion, and that the Result of continual Desire; a lasting Tranquillity, without any intervention of outward Objects, seems likeliest to be found in the extinction of all Desire, and the consequent cessation of all Motion. A Tranquillity which Stocks and Stones enjoy in the utmost Perfection!

BUT however absurd it may be to make this the sole Foundation of human Happiness, exclusive of all external Enjoyments, and to settle Things on so loose and unsubstantial a Bottom; yet are we by no means to reject the
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the Reflection of a virtuous Mind on its own Actions from being one great Spring of true and lasting Satisfaction. The same Reason which makes moral Beauty lovely and desirable, when we either consider it as an intellectual Form arising from the harmonious Structure of the Rational Universe, or perceive it copied out in the Actions and Behaviour of our Fellow-Creatures, must create in us a proportionable degree of Delight, to behold in our own Bosoms the Resemblance of the fair Original. A desire of being like what we love, is inseparable from that delicate Passion; and the consciousness that we are so, is one of the greatest Pleasures it affords. Every body endeavours to imitate that part of his Friend's Character which appears most amiable to him, as being the best Proof of a true Union of Affections, and the surest Pledge of its continuance. And tho it is very true, that the pleasure of this Reflection is nothing so intense as the direct Act of Loving; yet since every one that loves any agreeable Quality in his Neighbour, is conscious of a Happiness in doing so, the greater his Sense of that Happiness is, the greater must be his Pleasure in considering himself capable of communicating the same, or equal Happiness to others, by inspiring them with the same Passion.

NOR are we to reckon the Pleasure arising from this Reflection in a strict sense unsocial, or interested, because a kind of Self-enjoyment.

ment. Unsocial it is not, in regard that without Benevolence there could be no such thing; and interested we cannot call it, since it owes its Original to a strong Desire of pleasing others; the gratifying whereof, which is always an Enjoyment, ought not, in strict propriety, to be termed selfish or interested, any more than the Desire itself. When a Man invites his Friends to a Feast, does it lessen the merit of his Hospitality, or make the Welcome the less hearty, that he regales himself as well as them? On the contrary, should we not reckon him a very strange Entertainer, who should press his Friends to make good Chear, and yet abstain from it himself? And would not his Guests be ready to cry out in the usual Phrase, *to shew them a good Example*? So when a Man is doing his Friend, his Country, or Mankind all the good Offices that lie in his power, when he is laying out himself and all his Faculties in Acts of Generosity, Beneficence and Charity, it is not only reasonable that he should receive Pleasure from reflecting on it, but impossible it should happen otherwise, without diminishing the Virtue or Bounty of such good Actions. For if the good Affections themselves be virtuous and disinterested, all the Pleasure resulting from them, of which this is none of the least, must be so too. If our Love of Piety, Justice and Temperance be sincere, we need not be apprehensive, that indulging our selves in the
Feast

Feast of a good Conscience, which the Exercise of them affords us, flows from a Disposition selfish, mean and contracted.

Thus we see, that the Satisfaction arising from inward Worth, and Self-Approbation, is closely connected with social Love, and will be greater or less, as we more or less act upon that Principle. It may therefore be inquir'd, how a Man in Solitude, or in such low Circumstances of Life as render him incapable of exerting his Virtue, can support himself on the sole Reflection of an Integrity unseen, and unactive. To this a short Answer will be abundantly sufficient: A wise and good Man can never be in absolute Solitude. For none of that Character is without the constant Impressions of a superior, tho invisible Power, who sees and observes the Actions of all his Creatures, and even their most secret Thoughts; and being infinitely good, cannot but receive great Pleasure from beholding any of his Creatures either acting or thinking according to the Dictates of eternal Wisdom. This is the Comfort of the Virtuous in the most solitary and disastrous Condition of Life, and absolutely necessary towards compleating the Happiness of it in any given Circumstances. External Prosperity will yield very little relief to a Heart torn and afflicted with a Sense of its own Corruption and Wickedness: whereas Adversity, and even Pain it self, may be much alleviated, when Conscience presents

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to the Mind its own Picture pure and unspotted. A wicked Man reduced to Hardships and Misfortunes is truly in a miserable Case: He has lost all the Enjoyments his Heart was formerly set upon; and having no relish for those of another Kind, is left altogether dead to any Sense of Pleasure, and must of course languish and sink under the Weight of a joyless and wearisome Being. And on the contrary, a good Man, without depriving him of his Being, or exposing him to the most extreme Degree of Pain and Torture, can never be placed in a Situation of Life that will not afford him Pleasures of the same kind with those he has been always in pursuit of. When we can go no farther, it is a comfortable cheering Reflection, that we have lived an honest and inoffensive Life, that we have sighed in secret for the Miseries of Mankind, and if it were possible for us to put an End to them, would freely have contributed all our Pains and Industry for that purpose. And how greatly this must tend to still our Cares, and compose any uneasy Thoughts which may arise in us on account of private Losses and Disappointments, especially when we consider, that the inward Disposition to Goodness, under an Incapacity of performing what it seeks, is equally known and acceptable to God, as the most open Acts of it can be, I think I need not go about to prove.

FROM

FROM all that has been said, we may observe, that the Happiness of the Mind does, even in this Life, depend principally on our making wise and proper Elections of Pleasure, and discovering where true and real Pleasures are to be found, or in other words, such Pleasures as are freest from all Interruptions and Defects. Now I think it is evident, that what we commonly call the Goods of Life, which some Men hunt after with so much Care and Solitude, are not capable of procuring us *true* Pleasure, but are only of secondary Consideration, and to be rated in proportion as they are subservient to some other End; and consequently have no intrinsic Worth in them to engross our Affections, and purchase the whole Labour of our Lives. Gratifying the sensual Appetites is productive of none but short and unruly Gusts of Pleasure, which therefore cannot be true, especially since they are always, and in an instant, terminated in Satiety and Disgust. And surely, an unsociable and malicious Disposition seems so far from being capable of true Pleasure, that it is scarce conceivable how it can receive any at all, considering how vehemently it must be heated and agitated in the Desire of its Object, and how suddenly be seized with Horror and Shivering after Enjoyment. So that, however the common Course of human Affairs, and attention to the Hurry and Business of Life, may for a time divert and suspend the inward Anguish

guish of the wicked and perverse, yet in effect Vice and Folly are but convertible Terms with Evil and Misery. And as Contraries best illustrate each other, by the same way of Reasoning, Wisdom and Virtue prove themselves to be our chiefest Good and Happiness. For since the love of Knowledge and Beauty, Benevolence to Mankind, and the Reflection of the Mind on its own Innocence and Integrity, are what afford us the calmest Delight, and an Employment we can never grow weary of; the constant Exercise of them must be the most natural Action of the Soul, and of consequence the most natural and surest Way to be happy.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.



N^o 28. *Saturday, October 9, 1725.*

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal.*

Nulli contigit impune nasci.

SEN.

S I R,



AFTER all that has been said in my last, and several preceding Papers on the Subject of Happiness, I wou'd not be understood by any of my Readers as if I imagined a perfect State of Felicity were to be

be met with in this World, or that constant Pleasure, ever-springing Joy, or uninterrupted Tranquillity could be the Product of so various and changeable a Climate. There is a wide difference betwixt a Thing, or an Action, being the most natural and effectual Method to make us happy, and its having an actual Power of so doing. The former I have shewn to be certainly true of some Things and Actions; the latter depends upon the Will of Heaven, and admits of no other kind of proof than what arises from Fact, which, in the present disposition of Things, lies wholly against the Case now in question.

WHOEVER considers his own Infirmities, the Vices and Folly of far the greater part of Mankind, the many cross Accidents which may, and every day do happen in all human Affairs, and the great number of Abuses in the World, which, by being long established as Customs, claim a sort of Prescription for their continuance, will soon be convinced, that the most consummate Virtue and Prudence are not sufficient to procure us perpetual Happiness. All our rational Enjoyments are subject to frequent Interruptions; and whatever meets with an interruption in the Enjoyment of it, must be attended with some degree of Uneasiness. The Cares of Life, and the Necessity most Men are under of devoting a great part of their Time to the pursuit of the secondary Blessings of it, rob us of much of that Pleasure which arises from
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the contemplation of Nature, and the discovery of Truth. No small part of our Time is taken up in mere animal Occupations, and obeying the Calls of Nature for repairing the Wastes, and relieving the Fatigues our frail Bodies are daily suffering. And tho indeed Nature has wisely annexed certain Pleasures to our Enjoyments of this kind, yet in the main they are an obstruction to the Satisfaction of the Mind. * For such as have no great relish for Luxury, cannot but be sensible how much they are hereby hindred from that which is more properly their Business: And they who have a very quick sensation of those Delights, give the Animal the upper-hand of the Man; and either way rational Enjoyment is interrupted, or lessened. To which if we add how much Satiety, Pain and Sickness, which we all of us are subject to, and most of us frequently feel, indispose us for intellectual Pleasure, we must own, that this part of our Happiness is very far from being either unmixt or unbroken.

BENEVOLENCE too is not without its Pains and Anxieties. Where that Affection is partial only, the Disappointments and Sorrows attending it are innumerable. The different Inclinations, Circumstances and Employments of Men, very often separate the dearest Friends, and throw them at a great distance from each other, at a time perhaps when their Commerce had grown into the nearest and most perfect Union, and their
 3 Hearts

Hearts were mutually glowing with the highest transports of Affection. If we happen to live but a few Years beyond Manhood, Death sweeps away, one after another, our near Relations, and the agreeable Companions of our Youth; and leaves us in the decay of Nature, amidst a new Circle of Acquaintance, who for the most part despise the Slowness and Inactivity of Old-Age, and shun the Company of those who are arrived to it, as Persons of too froward and morose a Disposition for the Conversation of the young and chearful. And this cannot but be a very uncomfortable state, both as it deprives us of the Pleasure of Society, and wrests from us all Opportunities of being serviceable to it. But above all, the Estrangement of inconstant, and the Ingratitude of false Friends, so frequently to be met with in the Commerce of Life, render the Joys of Friendship very fleeting and precarious.

NOR are those exalted and generous Spirits, who burn with the Love of Mankind, and extend their Affection to the whole rational System, exempted from a thousand Afflictions and Inquietudes arising from that very Virtue, which naturally should produce quite different Effects. For not to mention how it must wound the Heart of a good-natur'd Man who loves his Species, to behold far the greater Part of it either plung'd in Luxury and Sensuality, or hurried away in the low pursuits of sordid Interest, without the

least regard to the general Good; is there a view we can take of human Life, under its present Condition, where we do not meet with the most offensive Spectacles of Humanity; if to relieve the distress'd, and disperse the Sorrows of our Fellow-creatures be, as it truly is, the most charming and exquisite Delight of the Soul, must not their Wretchedness, attended with a Sense of inability to remedy it, affect it with an equal degree of Pain and Anguish? And who is there capable of contributing more than his bare good Wishes towards curing most of the Evils he sees Mankind every day groaning under? We cannot stir abroad, without being surrounded with the Ruins of particular Persons and Families reduced to the lowest pitch of Misery and Contempt, either thro' their own ill Husbandry, the wicked Arts of cunning and fraudulent Men, who have utterly extinguished every thing kind and tender in their Bosoms, and hardened themselves against the Impulses of Pity and Compassion; or that common Iniquity of Fortune, which is most emphatically express'd by the vulgar Phrase of being *frowned upon by the World*. Pitiabie Objects of this sort are so numerous, that nothing under Providence is rich enough to supply all their Wants, and relieve all their Distresses. Yet all this is little in comparison of those general Calamities which are every now and then befalling whole Societies and Nations. The Seeds of Seditions and
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civil Wars are constantly scattering in all States, and ill Humours fermenting, which are sure one time or other to break out with such violence as must create innumerable Mischiefs, let Matters end as they will. And how few are there in any Age who have reached the usual Period of Life, without beholding either their own, or some neighbouring Country the Seat of Confusion and Misery from Causes of this sort? Has not Religion itself, tho calculated for the best and noblest Purposes, and with a particular view to make Humanity more lovely and attractive; has it not, I say, in the Hands of Tyranny and Bigotry, been made an Instrument of the most impious and savage Barbarities the World ever beheld? How then can a Lover of Mankind ever hope to live at ease, which he can only do by seeing Justice, Mercy, and Truth prevail among the Species, while the useless and unintelligible Jargon of vain Babblers can be made use of to set whole Nations by the ears; while Men can be blown up to such a degree of Fury, as to ruin, torment, and extirpate one another in the maintenance of cant Words, and senseless Notions, the Cobwebs of Speech, and the Scum of human Reason? There are few Sects of Religion more distinguishable from each other by their favourite Tenets, than remarkable for their unanimous Adherence to the Principle of oppressing those who presume to differ from them. And tho all have not entered

into exprefs Compacts for rooting out every one who cannot embrace their System of Speculation, yet the great Leaders and Zealots of most Parties have seldom been wanting to shew their good Will to be at it, as soon as a convenient Opportunity should offer. This Circumstance of human Affairs is what cannot but be extremely mortifying to an honest and gentle Mind in the exercise of its Virtue. And to make it the more so, there passes not an Age wherein starts not up once or twice some great Imperial Destroyer, who, to gratify a brutal Pride, and insatiable Lust of Dominion, lays waste whole Provinces, Countries, and Nations; invades Nature herself; and the more effectually to drown the Cries of the Universe, abolishes perhaps a whole Language in the Destruction of those who spoke it. Can Compassion behold all this without bleeding? Or can the Happiness of Virtue be perfect and intire amidst a Scene so filled with disagreeable and shocking Events? No; tho Humanity and Compassion have a natural Tendency to the general Welfare, yet the Workings of them always produce Pain and Uneasiness in the Person who feels them. It is true, the Heart is made better by Sufferings of this kind; yet still it must sink under a too frequent repetition of them. So that it is evident the highest degree of social Affection can never issue in fulness of Joy, in a World so subject as this is to endless Changes and Vicissitudes, where Virtue meets
with

with so many cross Accidents, and labours under such great Pressures and Discouragements. The true and proper Felicity of a good Man consists in the Pleasure of beholding all Men happy as well as himself; but it were foolish, if not impious, to expect that Sight on this side the Grave.

THE same Causes which distract Society, and intercept the Joys of it, equally disturb the Tranquillity arising in a virtuous Mind from the consideration of its own Integrity. The Vices of Mankind are infectious to such a degree, that they sometimes catch the most benevolent Tempers, under the fair semblance of abhorring Wickedness and Corruption. Hence the best and most generously constituted Souls are frequently hurried into great Resentments, and Precipitances of Zeal, which in the difficulty of determining all the Cases of Right and Wrong that may happen in the course of Life, cannot but make the Mind extremely jealous of it self, and fill it with many uneasy Doubts concerning its own Worth and Sufficiency. This is a Case very common, where a Man's Friends, or those in great Reputation for Wisdom and Goodness, happen, in any critical Conjunction, to entertain opposite Sentiments, and shape their Course different from his; than which there is nothing more ordinary among all the active Part of Mankind, even while there is on all Sides the same honesty of Intention. Self-approbation, which is the only

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true Source of Tranquillity, must needs be hereby very much weakened and impaired. Imprudence may be very consistent with Goodness; yet still it is an Imperfection, and as such must give a good Man grief, when he finds he has been guilty of it, which in any great and important Crisis the best of Men may be, and very frequently are. Besides, the strongest and purest Virtue that can possibly warm a human Breast, is sensible of too many Languors and Intermissions, to indulge its Owner a lasting and uninterrupted Repose.

AND thus I apprehend, that perfect and unmingled Happiness can never be our Portion in the present Life. The weakness and decay of our Faculties, and the necessary Cares of Life, hinder our constant Enjoyment of the Pleasures of Contemplation. The Wickedness of the World wherein we live, is perpetually throwing Obstacles in the way of social Joy. And since all Men are conscious of some defects in their own Virtue, none of them can preserve a constant Tranquillity.

WHAT then is to be done? Shall we shake hands with Virtue, and quit the Chase of Happiness altogether? By no means; such a Conclusion were as foolish and unreasonable as it is impious. All the Good we can enjoy here below, is derived to us thro' those Channels I have been describing. And it would be Madness to throw our present Portion away,

away, because we cannot make it so great as we could wish. To pursue as far as we are able, the Paths of Truth, Goodness and Honour, is the only way to make us the happiest we can be, in whatever situation we are placed. Our Virtue cannot prevent the common Calamities and Accidents of Life, but it is the only thing that can best support us under them; and, if we escape them, what gives the truest and sweetest Relish to all our other Enjoyments: whereas a vitious Mind has nothing wherewith either to season the Blessings, or soften the Afflictions it may meet with. Riches cannot prevent the loss of Friends, relax the Agonies of a violent Cholick, or dissolve a Stone in the Bladder; yet that does not hinder them from being very desirable Advantages, which we ought not to flight or contemn; and it must be the height of Stupidity in any one to do so. And in the same manner, tho the highest Virtue cannot guard against external Evils, yet the Practice of it being the best Course we can take whatever befalls us, and in any Circumstances, we must, if we reason justly, reckon the Pursuit of it the surest and most direct Way to be happy. The famous Complaint of *Brutus*, *O Virtue, I have worshipped thee as a real Good, but found thee nothing but an empty Name!* however seemingly it carries another aspect, is indeed a Confirmation of this Assertion; since, if nicely examined, what does this Complaint import, but that he

could now no longer exert that incomparable Virtue he was master of, and in the Exercise of which he placed his highest and greatest Happiness?

BUT allowing a *Heathen* to despond in his Virtue, and sink his Philosophy in the Waters of Affliction, yet should that have no influence upon us, who are encouraged to look up for a future Place of Rest, wherein the good Affections will be the only Qualities to recommend us, and the Acts which flow from them our eternal Delight and Employment. And tho we have no reason to think, that the Divine Disposer of all Things will alter the Nature of Beings, yet he may so adapt our Faculties and their Objects to one another, that those very things which now create in us some degree of Pain and Uneasiness, shall, by the change of Circumstances, contribute to the Strength and Entireness of our Felicity. If therefore we honestly design to be happy, let us begin to be so now, submitting patiently to the Pleasure of the Almighty in proportioning out to us our present share of Benefits, and rejoicing in the blessed hope, that *Wisdom* will one Day be undoubtedly *justified of her Children.*

I am, Sir,

Your very humble Servant,

HIBERNICUS.

N^o 29.



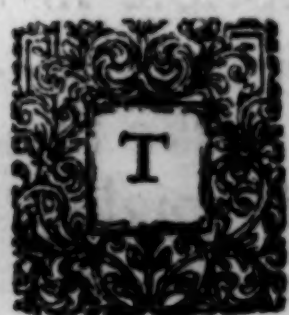
N^o 29. Saturday, October 16, 1725.

To HIBERNICUS.

—*Ingenuas didicisse fideliter Artes
Emollit mores, nec finit esse feros.*

OVID.

S I R,



THE proper Education of Children is of so great concern to the Preservation and Honour of Families, and to the Prosperity and just Government of the whole Commonwealth, that I think there is nothing deserves to be more seriously or nicely consider'd, either by Parents or the Government. Parents are oblig'd to it by their being such, as the most probable means of the Happiness of their whole Posterity; for when the Spring is corrupt, the Stream can never be untainted: So that really the Neglect of one Child, may be the Destruction of a long succession of Families. Distempers and ill Constitutions generally are the consequence of the Father's Intemperance: and moral Disorders are but too frequently the fatal Entail of a Family. They who have been so happy as to have those Seeds
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of Virtue and Reason, which indulgent Nature has planted in every Breast, cultivated by a noble and generous Education, seem to be as much raised above their own Species, as that is above Irrationals. Some Philosophers imagine the Soul, after its dissolution from the Body, will have new Senses added to it. A fine Education almost does it here: It opens and enlarges its Theatre of Action, and refines and multiplies its Pleasures. What Scenes of inexhausted Wonders does natural Philosophy open to our View? By that we see each Spire of Grass, or contemptible Insect, pregnant with Arguments of an Almighty Being. How does History make the past grow present, and summon those mighty Rulers of the World to teach us Wisdom, and by their Errors to correct our own? As the Knowledge of the first People of the Earth could only arise from their own Experience and Observation, so, 'tis remarkable, their Lives were longer; and possibly one Reason of the Shortness of ours, may be the Power we have by Books to make use of theirs, and as it were to add them to our own: and if so, how wretchedly do they abuse this indulgence of Providence, who never endeavour to taste of those Fountains of Wisdom, which possibly were given us in lieu of a greater number of Years? A nice observation on Morality, will fill our Minds with the most grateful Sense of the Wisdom of our great Creator, who has so admirably contrived

trived his Laws, that they are as much to be observ'd on Principles of Policy as Duty ; for every Act of Conformity to them will be found, when strictly and closely consider'd, the most probable Means even to a temporal Felicity, as the receding from them will occasion the greatest Confusion and Disorder in the Government of the World. This has given some ill Men occasion to fancy those Laws merely of human Invention ; but while they thus endeavour to rob the Divinity, how loudly do they praise him, by declaring the Scheme so nicely calculated, as to be most conducive to present Happiness abstracted from Futurity ? Morality fixes the Mind on certain Principles of Action ; it lays up for it an invaluable Treasury of Principles, which will fully answer thro' all the various Occurrences of Life ; it teaches us to look on ill Actions, with a commiserating Detestation ; it makes Man social to Man, and works us into a kind of Sympathy with our Fellow-Creatures ; it so tunes the Soul, that, as is observable in musical Instruments wound up to the same Tension, it feels and answers what another feels. For a good Man is in some degree happy by seeing another so ; this, Providence has so wonderfully contrived, to make his Virtue bring a Reward to itself, by making him share in the Pleasure of others : as on the contrary, the Uneasiness he receives from their Misfortunes, forces him to a Relief of
their

their Misery.—Reverence, and Respect, and Love are the willing Subsidies Mankind pay to Men of this Form ; they live almost secure from Violence among the worst of Men. Agreeable to this, History informs us, that a certain People among the *Gauls* had acquir'd so great a Reputation for their Probity, that they lived secure and unmolested among the most barbarous and warlike Nations that surrounded them, unarmed of every thing but their Virtue ; and by that they became the common Arbitrators of all the Differences of their Neighbours. And as this Behaviour naturally creates Esteem and Regard ; so the contrary as naturally produces Resentment, and a return of ill Usage received. Murders and Rapines, and the most unrestrained Acts of Violence, are the necessary consequences of Vice. So that on mere Principles of Interest, Virtue should be pursued. Mankind take the greatest pains imaginable to amass Fortunes for their Posterity, and at the same time are most unaccountably regardless of the Education of their Children, which is the only Means whereby that can be preserved to them. Wealth is like Food to the natural Body ; if the Constitution be in good order, it preserves and continues it so ; but if distemper'd, it only feeds the Disease, and hastens Destruction. Suppose we one of those Fathers, heedless of his Family's Education, taken up like *Adam* in *Milton*, and looking into Futurity : Here he would see one Child wantoning

toning away his Fortune in Vice and Extravagance ; another tortured with the Diseases his Debaucheries had begot, and agonizing Life away ; a third he sees weltring in his Blood, and dying for some abandon'd Prostitute ; and his whole Family reduc'd to the last degree of Indigence and Want. How miserable a Prospect is here ? But could he look farther, and see them condemned to endless Perdition, which he himself had contributed to by his Negligence, then possibly one part of his own Misery may be the self-upbraidings of his Conscience. But the Thought is too shocking, I must close the Scene. —

THUS far I have consider'd Education as it regards private Persons ; as it relates to the Publick, and the Manner of it in general, I shall consider it farther, if you think this worth inserting. *I am*

Your very humble Servant,

A. M.

To HIBERNICUS.

S I R,

 HERE is a Friend of mine has lately read *Tacitus* and *Macchiavel*, and he is grown so perfect a Statesman by them, that there is not one of his Acquaintance can do the most indifferent Action, but he immediately interprets it into Design, and
as

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as the effect of some Plot or Scheme. Every Story he hears gives him an opportunity of dinning our Ears with Lectures of Politicks; from a gay good-natur'd Companion, he's grown a silent Observator. He really is a Man of good Sense, but since he has got this Whim in his head, there is no bearing him. His Remarks are very good, drawn from diligent Reading, and a just Observation on Mankind; but he'll let nothing pass him. He must shew his great Penetration in every thing, and apply his Maxims on every trifle. We laugh at him for it; but he gravely says, ' Well, Gentlemen, I am satisfy'd ' there is as much Artifice and Design in ' low Life as at Court; 'tis true, 'tis not of ' equal Importance to the World, but that is ' no matter, it equally concerns me; they ' are to take care of a Kingdom, I of my ' Fortune; this is my Post, that theirs; and ' as such I must be equally vigilant in the ' Care of it; besides, 'tis good to reason ' on every thing; it hinders a Man from ' being surpriz'd: thus did *Aratus* the *Sicyo-* ' *nian*; he never rode out with his Friends, ' but he was examining the Situation of ' Places, and considering how to form an ' Army; suppose the Enemy were on this ' Hill, or in that Valley, how shou'd we ' advance or retire: And thus he made him- ' self the best General of his Time. This ' teaches us to be ever observant; no Man ' can tell what may be collected from the Ob- ' servation

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‘ servation of the meanest Trifles ; for in
‘ them the Mind is less guarded, and acts
‘ more open and free from the disguise Pru-
‘ dence uses in things of Consequence ;
‘ weak Men are best interpreted by their Na-
‘ tures, wise Men by their Ends.’ Thus is
he a Politician on every Occasion. T’other
day I had a Letter from *Hampstead*, which
told me that— But to save room I’ll give
you the Paragraph : ‘ Sure *Suky* is the best
‘ Aunt in the World, *Betty* and she had like
‘ to have been robb’d last Night ; *Suky* would
‘ not let her stir out of the Room, but ven-
‘ tur’d her self into all the Danger. You
‘ know they are both good Fortunes ; which
‘ makes the Town fancy the Attempt was
‘ to run away with them ; but *Suky* is mighty
‘ angry at it, she can’t bear it with Patience ;
‘ What, says she, run away with me ? I
‘ wish I could see any Rogue of them all
‘ run away with *Suky*.’——I was just putting
up my Letter, when my Friend stretch’d out
his Hand for it, with an Air of Importance ;
Tom, says he, ‘ This should be consider’d,
‘ ——This Behaviour of *Suky*’s will bear
‘ another Interpretation ; *Suky*’s above thirty,
‘ she’s not handsom ; Women are all made
‘ of the same frail Materials : That Care of
‘ the Niece may deserve another Name : Her
‘ running her self into Danger, may be the
‘ Effect of Design and not Imprudence.
‘ All this consider’d, it seems to have a dif-
‘ ferent Aspect. ——What I won’t be positive.
‘ ——But

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‘ —But this I must observe, Spies in the
 ‘ Army purposely run into Danger to be
 ‘ taken.——*Sinon* in *Virgil* is an Instance.
 ‘ —Her saying, *I wish I could see any*
 ‘ *Rogue of them all run away with Suky,*
 ‘ may be the Result of Desire, and not of
 ‘ Anger: The Expression will bear two In-
 ‘ terpretations; and therefore the Constitu-
 ‘ tion and Inclination must give the true one;
 ‘ you remember *Mademoiselle* in the Play.’

Thus, Sir, are we tormented from Morn-
 ing till Night, and I believe the only way
 to cure my Friend would be your publishing
 this; for he is a Man of good Sense, and
 will easily see the Ridicule of his Character,
 and remembers the Story. It would be of
 great service to all his Acquaintance to whom
 he is grown extremely disagreeable, particu-
 larly to,

S I R,

Your humble Servant,

B. R.



Nº 30.



Nº 30. Saturday, October 23, 1725.

TO HIBERNICUS.

Cur pigeat nos in re omnium pretiosissima sumere laboris aliquid, cujus fructus nos in alteram quoque vitam comitatur? AUGUSTIN.

S I R,

WHETHER the Ambition of those who in the corrupt Ages of Christianity were industrious to propagate Ignorance, as the surest Means to reconcile Men to Slavery; and by depriving them of the Light of the Gospel, and dimming the Eyes of their Reason, the easier impose their Tricks upon the credulous Multitude: or the superstitious Veneration which the better-meaning paid to Divine Matters, were the first Reason why religious Subjects were so wholly excluded from the Knowledge and Conversation of Mankind; it is plain that the Ignorance of our Age proceeds from another more lamentable Cause, the Viciousness of our Tastes, which hinders us from using the Liberty our Church allows us, and searching into those inestimable Stores of Truth and Wisdom, for the free use and

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knowledge of which, our wiser Ancestors were content to lay down their Lives.

It has been ever matter of the greatest wonder to me, that so many men who make a serious profession of Christianity, should be satisfy'd to live in Ignorance of those Laws, by their Obedience or Repugnancy to which they expect to be for ever happy or miserable. But since (however strange it may seem) Experience shows us it is so; and it is to this we may attribute many of the Mistakes People make in the conduct of their Lives, and searches after Happiness; I think nothing could be more worthy your endeavour, than earnestly to recommend the Use of the Sacred Writings to your Countrymen, and to remove the Prejudices they conceive against them, as abridging their Pleasures and crossing their Interests. However this may seem out of your Province, the End will justify the Means, since it will be an effectual way to make Men wise and virtuous, to let them know the secret Pleasure, and certain Reward of being so; and it seems absolutely necessary to steal those convincing Truths upon them, whose open Force they industriously avoid. Nor will it be any Objection to this Design, that your Readers are generally of the best Distinction and Knowledge: for however Men, to conceal a shameful Ignorance, or avoid examining their Accounts, and seeing the Bankrupt Condition of their Estates, have got a
knack

knack of silencing whatever may offer at their Instruction, by laying they have heard it all a thousand times—they know it all as well as any body can tell them, &c. their Actions are to me a plain Instance of the contrary: for whatever Truth that unmanly Confession so much in their mouths,

———*Video meliora proboque,
Deteriora sequor*———

may have in lesser matters, where the Gratification of the present Desire may stop them in the pursuit of some future inconsiderable Good; the Condition of our immortal Souls, and the certainty of eternal Happiness and Misery depending upon our own present Conduct, are things which once duly considered, can never after cease to influence our Actions; the weight of the Matter sets the Impression upon our Minds too deeply to be ever eras'd.

'Tis true, there is a Knowledge in Religion, which every one born in a civilized Country must have, and which, superficial as it is, is sufficient to gain it some Reverence, even from those who have abandon'd such a Knowledge as some ignorant People have of the Sun, who perceiving that it enlivens them, esteem it upon that only account worthy their Admiration, without knowing that they owe Life, Health, and Sustenance to it, or being able to direct their Labours so as to reap the innumerable Benefits they might receive from its Influence. But this is not suffi-

cient; such involving Views of Religion arising in the crowd of our Thoughts, are not enough to make us know and admire her; 'tis by often viewing her Beautys, and secretly contemplating her Perfections, that we become enamour'd of her; and I am persuaded whoever does so, will gladly yield himself Captive to her resistless Charms. Nor can it be otherwise, since the Soul of Man, conscious of its own Eternity, can be content with nothing less than eternal Felicity, which Religion alone proposes as the Reward of its virtuous Endeavours. Nor (on the other hand) can a rational Creature who considers and believes everlasting Misery the Consequence of Sin, be suppos'd ever to incur the Danger of it for any momentary Pleasure, such as are all those which must have an End, tho they should endure as long as Time itself.

IF this be so, it is plain from what sources our Vices and Irregularities flow, and that the weakness of our Nature, the strength of our Passions, the delusiveness of Sin, &c. are Words which we use to palliate our Errors, and screen the true Causes, Ignorance, and Inconsideration. It is a common saying, that Men by Sin degenerate into Brutes; but I think they first degenerate into Brutes, by neglecting to use those Faculties which set the difference between them, and so earnestly solicit them, that whoever looks into himself, will find that restless Principle perpetually prompting him to remote searches, and thirsting after distant Knowledge. These workings

workings of the Soul, struggling to get loose from her earthly Incumbrance, and soar to her divine Original, are in most Men in this degenerate state so depress'd by earthly Desires, and overborn by sensual Pleasures, that they are scarce perceived, in others so misapplied, that the mighty Product is some useless discovery of the Qualities of those little Parcels of Matter about us. Thus do Men forget the very Posture they were created in, and stoop to Earth for Matter of Contemplation and Employment! How much more exalted were the Consideration of our Maker, infinite Power disposing and ordering all Things with infinite Wisdom, and dispensing to the whole Creation with infinite Justice! This were indeed a Field for the Soul of Man to expand herself in; here she may stand amazed amidst variety of endless Wonders! But when she turns her Thoughts, and considers herself the Darling of this Almighty Power, the Object of infinite Mercy, infinite Love, how lovely! how sweet and inexpressible is her Rapture! Who could find Pleasure in any other Enjoyment? Who could relish the satiating Pleasures of Sense amidst the Joys of such a Contemplation, or think any Condition hard for the Attainment of such a Blessing? Yet this may be the Happiness of every Man, who pleases to make it so by an impartial obedience to the Laws of God. Now since the Knowledge of these Laws is only to be had in the Bible, and that sacred Book not only

shews us the Conditions of our Happiness, but likewise enables us to perform them, by propounding the most perfect Example of Holiness that ever was, for our imitation, and furnishing us with the best Arguments against Sin and the Temptations thereto, and assuring us of the assistance of Heaven in all our Endeavours; I think I cannot recommend it from more solid Considerations. But since Men are more apt to be moved with nearer Objects, and seldom extend their Views farther than the narrow limits of this Life, I would have them consider that the Gospel contains the best Rules for their temporal as well as eternal Happiness, that it is calculated to make Men obedient to Government, and useful to Society in general, as well as just, merciful and loving to every Member thereof; that it requires Temperance, Prudence and Charity with regard to our selves, and endears to us the practice of those Virtues which make Life easy and comfortable; that it abridges us of no reasonable Pleasure, and only restrains those irregular Passions which are below the Dignity of our Nature, and draw such pernicious Consequences after them; making that very Restraint more pleasing than the most libertine Enjoyment.

SUCH is that Book (and such would be its Effects) which I would have you recommend to the more serious consideration and study of your Countrymen; and if you add such Persuasions to these Arguments as may make

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make them effectual to the reformation of
Mens Lives and Manners, 'twill be the
greatest Pleasure to, S I R,

Your very humble Servant,

THEOPHILUS.



N^o 31. *Saturday, October 30, 1725.*

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal.*

——— *Ille supernis*

Detestanda Diis sævorum arcana Magorum

Moverat, & tristes sacris feralibus aras,

Umbrarum, ditisque fidem.

LUC.

S I R,



ANKIND are not more apt to
entertain false and dangerous No-
tions of Happiness, and delude
themselves with vain and imagi-
nary Hopes, than ready to be
alarmed with groundless Terrors and Appre-
hensions; and both these Weaknesses are
owing to the same Cause, want of consider-
ing Things with due Care and Attention,
and thereby taking up with the first specious
Appearance, or a foolish Prejudice we have
either fallen into our selves, or received in

compliance with the Tyranny of Custom, and the Opinions of the Multitude.

As it is a sure Sign, in the common Affairs of Life, of a Man's Weakness and Incapacity, that he is subject to be surprized, and put to a nonplus at any little unexpected Turns or Accidents in Business; so with respect to all Science, whether Practical or Speculative, Wonder is the usual way by which Men betray their Ignorance. Novelty is the only thing which raises what we call Wonder; and therefore they who know much, are very little subject to it, because they meet with few things which to them are either new or strange. On the other hand, most things being new to the Ignorant, they are apt to be seized with Surprise upon the smallest and most trifling Occasions, and in consequence hereof may be easily worked up into the Belief of things being prodigious and supernatural, which are not only the regular but usual and constant Effects of natural Causes.

AGREEABLE hereunto, we find the Vulgar in all Ages extremely addicted to Superstition, and terrifying themselves with very common and ordinary Occurrences, as the immediate Effects of a Divine Interposition, or the Operations of certain inferior Spirits, who, either out of Good-will or Malice, but for the most part the latter, were supposed to interest themselves, and have a great hand in all human Affairs. Among the Antients, not only the Eclipses of the Sun and Moon,

Moon, but even Thunder and Tempests were thought to be the Work of some invifible Agents, and to have a constant and unavoidable influence on the Actions and Fortunes of Mankind. Rules were framed, and Colleges of Men established, to examine thefe *Phænomena*, and determine the particular Events believed to be prognosticated by them. Thus Delufion and Impofture were brought into a regular System; and it became a part of Mens Religion to believe the Deity either a wicked or a weak Being; one that either delighted in tormenting his Creatures himfelf, or elfe wanted fufficient Power to hinder others from doing it.

ENCOURAGED by this fuccefs, another fet of Jugglers started up, and impofed a new Cheat upon the World, endeavouring to perfuade Men, that not only their Temper and Genius, but all the Actions and Occurrences of their Lives, and even the Time and Manner of their Death, depended intirely upon the Revolutions and Aspects of the heavenly Bodies. Nothing was done here below which was not the effect of fomething that had been doing above. But as it would fignify little or nothing to know, that the Stars were a very understanding fort of People, and knew a great many Secrets, unlefs we had fome way of fifhing out their Meaning, and difcovering what they would be at, it became neceffary to invent fome Scheme for that purpofe. This the judicial Astrologers have

have very generously supplied us with. And as far as hard Words and uncouth Terms of Art go towards making up a Science, they may contest the Palm with the most profound and abstracted among the Schoolmen. Nor are they wanting in Impudence to give us their Opinion of what is to come, with as great certainty and positiveness as our News-writers do of what is past. To this day the World is pester'd with whole Swarms of these ignorant and bold Impostors. There is not a Prince in *Europe* but what has his Nativity calculated by some one or other of them; and the Planets roll in their Orbits for no other purpose than to distribute Plagues and Famine, and produce Confusion and Bloodshed among the Inhabitants of this Earth.

BUT the most popular and prevailing Spirit of Superstition among us is the wise and pious Doctrine of Witches and Apparitions, which has been so industriously propagated for many Ages among the common People. Many a poor old Woman has suffered under the former Character, whose only Crime was Old-Age and Ugliness, accompanied perhaps with a little Ill-Nature. In a neighbouring Nation the whole Country was for some Years in a state of Hostility with their old Women on this score, and made Bonfires of them with the same eagerness that the Royalists roasted *Rumps* upon the Restoration. If any People of Sense and Reflection happened to doubt the Truth of any Feats said to be performed by

by those unfortunate-Creatures, they were immediately run down as *Atheists* and *Infidels*, and forced to sit silent at the barbarous treatment of their Fellow-Mortals, under the penalty of having their Christianity called in question. This gave encouragement to idle and malicious People to prosecute great numbers of poor Wretches to Death. If a young Girl happened to turn splenetick for want of a Husband, instantly she was bewitched, and never left vomiting Hay, Buttons, and crooked Pins, till all the old Women in the neighbourhood were either cruelly butchered, or their Lives made miserable thro' the Odium of those wicked Arts imputed to them. And every perverse Boy, who had a mind to play the Truant, had no more to do than throw himself into Fits, and by that means get abundance of Play at the expence of the Poor of the Parish.

MANY a melancholy instance might be given of Deceits and Rogueries of this kind, which have been fatal to the Lives and Reputation of Multitudes of ignorant People, and entailed lasting Disgrace upon their Families and Posterity. And these Deceits have been carried on with such Art and Contrivance, that Men of great Sense and Prudence have been frequently imposed upon by them, till some lucky Accident has discovered the Cheat; which should make all others exceedingly cautious and reserved in their Belief of such Matters. And for this end I cannot forbear recom-

recommending to the more curious of my Readers an excellent Treatise on this Subject, written by a worthy Prelate, the present Bishop of *Down and Connor*; wherein they will see, from a great number of unquestionable Facts, how easy it may be for cunning and malicious People to play a vast Number of extraordinary Pranks, without the assistance of the Devil, or any other evil Spirit but their own.

It is represented in Scripture as one of the greatest Woes of the wicked, *to fear where no Fear is*; that is, where there is no real Danger, and consequently no just Cause of Fear. Yet there are a great many People, whom it would be the height of Uncharitableness to rank in that Class, who are often thrown into the utmost Horror and Consternation with the imaginary Fears of Ghosts and Goblins. Mr. *Locke* has more than once observed, that this is in great measure owing to those early Prejudices instilled into the tender Minds of Children by Nurses and other idle Persons, who can find no other Device for diverting a Child's Frowardness, than threatening it with a *Raw-head and Bloody-bones*. By this means we are first rendered weak and timorous; and there is afterwards due care taken that we should continue so, by those many edifying Stories of Spectres, Wafts, and Midnight Noises, which are the usual Fire-side Entertainments among the Servants and Children in a Winter's

ter's Evening. Many who have lived to see the Folly of their Fears on this Head, have yet never been able to free themselves from the mechanical Effect of them; but are every day subject to the misfortune of being seized with Terrors they know to be vain and ridiculous, and plagued with such a rich Wildness of Invention, as can transform the most common Objects, if seen in an imperfect and glimmering Light, into the most dreadful and astonishing Appearances. On the other hand, there are not wanting some, who have engrafted these Errors into their Belief, and made it an Article of their Creed, that the principal Business of the Devil and other wicked Spirits, is to frighten Mankind, and to walk about in the Night-time, in horrible Shapes, that they may have the Opportunity of attacking us alone and in the dark.

As the Happiness of Mankind is as often interrupted by whimsical Distresses as real Afflictions, a kinder Office could not be done to many of our Fellow-Creatures, than to beat these troublesome Notions out of their Heads. People of Sense, with whom they converse, should endeavour not only to reason, but rally them into a little Courage, and draw them by degrees into such Places as seem most apt to excite dismal Images, and cloudy Apprehensions. They might then be brought to believe that the Air is nothing so full of Devils as is commonly imagined; and that we have as few Enemies abroad in the
still

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still Seasons of the Night as in any Hour of the Day. And indeed if we rightly examine things, we shall see much more Reason to dread the Devil's over-reaching us in a Market, then terrifying us in our Retirements; and be of opinion, that he oftner appears in a *Hoop-Petticoat*, than a *Bear's Skin*, and has done a great deal more Execution by shewing a *Laced-Shoe*, than his *Cloven-Foot*. Not to mention, that more *Evil Spirits* have frequently issued out of a *Bottle of Claret*, than are to be met with in any Church-Yard in his Majesty's Dominions.

BE these impure Spirits as ill-disposed to the Human Species as they can, we may however depend upon it, that they would rather approach us with Blandishment and Gaiety than Horror and Ghastliness, were they permitted to make their Appearance. If they acted any otherwise, they would evidently betray the Interests of that *Kingdom of Darkness* with which they are in Alliance, and contradict all Rules of good Policy, a Crime we seldom use to lay to their charge. Upon this account I have always look'd on the antient Hypothesis of Superstition, (by which earthly Damsels were spirited away, to Verdant Bowers and Crystal Palaces, to be made Concubines to Fairy Kings) to be much better imagined than those pale Ghosts, and monstrous Aspects, which are wrought into the System of *Dæmonology* now in Vogue, as it renders the Conduct of the Infernal Beings
more

more consistent and of a piece with the common Notions we have conceived of their Cunning and Falshood.

BUT the most absurd thing in this whole Scheme of Delusion is the summoning up the Apparitions of deceased Persons upon the most trifling, or no Occasions at all. A poor Girl dying of the *Green Sickness*, to be sure, has her Ghost seen walking in white by half the unmarried Women in the Parish, who certainly conclude it to be a just Judgment on her cruel Parents for not letting her marry the Footman. And a close Hunk, who has starved himself out of the World, must disturb a whole Neighbourhood, in order to discover to his Friends where he has hid his Money. But the misfortune of it is, that the Man having been very reserved in his Life-time, cannot be prevailed upon to speak after his Death. So that the People for whom he intended a *good Turn*, merely for not understanding the Intimations he gives them, are deprived of the Fruit of all the Pains he took both living and dead. And thus every fanciful Body who takes it in his head, can possess a weak Multitude with an Opinion, that the departed Spirits of their Friends and Acquaintance are wandring about in Church-Yards and other solitary Places, with no other View that can be conjectured, than to frighten Women and Children out of their Wits.

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I GRANT indeed, that upon some Emergences, a Spectre may make its Appearance with a great deal of Discretion, and be employed upon very important Business. In the Days of Popery, the Priests, who always had a Competency of them under command, made them turn to very good account, by converting all the Mischief they did to the Service of the Church. Nor was it an unfriendly Ghost to *Sempronia*, which, the other night, in the shape of a headless Man, gave her an Opportunity to miscarry of a full-grown Child, in the fifth Month after her Marriage with *Cornutus*. In such urgent Cases we may make allowances for something marvellous and extraordinary, agreeable to the old Rule in *Horace*;

Nec Deus interfit, nisi dignus vindice nodus Inciderit.

THAT there are both good and bad Spirits, is, I think, very plain both from Reason and Revelation; nor will I dispute the possibility of their assuming airy Vehicles, and being employed by the Supreme Being upon some extraordinary Occasions: that being what we have frequent Instances of in the Sacred Writings. But as we have now a full and perfect Revelation of the Divine Will, and are to expect no other, there can be no longer any room for this kind of Intercourse betwixt God and his Creatures; but all such Stories must pass amongst those *Dreams and Lying*

Lying Wonders, which are so often and plainly foretold in the Scriptures. And on the other hand, that the Almighty should suffer the Emissaries of Hell to have more Power than the Heavenly Beings, seems utterly inconsistent with those Attributes of Wisdom and Goodness, which are necessarily connected with our Idea of Omnipotence. The Spirits of the Damned, according to the Informations we have, enjoy no such Respite from their Torments as will allow them leisure for such visionary Exploits; and it can hardly be imagined, that the Souls of the Blest should have their Felicity suspended for such trivial Reasons as are commonly assigned. I am not for denying the thing in general, where good Cause can be shewn why the God of Nature should make use of Methods out of the ordinary Course of his Providence. But I think every particular Instance is to be suspected, which does not carry with it evident Reasons for the Divine Interposition, as well as a bare Probability of the Fact. And on this account it is just as weak and foolish for us to be uneasy about *Apparitions*, as it would be to live in the perpetual Terror of Earthquakes, Deluges, and Irruptions, which have been sometimes the Instruments of the Wrath of Heaven upon guilty Nations.

A MAN of Religion and Virtue should, methinks, rather conceive Pleasure and Satisfaction, than Despair and Confusion, from the Notion of his being surrounded with spiritual

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Agents. For upon that Supposition he is always attended in his greatest Privacy, with so many Witnesses of that conscious Worth and Integrity, the Sense of which is so charming to an honest Mind in the Hours of Silence and Solitude. If we believe God to be a good Being, we may safely conjecture, that the attendant Spirits of the Virtuous, if any such there be, will be rather our Guardians and Protectors, than the Means of terrifying and amazing us. We are not to think that the *Father of Spirits*, who is always present with us, and governs the Intellectual as well as the Material Universe, will suffer wicked and malicious Beings to violate the Laws of Nature, purely to vex and torment others of his Creatures, who are endeavouring to serve him in *Spirit and Truth*. Such Thoughts are extremely irreligious, as well as irrational; they not only affront and depress Human Nature, but are the highest Indignity that can be offered to the Deity, by the natural tendency they have to lessen our Opinion of his Goodness and Compassion, and to make us withhold much of that filial Love and Reverence we always ought to pay to the Best, the most Gracious and Bountiful of all Beings.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble Servant,

HIBERNICUS.

Nº 32.

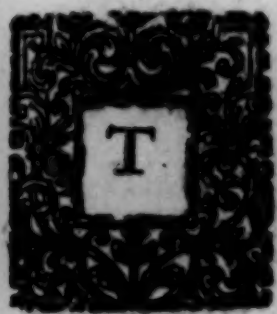


N^o 32. *Saturday, November 6, 1725.*

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal.*

— *Quid rides? mutato nomine* — HOR.

S I R,



O be born in IRELAND is usually looked upon as a Misfortune, to that degree that People use the Phrase with as little hesitation as they do any other proverbial Expression. Yet I once knew a Gentleman, who said, He had the *Honour* to be born in *Ireland*; a Saying I have always reflected on with a great deal of Pleasure. I think it no ways amiss that we should reckon it an Honour to be born in any Country where it is a Happiness to live. And for that Reason the Natives of a *Land of Liberty* may justly put a Value on themselves on account of the Place of their Birth. The great Apostle of the Gentiles, however mortified to the Ways of the World, and the Ostentation of Names and Titles, yet thought it in no wise unbecoming his Character to boast of his being *Free-born*. And tho we in this Kingdom lie under many Inconveniences, to

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which

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which all Colonies are necessarily subject, yet so long as we enjoy our present legal Constitution, our Country is a *Land of Liberty* and Happiness, and we may reasonably exult in a Privilege, which so few of our neighbouring Nations have any Shadow of left.

FOR these Reasons, I persuade my self, the ingenious Gentleman, who honours me with the following Letter, will not think, upon second consideration, the Name HIBERNICUS too low a Title for any Author of this Nation, much less when affixed to Performances of so perishable a kind as those which have hitherto come from that Hand. As much as I am obliged to him for so extraordinary a Compliment, I cannot help thinking, that it would be unpardonable weakness and vanity in me to assume any of those magisterial Characters he has recommended, and become the awkward Imitator of great Originals, which we humble Folks must be content to contemplate and admire at a distance.

BUT tho I am not disposed to renounce a Title I was born to, I am still hopeful, that need not be any Argument with the Gentleman for discontinuing a Correspondence, which has already given me so many agreeable Opportunities of entertaining the Publick a great deal better than I was capable of doing my self. His Letters will always be welcome, upon whatever Subject he thinks fit. Nor will it be any offence to my imagined Gravity,

Gravity, for him to laugh out a whole Paper whenever he will; since I am sure, Mirth, under such management, cannot be justly offensive to the most rigid Virtue alive, and may produce the same good Effects with Discourses of the most grave and serious Turn. Any Papers the Gentleman, or those Friends he mentions, shall desire to communicate to the Publick thro' my Hands, if left with Messieurs *Smith* and *Bruce* on the *Blind-Key*, however they are directed, will always find their way to

His very humble Servant,

HIBERNICUS.

To HIBERNICUS.

S I R,



T is the general Custom of those who write daily or weekly Papers for the improvement of Mankind, to assume some Title significative of their Design, when they make their first publick Entry into the World. The great Man, whose immortal Lucubrations have been translated into most of the *European* Languages, appeared under the denomination of CENSOR of *Great Britain*: And most Authors of that nature ever since, have imitated him in this respect, both in *England* and *Ireland*. For instance, not long since, we had one who set up with the pompous Title of DICTA-

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T O R: But I suppose he was sensible such an Employment was of too great importance to be continued long in the same Hands; and he laid down his Commission with great Modesty, even in a shorter time than most of his *Roman* Predecessors.

You are now, Sir, the only Magistrate of that kind among us; but you want a very material Part of your Patent, *that is*, a Magisterial Title: For to tell you the truth on't, HIBERNICUS, after all, is only Latin for T E A G U E. I therefore make bold, as a Well-wisher of yours, to desire you would assume some sounding Name of Power, applicable to your Employment, out of regard to Fools, or (which is the same thing) to the generality of the World, who pay the utmost deference to Emptiness, if set off with Titles, but despise Wisdom in a private Station, and under a plebeian Name. Besides, both my Friends and I, who would be glad to correspond with you, are at a loss how to do it, till you give us publick Notice of the Nature of your Office.

WERE the Transmigration of Souls an Article of my Creed, I should be apt to address you under the Name of CENSOR REDIVIVUS: But, as I am no *Pythagorean*, and besides have a good deal of National Spirit about me, it gives me more secret Pleasure to look upon you as a native Author of *Ireland*.

Y O U R

YOUR Answer to these Doubts will highly oblige us; and if we find by your future Title, that you are a Magistrate of a mixt and extensive Capacity, we shall then venture to communicate to you our Observations, and all our Complaints, on various Subjects, which we have hitherto been deterred from doing, because we did not know, whether you would vouchsafe to take under your consideration any other besides Moral Speculations. And we have always observed so much Gravity in your Writings, that (unless you give us some encouragement) we should blush as much at sending you a merry Letter, as the *Romans* did at acting their Frolicks before the austere *Cato*.

THIS leads me to another piece of Advice, which I have been ruminating on, ever since your first appearance abroad, and which I find was hinted to you before, by the Person who obliged the Publick with his agreeable Remarks on the *Franchises*.

YOU know, Sir, that *Heraclitus* whined and cried in a Corner at the Vices and Follies of Mankind, without having an opportunity to wash away the least of them with all his Tears; because no body was fond of coming to see his penitential Face. But *Democritus's* sneering merry Looks brought Crouds to gaze at him, as they would have done at a diverting Mountebank: And when he had once gain'd that Point, by virtue of Satirical *Hocus Pocus*, he very often made them insensibly

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sibly swallow his Philosophical Pills, at the same time that they thought he was ramming them down their Neighbours Throats.

I FANCY if you would imitate his example, and run a little into the fashionable Humour of *Harlequin*, it would procure your Papers attention from a great many Persons, especially your *Pulvillo* and *Essence Men*, whom I observe taking them up, and laying them down again immediately on the *Coffee-House-Table*, as soon as they have smelt what they call musty Morality in the first Line, which perhaps they are afraid would give them the Vapours, or at least would disagree with the gentler Scents which they carry about them.

WINTER is begun, at which Season it is very usual to pass away a tedious Evening in acting Proverbs. What I have done in giving you these Advices, is no more than acting *Sus Minervam*; and in that Sense I hope you will excuse,

S I R,

Your humble Servant,

N. N.

Nº 33.



N^o 33. *Saturday, November 13, 1725.*

To HIBERNICUS.

Ut sunt Divorum, Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, Virorum,
LILL. Gram.

S I R,



H E N I read your Letter in the last *Saturday's Journal*, I was not a little surprized to find *Wonder*, and its most extraordinary Objects, treated in so ludicrous a manner. Not that I think it improper to apply Ridicule to the gravest Subject, that being the best Test to distinguish Truth from Imposture: But *Wonder* and *Amazement* probably first gave rise to Devotion, and is near allied to Curiosity, which begat Knowledge, and is therefore intitled to Respect.

T H E Appearance of *Spirits* and such *Airy Beings*, seems to be an Opinion which a Man thorowly Orthodox cannot safely reject. This I shall endeavour to prove from the Fathers, and other unquestionable Authorities.

I F the Argument from universal Consent has any weight, it is certain nothing deserves
more

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more to be ranked in the Class of innate Principles than this Opinion does: For none has been more universally received in all Ages and Countries, than that of the *Existence of Spirits*, and their frequent Appearance, and Conversation with Mankind: Especially in those Countries where Men have been longest guided by the Light of natural Reason, where their Understandings have been least debauched by human Learning or vain Philosophy; ere designing Men found Profit, or obtained Power from the prevalency of their Doctrines; whilst the World was blessed with Simplicity of Manners, and People thought and acted according to the Dictates of pure Nature.

THAT impure *Spirits* should in policy approach us with *Blandishment* and *Gaiety*, I intirely agree with you; and that they actually do so, is manifest from the following Authors, who were undoubtedly great Lights in those dark Ages, and some of them had their Knowledge at the second or third hand from the Fountain-Head. As for *Hobgoblins* and all *frightful Apparitions*, I freely give them up.

ST. *Ambrose* writes, that the *Antediluvian Giants* were begot by the Angels upon Women, and that their Fall was owing to that filthy Copulation. St. *Chrysostom*, that Women not only pulled Men but Angels down from Heaven. *Lactantius* says, that the Devil had Power given him upon Earth
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from the Beginning; for which Reason, when Mankind multiplied, Providence sent Guardian Angels to protect them, but that subtle Deceiver made use of Women to defile those Angels. *Justin Martyr*, *Clemens Alexandrinus*, and *Tertullian* impute the Angels Fall to their *Terrestrial Amours*. *St. Augustin* thinks it cannot be doubted but that the *Fauni* and *Sylvani*, vulgarly termed *Incubi*, lusted after Women, and gratified those Lusts in Bodies put on for that Occasion; that there were certain *Dæmons* among the *Gauls*, by them called *Dusii*, (from whence, according to *Vossius*, and other eminent Criticks, we have the familiar Name of *Duce*) who daily attempted and committed that Uncleaness. Pope *Innocent VIII.* in a *Decretal Epistle*, commands his Inquisitors to execute their Office on certain Heretical Women, who suffered themselves to be defiled by *Dæmons*, both *Succubi* and *Incubi*. A grave and learned Author answers the Objection, which some make, of the impossibility that spiritual Beings should converse with Women after the manner of corporeal Beings, in the ordinary way of Generation, thus, (I beg leave to give it in his own words, as well for fear of spoiling his excellent Sense by a bad Translation, as to give my ingenious Friends in *Dublin College* an opportunity of shewing their Parts to their inquisitive Female Acquaintance) *Dæmones non solum cum mulieribus coire posse, sed etiam filios vere homi-*
nes

nes procreare, non virtute proprii seminis, quod nullum ex seipsis habent, sed ope alicujus hominis, quod ipsi maribus turpiter succubantes exceperunt, exceptumque feminis incubantes infundunt; ita (ut August. de Trinitate ait) disponente Deo, ne sit ille qui nascitur filius Dæmonis, sed filius illius hominis a quo semen exceptum est. He goes on and says, that *evil Angels* delight in *Carnal Obscenities*, only out of envy to the Happiness and Good of Mankind, and not out of any sense of Pleasure they have in sensual Enjoyments.

I would not have your *Fair Readers* imagine, that I have mentioned these Passages with a view of being severe upon the Sex, as if all the Misery of Men and Angels were owing to their Delusions. No, I always endeavour to lean as *light* on them as possible. The principal and most obvious Inference which can fairly be drawn from those Quotations, is, the irresistible Power of *Beauty*, which conquers Men and Angels.

WE are told that formerly *Pagan Ladies* often proved pregnant by *Mars, Jupiter, Pan*, and some other amorous Deities: the Nymph to be sure was surprized by the God, in some remote Shade or Fountain, and forced after much vain Resistance to an unwilling Embrace. Nor could this be a contrivance to excuse the Effect of a guilty Passion for some mortal Lover; for *Demigods* and *Heroes* above the rank of Men, were the constant

stant Issue of those Rapes. How much more then may we suppose that *Dæmons* (envious and malicious Beings) take pleasure in the Spoils of *Innocence* and *Beauty*? For my part, I don't question, but many a poor Lady, who has lost her Reputation by a *dirty Footman*, has been deluded by one of these *airy Ravishers* disguised in a *Livery*.

I AM of the reverend Prelate's Opinion, That *Dæmons* (unless they be very unnatural ones indeed) do not much converse with the *Old* and *Ugly*. By what I can observe, Women in such circumstances are generally as virtuous as any of the Sex. Nature has too well secured their Reputation from the Malice of those *invisible Gallants*; as a learned Judge declared upon the Bench, *There are none but young Women Witches now-a-days*. I could produce numberless Quotations out of sacred and profane Authors, where *Charms*, *Fascinations*, and *Inchantments*, are charged upon the *Young* and *Handsom*; Terms never applied with any Elegance or Propriety to Matrons above forty five. I appeal to every unprejudiced Person, whether ever he perceived any Magick in the Tongue or Eyes of a *Great Grandmother*. One thing is remarkable as to married Women, that few Births or Miscarriages of theirs, either in *Pagan* or *Christian* times, have been imputed to these supernatural Operations, unless the Husband had been absent in War, or on some other Occasion, for nine Months successively,

as it happened in the case of *Amphitryon*: however I think *Jupiter* acted a little oddly in that matter, to assume a Shape which nothing but his Omnipotence could make him agreeable in. Whether Matrimony secures Women from the Attacks of those malicious *Incubi*, as Old Age does, by saving their Reputation; or whether the Guardianship of those *Dæmons* ceases, when the Rites of Marriage are performed, I shall not take upon me to determine. But this I must say, that if the above Hypothesis be true, it is the highest Prudence and Virtue in every young Lady, when she comes to the Age of Maturity, to change her Guardian, I mean her *Dæmon*, for a Husband. I could never blame one who has been kept waiting, by the Cruelty or Neglect of Parents, till sixteen; if to avoid the Danger of such unnatural Embraces, she threw herself into the Arms of the first mortal Man that asked her. Consider how perillous must the Condition of a Maid be, who carries her Enemy along with her wherever she goes; he waits upon her in her most private Retirement, whether at her Toilette or Devotion; nor Locks nor Masks can hide her from him; he hovers over her Bed, sees every Motion, and knows every Thought that heaves her swelling Bosom; he in the mean time always watching a lucky Moment to undo her. I tremble when I think of the fatal Consequences.

IT were to be wished indeed, that to prevent any future unnecessary Consumption of *Old Women*, the Interpreters of our Law would restore the Act against *Witchcraft* to its true and genuine Signification: That hereafter the Punishment may be inflicted on such, as by *Patching, Ogling, Smiling, Glancing*, and such like mischievous and diabolical Artifices, endeavour to torment and destroy his Majesty's *Male People*. This is a growing Evil, and ought to be timely prevented. The Town is every day filling with *Young Witches*. Unless some are made Examples soon, it will not be safe to go to Church or Play-House, without a Wife, or some such *Spell* or *Antidote* about one. But because Compassion often prevents the execution of Laws which are very Penal; I humbly propose a milder Punishment for this Offence. As in some Countries a Man who debauches a Virgin, is obliged to marry her himself, or give her such a Portion as may provide her a suitable and convenient Husband; so in the other Case, where any Woman has been found guilty of such wicked Practices, she might be obliged to marry the Man, or to use other proper Means to restore him to his former Health and Tranquillity, at the election of the injured Person; provided always, she be not actually under Cover at the time of the Offence committed.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

ACADEMICUS.

N^o 34.



N^o 34. Saturday, November 20, 1725.

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal*.

*Humanius est deridere vitam, quàm deplorare; adjice,
quod de humano quoque genere melius meretur qui
ridet illud, quàm qui luget.* S E N.

S I R,



I HAVE seen in some of your former Papers a large Essay upon *Laughter*, which gave me very good hopes of your favourable attention to a very heavy Complaint I have to make of some Grievances I labour under, arising from a Cause of a very opposite Nature, and productive of widely different Effects.

THERE is an unaccountable Humour which prevails among some Persons professing an extraordinary degree of Devotion and Piety, of not only banishing out of their own Conversation every thing of Mirth and Gaiety, but imposing a dismal Countenance, and a reserved, if not sullen Behaviour, upon all their Acquaintance, as the sole Condition of enjoying any share in their good Opinion. A chearful Temper is with them a Mark of

want of Grace ; and let a Man shun all manner of Wickedness as much as he can, he shall never be thought sufficiently sorrowful for his Sins, unless he puts his Companions to the trouble of repenting for them as well as himself.

IT has been my misfortune to reside for some time, in the quality of Chaplain, with a very Honourable and Religious Family, but unhappily far gone in this Distemper ; which has given me the more uneasiness, as I have always been my self of a contrary Disposition. Nature has bestowed upon me a florid Look, and a chearful Aspect ; and neither the Pleasures nor Studies of my Youth have been violent enough to make me pass for a more elderly grave Person than I really am. For this reason, all my Endeavours to gather the Muscles of my Face into a Form which may render me acceptable to the Family, have hitherto proved unsuccessful. Not but that the melancholy Circumstances I am in, have had already a very remarkable Effect on my Countenance, and thrown a good deal more of this outside Sanctity into my Visage, than ever I expected to have been Master of. However, all this is not sufficient ; a Man must look like one of the *Fasts* of the Church, before his Piety can be approved by those I am concerned with. If the customary Gloom which my Brow has contracted since I came among them, happens at any time to be a little dissipated, I am

immediately thought not to behave my self suitably to the Sacred Character with which I am invested. A harmless Jest is sure to be retorted, by reminding me of the Account I am one day to give of every idle Word. And a free Laugh would go near, in their Opinion, to entitle me to Degradation.

IN all other respects I have no manner of reason to be dissatisfied with my Condition. I am not treated, as I know several Gentlemen of my Coat are in some other Families. There are no Injunctions laid upon me in relation to *Custard* and *Tart*. All the Servants are taught to look upon me as one they have no right to be familiar with; by which means I am enabled to preserve an exact Neutrality among them, and support my Character, without incurring the Neglect or Ill-will of any of them. I am not under any necessity of currying Favour even with the Butler. On all these accounts, I think it my duty to try all the ways I possibly can to please so kind a Patron. I have fasted my self to a Skeleton, and am always provided with a sufficient quantity of four Small Beer, to give me the greater Air of Mortification. Yet notwithstanding all the Pains I am at, there still remain so many unrelenting Features in my Face, that I almost begin to despair of ever acquiring the Character of one grave and serious enough for a Clergyman, unless I should make love to my Lady's Gentlewoman, whose Person and Temper are both

both admirably well calculated, not only for putting a Man in mind of his latter End, but making him wish for it too. But as I have known several Gentlemen in my Station fall under some Inconveniencies by this Method, I do not think it would be altogether so prudent in me to follow the Example.

UNFORTUNATE as I am, in being thus esteemed a Person of too much Levity and Suppleness of Temper, there are none who know me can reproach me with any thing immoral or profane. And if I know my own Heart, I am so far from having the least Aversion to Piety and Devotion, that there is nothing in the World affords me greater Joy, than that God has permitted such an Intercourse betwixt him and his Creatures, and given them such great Encouragement to carry it on. It gives me unspeakable Pleasure, at the proper Seasons, to retire from the World, and offer to my Creator the silent Sacrifices becoming a Man and a Christian. Nor am I less pleased, when I observe my Fellow-Creatures joining together with me in the same Acts, in the publick Worship and Offices of the Church. In all this I can be sufficiently serious, without carrying foul Weather in my Countenance; and know no reason for putting on a sour Look, when I am employed in one of the best Actions a rational Creature is capable of.

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WANT of Charity, I am very sensible, is highly criminal in every Case; and we ought to be exceeding wary of accusing any Person of Hypocrisy or Insincerity in their religious Professions. Yet, I think, all extraordinary Appearances of Devotion are justly liable to the Suspicion of proceeding as much from Humour, and the Mechanism of the Body, as from a reasonable and just Sense of Religion. And tho I have the most convincing Evidence, that the Persons whose Practice I am now complaining of are People of true Religion and Virtue, yet several Observations I have made in our Family have served to confirm me in the Opinion, that our Devotion may frequently spring from Causes very remote from them, and consequently produce Effects which ought not to be ascribed to them. I have often known our House grow more than ordinary religious during the long Continuance of an Easterly Wind. A cloudy Day is constantly sure to increase the Labours of my Function. And I once remember, upon the Death of my Lady's Lap-dog, there was a great Retrenchment of Luxury at the Table for upwards of a Week, during which whole time we had almost no other Topick of Discourse, than the Vanity of all sublunary Enjoyments.

AMONG other Arguments urged in defence of this melancholy and austere way of Living, I think one of the principal is, that
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the Consideration of our Mortality is very necessary to wean our Hearts from the Follies of this World, and to induce us to the Practice of Religion and Virtue; and that such a Consideration cannot but give a great Alarm to Human Nature, and ought to impress us with the deepest and most humbling Sense of our frail and transitory Condition. I shall allow this Argument its full Force. He must be something more or less than Man, who does not frequently and very seriously too, consider himself as a mortal Being, and who has not long to continue in this World. But pray, where is the Connection betwixt seriously regarding our latter End, and living as if we had our Grave-Stone always before our eyes? Our business here is to do all the Good we can, so long as it pleases God to lengthen out the Thread of our Being; and this is not to be done, if we must lie down and languish away in the perpetual Contemplation of what it is not in our power either to hasten, or prevent. The best, indeed the only Preparation for Death, is a virtuous Life; and there can be no Virtue without Action, nor any Action truly virtuous, which does not flow from a ready and chearful Mind. As for that Preparation for Death, which consists in the constant frightful Meditation and Apprehension of it, I cannot help thinking it fully as absurd, as it would be to spend any Portion of our Time in numbering the Sands of an Hour-Glass,

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Glass, or casting up the Moments betwixt one Point of Duration and another. How ridiculous would it look in a Man to debar himself of the Comforts and Decencies of Life, in a House which he only held by a Lease? And is not this a Case exactly parallel with theirs, who make the shortness of Life an Argument for spending it either in a dull spiritless Indifference, or in continual Heart-breakings and Bitterness of Soul?

ONE of my Profession can hardly forbear remarking how several Passages of Holy Scripture are perverted, to justify this disconsolate sorrowful Temper of Mind. Because the Psalmist, and some other Inspired Writers, when labouring under great Afflictions both of Mind and Body, have discharged their Grief in very pathetick and mournful Expressions, this is no Reason at all for making such a kind of Behaviour a Test of religious Seriousness in those who are not in the like uncomfortable Circumstances. And yet how often do we hear those Accounts of *David's going about mourning all the Day-long, Watering his Couch with his Tears*, and such like Expressions of Grief, given as Instances proper to influence the Practice of People now-a-days? This is a very unworthy way of dealing with the Scriptures; since there is nothing more evident, from the whole Tenor of them, than that the contrary Disposition is rather recommended

commended as a Christian Duty. Praise is one of the most essential parts of divine Worship; and how that can be rightly performed without Joy and Gladness of Heart, I am utterly at a loss to discover, and no less to conceive how such a Frame of Mind can accompany our Devotions, and yet produce nothing but a profound Sadness and settled Gloom in every other Action of Life.

MANY excellent Things have I read, and heard upon the Subject of resigning ourselves to the disposal of Providence, and being content with that state of Life in which it had placed us, as the Character both of a Christian and Heroick Spirit. Now, I am sure, there can be no better proof given of such a Spirit, than what a free unclouded Behaviour, and pleasant Conversation afford us. For how is it possible for a Mind to find it self at Ease and Tranquillity, without discharging some part of that Joy with which it is filled? And can there be a surer Sign, that Men truly and perfectly acquiesce in their own Condition, than when by their agreeable Humour they endeavour to divert the Cares of others, and contribute to the Ease and Delight of those with whom they converse?

IF all this should not be able to prevail with some serious People to be pleasant themselves, it should at least influence them to make some charitable allowances for those of a more blithe and jocund Constitution;

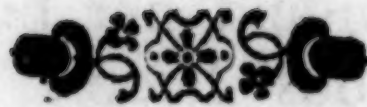
who, considering the many Sorrows we are all expos'd to in this World, may be very safely indulg'd the liberty of a little Relaxation from the Labour of thinking constantly on the more solemn and important Concerns of Life. To encourage and chear Men under their Difficulties, is certainly a much better Method, than to ruffle their Minds by an over-frequent stirring up the Remembrance of them. That we are all subject to Misery, is but too sure; yet since a great part of our Misery rises from our own Reflection, it is more agreeable to Humanity to endeavour to divert the Thoughts, and heal the Wounds of Mankind, than by a perpetual dolorous Aspect, and melancholy Speeches, make their Diseases more visible and affecting.

I SUBMIT all this, with due Deference, to your Consideration; and am,

Sir,

Your very humble Servant,

TIMOTHY SCARF.





N^o 35. *Saturday, November 27, 1725.*

To HIBERNICUS.

Quodcunque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi. HOR.

S I R,



HAVE always had the utmost regard for the Stage in general, and for just Actors in particular: I consider a good Tragedy, founded upon Truth, as a fine Historical Piece, beautifully represented in a moving Picture, which I think infinitely superior to the Still-life of mere History, not only as it has the advantage of Motion, but because a good Poet can make use of several lively Colours, which the Historian, by the Character of his Profession, is forbid to use: And when I see a good number of select Comedies acted successively, I frame them in my Mind, so as to make out of them all one Grotesque Miniature of the Humour of the World. In this contemplation of the *Stage*, I have often reflected on *Fontenelle's* Wish, To stand suspended in Air, and see the Globe turn round under him, that he might have a varying Prospect of *Crosses* and *Crescents*,
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rocky Desarts and fruitful Valleys, Turbants and full bottom'd Wigs, Negroe Women and *European* Beauties. This Pleasure, which he only enjoy'd in Imagination, we possess in Reality, by a constant Attendance on a Series of Comedies: For there we are entertain'd with a circular Representation of Men of Bravery, and of Bullies, Pedants and Beaux, Prudes and Coquets, superannuated Toasts, and blooming Beauties.

As for just Actors, I have a great esteem for them, and cannot but highly blame the unreasonable treatment given to that Profession in some Countries abroad, where they excommunicate the *Player*, and save the *Poet*. I dare say, none of them are desirous of raising uneasy Blushes in the Cheeks of their fair Spectators, if the Author did not oblige them to it: And I will venture to affirm in their names, that if these Nations abounded with STEELES, every Man of Sense among them would chuse to be a BEVIL rather than a DON JOHN. I acknowledge my self highly indebted to some of them for the little Advantages which my Friends tell me I have in point of Gesture at the Bar, above other Men of Understanding and Learning, at least equal to mine; and I shall ever remember with a publick-spirited Gratitude, that *Rome* owed *Cicero* in a great measure to *Roscius*, and *England*, one of its most famous Pulpit-Orators to Mr. *Betterton*.

AFTER

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AFTER the great Regard which I have expressed for the *Stage*, I believe no body will be surprized, if I tell them that my Concern for the Decency and Dignity of the *Theatre* (when I see any thing mismanaged there) discomposes me all the rest of the Evening, and sometimes even disturbs my Sleep. Last night in particular, at my return from the Play-house, there came into my mind a croud of Reflections on several things I had observed to be faulty (at least to my Taste) at different times; and they blended themselves in such a manner in my head, that when I went to bed, they wrought themselves into the following Dream.

I THOUGHT I was in *Pluto's* Dominions, and standing near his Tribunal, when, on a sudden, I saw a great Croud approaching in a very tumultuous manner: I enquired of some of them what the matter was, and they told me they were bringing some Complaints, occasioned by an Account which *Mercury* had lately given them, of Indignities offered them upon the *Stage* in the Upper-World. This having raised my Curiosity, I pressed in among them to hear; and the first Person who spoke was *Alexander*, who for himself, and in the names of several other Heroes, complained that they were sometimes personated by Actors of a Size and Shape entirely different from theirs; and that he, in particular, had often been represented by One who was big enough to hold
him

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him in his Belly; so that they who were unacquainted with History, might mistake him for a corpulent *Dutch Burgomaster*, instead of an active Hero: To which he added, that they made him, and other Worthies of Antiquity, wear a certain kind of an Hair-bush upon their Heads, which hung down in a very uneasy manner below their shoulders, and entirely spoiled their martial Air. Upon this, *Pluto* told him, that he was a very improper Person to head the Malecontents in relation to *New Fashions*, considering that he in his Life-time had exchanged the *Macedonian* Dress for a *Persian*; but that however, out of regard to his Merit in other respects, he would not reject his Complaint.

NEXT came a Troop of *Queens* and *Heroines*, led by the austere *Porcia*, who spoke with great Vehemence against a fantastical part of Dress, which (as the waggish *Mercury* had informed them) made them every one look like a Witch in a Circle. When Queen *Elizabeth*, who stood at a distance from the Plaintiffs, heard this, she came up to the Tribunal; and as she is very familiar with *Pluto* upon account of her uncommon good Sense and Wit, she whispered something in his Ear, which made him smile in spite of his Gravity; upon which he turned about to *Porcia*, and told her, *That if she had lived in this Age, she might perhaps have found that Machine*
very

very convenient, and (said he) if it has any Fault, it is only the want of a larger Circumference at the Top, such as the GOOD QUEEN tells me was worn in her GOLDEN DAYS. As for the Circular Figure of it, he desired them to be under no concern about that; for he was credibly informed that it gave them such a Magical Air, as he could assure them did them no disservice.

THIS Raillery (considering whom it came from) raised such a Laughter, that the whole Affair had like to have dropt, if *Imoinda* had not advanc'd, who represented to *Pluto*, that this was no Subject of Merriment to any of those who were daily killed at the Theatre; and that for her part, the aforesaid Machine had such an ill Effect once, when her Representative fell dead on a certain Stage, that if her *Oroonoko* had not had the presence of Mind to tread on the Circle of her Petticoat, she should have been in such confusion, that ten to one she would never have been able to get up again. In short (added she) with her agreeable simplicity, and tears in her eyes, If you have any regard to our Honour and Reputation, correct this Abuse, that no young Fop in the Pit may any more have reason to boast that he knows the colour of *Imoinda's* Garters.

PLUTO bit his Lips heartily, to prevent debasing his judicial Gravity, by a loud Laughter: And for fear of hearing any more Complaints

Complaints which might force one at last from him, he immediately called *Mercury*, and ordered him to carry up the following Regulations to the Players, upon pain of being torn by the *Chimæra* whenever they came down to his Dominions.

I. *THAT* no Hero, especially Alexander, shall have a big Belly.

II. *THAT* the Play-House Taylor shall apply for Information of the Fashions of the several Ages, to the Antiquaries.

III. *THAT* the Stage-Barber, whom the present Age calls Wig-maker, shall supply those who have no Hair of their own, with something instead of it, which shall look like Hair.

IV. And Lastly. *THAT* if the Mock-Queens and Heroines are unwilling to part with their Circle-Petticoats, at least they shall take due care, out of regard to the Memory of those whom they represent, to fall with their Heads towards the Pit.

As soon as *Mercury* had received these Regulations, he stamped so loud with his Foot against the Ground, in order to bound upwards with greater Activity, that I awaked, and found the Noise was really occasioned by a litigious Widow thumping early at my Door, to consult me about a much graver Affair.

If

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IF you are not fallen asleep over this tedious Dream, give me leave to assure you, that I am with sincerity,

S I R, Yours, &c.

N. N.

P. S. As I am a free Batchelor, owe no Debts, and eat no Suppers, my Dreams may challenge some Title to Veracity: If they have the good fortune to please you, you shall, whenever you please, command my sleeping Thoughts, as some small return for the agreeable Instructions which your Papers afford me when I am awake.



N^o 36. *Saturday, December 4, 1725.*

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal.*

Eheu,

Quam temere in nosmet legem sancimus iniquam! HOR.

S I R,



INSENSIBILITY of the Opinions the World about us may have concerning our Behaviour and Conduct, is certainly a very dangerous Thing, as it deprives us of one of the most powerful Motives to virtuous Action, discovers an insolent Contempt of Mankind,

Mankind, and lays us open and unguarded against every tumult of Passion, or extravagance of Desire. The best therefore, and most inoffensive Dispositions are usually the most subject to the Passion of Shame, and feel the greatest uneasiness at falling under Reproach and Calumny. And wise Men, however sensible that Fame is but an imaginary Blessing, will yet endeavour to get into possession of it, on account of the greater Opportunities it affords them of exerting their Wisdom and Virtue. For let the moral or intellectual Qualities of Men be as good and as great as they will, unless the World knows, or believes them to be so, they can be of but very little, if any service at all to Mankind; and the Possessors of them, tho otherwise capable of the noblest and most generous Undertakings, must pass thro' Life, without leaving any visible footsteps of their Goodness behind them.

THIS Circumstance of human Affairs should be a very strong Argument with those who pretend to the smallest portion of Publick Spirit, to be exceeding tender and careful of the Character and Reputation of their Neighbours, and to put the best Construction on all their Actions they possibly will bear; since by doing so they give to Multitudes what at once animates their Virtue, and puts them in capacity for exercising it. And surely to generous Minds, there cannot be a more powerful Motive to any Action, than the consideration,

ration, that our doing it has a direct tendency at once to make Men in love with Virtue, and enable them to pursue it.

AND as, on the other hand, nothing is more usual than for Men who happen to fall under Detraction, and a general Disrepute, to grow weary of Virtue, and take up Resolutions of committing in reality the Crimes which are falsely laid to their charge; there does not seem a more effectual Method for Persons of a malevolent Disposition to compass their Ends, than the Practice of those little underhand Arts which lessen the Characters of Men, and render them suspected by their Neighbours. Man is both a proud and a revengeful Creature. The Seeds of Wrath and Resentment are plentifully sown in our natural Temper. And there are no Injuries which touch us so sensibly as those that affect our Reputation, and the Figure we imagine ourselves capable of making among Mankind. Any attempts therefore to diminish that, must necessarily raise ill Blood; and unless our Virtue be very great indeed, and well secured by good Sense and Reflection, it is a great hazard, but to be revenged on the World that has thus injured us, we pay it back in its own Coin, and barter away our Innocence, out of pure Spite at the Injustice which has been done us. And in Cases where Men have been really culpable, I believe the Observation will generally hold, that Censure.

instead of reforming them, only changes matters from bad to worse.

NOTWITHSTANDING these obvious ill Effects which flow from such a Practice, it is certain, there are very many People in the World, who, tho in the main strictly virtuous and Lovers of Mankind, yet are too apt to judge uncharitably of the Conduct of their Neighbours, take great pleasure in ripping up their Faults, and publish in a very indiscreet manner not only their Vices, but even their Blind-sides and Imperfections. *Tea-Tables* are not the only Places where Scandal is uttered with licence. There are few Companies can pass away an Evening together, without taking to pieces some Character or other, and raising each others Spleen against an absent, and very often an innocent Person. The Zealots of different Sects in Religion, and Parties in the State, Competitors in Trade, Rivals for a Mistress, or Persons any otherwise disgusted, are usually the People who begin this edifying kind of Conversation; and by dropping ungenerous Hints and little Stories of their Antagonists, endeavour to prejudice the Company against them. This is what generally starts the Game; and there are to be found People ill-natured enough to pursue it for no other End than their Diversion.

A VERY small degree of Reflection might serve Men upon such occasions to discover, that

that very little Credit is due to any Facts delivered by Persons in such circumstances, and in that manner; and that no Man's Character ought to suffer upon such slender and uncertain Information. And therefore to repeat and propagate private Scandal, shews great Weakness, as well as much Ill-nature. If Matters are rightly examined, we shall frequently find, that Men talk ill of their Neighbours, not so much from any knowledge of their bad Qualities, as pure ignorance of their good ones. For true Virtue is always accompanied with great Modesty, and loves to conceal it self. And hence Men may entertain very bad Opinions of those who are very far from deserving them. Many Men have been slighted and despised, even hated, and run down in all Companies, by People who have afterwards turned their great Admirers. The present Age has produced more than one or two great Ministers, who in their Life-time were treated with no better Titles than Plunderers of the Publick, Betrayers of their Country, and the like, who yet have been universally regretted at their Death. It happens not seldom, that Persons who have industriously shunn'd the Company of each other for a long time, which certainly must have proceeded from a very strong mutual Aversion and Disesteem, have at least been mollified, and become very entire and intimate Friends. And I have known more than once a young Lady for years together rail in all places against a Gentleman,

with whom she has afterwards lived very comfortably in the quality of a Wife, and has found her greatest Happiness in the sole possession of a Heart, wherein she would once have had it believ'd, there did not lodge so much as any one Virtue; and all this to make amends for the horrid things she was every moment laying to his charge.

FROM these Considerations we may not only perceive the ill tendency of unjust Censure in general, but also arm our selves against an over Credulity of all those little Tattles and Whispers, which make up the Conversation of envious or idle People. If there be evident Signs of Spite and Ill-Nature either in the Authors or the Carriers of any unhand-some Report, I am sure that is a just Reason to suspect the Truth of it. And in some of the Instances given it is plain, that Jealousy may give birth to Scandal, and that People sometimes talk slightly of a Man not out of Ill-will, but over-great Fondness, and a Desire to monopolize him themselves. So that since both Love and Hatred are capable of producing misrepresentations of Mens Actions and Characters, we ought to have much better Proofs than Table-Talk, and general Discourses, before we entertain an ill Opinion of any of our Fellow-Creatures.

COMMON Fame, like all other Babblers, is very notorious for lying; and the best and worthiest Part of Mankind are generally the greatest Sufferers by her. The lazy and indolent

lent Part of the Species, especially if they be People of Fortune, come off well enough, and pass thro' Life with what is called a fair and unblemish'd Character, purely on account of their being worthless; for an unactive Virtue, which does neither good nor hurt, deserves no better Epithet. But Men of Vigour and Spirit, who are active in the Affairs of Mankind, and endeavour to signalize themselves by Enterprizes of Difficulty and Hazard, having many Competitors, and being exposed to the full View of the World, are the People who the soonest fall under the Lash of wicked and licentious Tongues. Little Minds love to be Spies upon those of a superior Genius, and peep into their private Conduct, for the Leachery of finding out some Fault there, which may reduce them to a Level with themselves; and if a Blemish is not to be found, Envy and Malice will soon make one. Agreeable hereunto we find, that People of the lowest Size both of Virtue and Understanding are most addicted to Detraction and Scandal. And as the general Characters of Men depend upon the Vulgar, a general Character, especially if a vitious one, has the same degree of Improbability for being true, as there is that an exposed Infant should not be a Bastard; both being the Product of unknown Fathers, and taken up from the Street.

BUT over and above the Injustice that may, and frequently is done to Men by an over-hasty Censure of their Actions, or listening to

the Reports of Whisperers and Tale-bearers against them, we really do an Injury to our selves by giving into so little and low a Practice, For the same Liberties we take with others, we necessarily give to them. This holds true in all Crimes, but especially in this. A Thief, or a Murderer may happen to secure himself against Reprizals, but a Slanderer cannot; and the best of Men have a great many Frailties, and have committed many Errors and Slips, which they would be very unwilling the World should be acquainted with. To be tender of the Reputation of others, is therefore one of the best Methods we can take to go thro' the World with a fair one our selves. I have read in Sir *John Chardin*, a saying of a *Persian* Philosopher, which I have always been exceedingly pleased with. *The World, says the Eastern Sage, is an Echo, which returns us our own Words; for which reason, if we would be well spoken of in the World, we must speak well of others.* This wise Observation daily Experience confirms; and no sort of People have their Faults so greedily picked up, or so unrelentingly published, as those who have been remarkable for their Severity upon the Reputation of other Men. They are looked upon as common Enemies; and Revenge seems meritorious in so publick a Quarrel. It must be owned, that this is sometimes prosecuted with too much Rancour, and indecent Triumph; yet when Men are evidently the Causes of their own Misfortunes,

tunes, it is not possible to forbear thinking they deserve them.

IF we look into our own Hearts, and reflect on the Course of our past Lives, most of us will find more to do in correcting the Errors of our own Ways, than in being Spies and Observators on those of our Neighbours. We may also observe, that many of our Actions have been blamed by others, which deserved no such Usage, and sprung from very honest and worthy Motives; and again, that we have been sometimes very much to blame for Actions, which instead of Censure, have been followed with Approbation and Applause. The Knowledge of this, and the Reflection on the Impossibility there is of our knowing the Designs and Thoughts of other Men, should incline us to put the best Sense we possibly can upon their Actions, and Behaviour; since for ought we know, many Actions, which at first sight bear no very good Aspect, may have been the Effect of virtuous and manly Intentions. And as all human Virtue has some mixture of Alloy, and good Men may, thro' the Violence of some sudden Gust of Passion, run into great Escapes and Inadvertences, we ought to make suitable allowances on that score. For Men are not to be denominated virtuous or vitious, on the account of one or two Actions, but the general Course and Tenor of their Conduct. If every deviation from Virtue, or deflection towards Vice, were to affect the whole of a Man's Character, we

must all look on one another as Monsters; and there will be an end of all Esteem, and consequently Commerce and Confidence among Mankind.

It is not to be expected, that any thing here said should prevail on those who are abandoned to a malevolent and envious Disposition, to change their Natures, and become generous, humane and charitable. But good Men, in their Zeal for Virtue, are sometimes apt to offend in this Point; and it is of use to precaution against it. As for those who would have their whole Fund of Discourse taken from them, if they were kept up from retailing scandalous Stories, and making market of their Neighbours Infirmities, I could wish there were some Method found out for gratifying their Spleen, without injuring the Living. I have sometimes thought, that for this purpose, it might not be improper to give them their full swing among the Dead; and recommend to them the Study of History, especially Ecclesiastical, wherein they would meet with all the Materials for their Use they could possibly desire. But this being a Point of great Importance, I shall leave it to the Consideration of the Learned.

I am,

Sir, Yours, &c.

HIBERNICUS.

N^o 37



N^o 37. *Saturday, December 11, 1725.*

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal.*

*Persarum te vestis & disciplina delectat; patrios mo-
res exosus es.* Q. CURTIUS.

S I R,



O Man who truly loves his Coun-
try, can possibly be indifferent in
any thing relating to its Trade
and Commerce, which, in the
present Circumstances of human
Affairs, are so absolutely necessary to render
any Country great and flourishing, and en-
able its Inhabitants to live in Ease and Com-
fort.

WHOEVER looks into the State of *Ire-
land*, must consider it in two Respects; both
as it is the Habitation of a numerous and
free People, obliged to consult the Preserva-
tion and Happiness of themselves, and like-
wise as a Colony of another great and power-
ful Nation, upon whom they depend for
Protection, and consequently whose Interest
ought to be considered, and taken due care
of, in all Undertakings for its particular Be-
hoof and Advantage. So that every publick
Design

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Design in this Kingdom, before any honest Man can embark in it, must carry with it not only the Evidence of Advantage to our selves, but also that the Execution of it will not be inconsistent with the Prosperity and Happiness of *Great Britain*, in the safety whereof our own is so plainly and immediately involved.

THO I have not Vanity enough to think my self capable of finding out the properest Methods to promote both these Ends, yet I cannot help imagining, that it would be one of the most effectual Ways we could take for that Purpose, to put on a general Resolution to encourage our own Manufactures, by making them our common Wear, preferably to those which are brought at great Expence from distant Countries, and are neither better nor finer than our own, any farther than the high Price they sell at serves to shew a luxurious and profuse course of Living; the Reputation of which is what the vain and unthinking Part of Mankind place their highest Felicity in.

IF Authorities could be of any weight in the Case, (and if they be in any, they ought surely in this, the Rules laid down by wise experienc'd Men being of great use in all matters of Oeconomy) it were not hard to prove, that all wise Nations, both antient and modern, have esteem'd the Retrenchment of Luxury in Apparel, as well as in Living, one of the surest Methods for advancing the
Publick

Publick Good. In antient *Greece*, and *Rome*, Frugality and Moderation were among the most reputable Qualities, and what principally denominated a Man a good Citizen. A sumptuous Habit was always looked upon as a Mark of criminal Effeminacy; and nothing rendered a Man more obnoxious to publick Censure, than following the Modes of other Nations, even when the Materials of their Clothing were of a home Growth and Manufacture. A plain Evidence, that the wise Men and Law-givers of those Nations apprehended the Encouragement of Mechanick Arts among themselves to be of the last importance to the State, when they were so careful to impress their People with dislike and abhorrence of those Ways of Living, which had the remotest tendency to the contrary. It is true, those States did at length abate of their strictness in this Point; but it is no less true, that they no sooner did so, than they gradually sunk from that height of Glory and Empire to which the Virtue of their Ancestors had raised them, till at last they became a Prey to those barbarous Nations, whose Manufactures they wore, and whose Luxury they imitated. Before the Days of *Alexander* the Great, the wearing of foreign Silks was a thing unheard of in *Greece*; and it is recorded to his Dishonour, that he was the first Innovator himself, having always before he became debauched with the *Persian* Effeminacy, habited himself

in

in Stuffs wrought with his Mother's own Hands. For in those unpolite Ages, *Tea-Tables* not yet having been erected, it was customary for the greatest Ladies to employ themselves in Spinning and such like Occupations: and in the Laws of our own Country, the Memory of this Custom seems still to be retained, by calling every Woman under the degree of Nobility by no higher Title than Spinster; whereas in Fact there will not be found one Woman in a hundred in these Nations, that ever once descended to so low an Employment.

AMONG all the modern Nations which have aggrandized themselves by Navigation and Commerce, it is a constant Maxim to consume as few foreign Commodities among themselves as possibly they can, and to become only Carriers of such things, to supply the Luxury of other Nations. Of this our Neighbours the *Dutch* are a great and illustrious Instance, who, by a steady pursuit of that Maxim, have made a barren Strand, scarce equal in Extent, and vastly inferior in native Value to a fourth part of this Kingdom, the richest, the most populous, and flourishing Spot of Ground in the Universe; and this too under the Inconvenience of such a Soil and Climate, and even Constitution of Government, as affords not many Invitations to People who love their Ease, or have any thing of Delicacy in their Taste of Life and its Enjoyments.

AND

AND the Reason of this great Increase of Power and Wealth in *Holland*, is certainly their Frugality of Management, in selling to a much greater Value than what they buy; consuming no more foreign Commodities themselves than what are absolutely necessary for their Subsistence, or else what very little exceeds that Quantity; and sending the Surplus to their Neighbours, who must either make them Returns in *Specie*, or what will turn to it in the long Run. For as the true way for a private Man to grow rich is to make his Expences fall short of his Income; so Nations that would thrive by Trade, must order it so that their Exports shall be greater than their Imports for their home Consumption, otherwise they never will be Gainers upon the Ballance. But this Argument being set in a very good Light, by that great Statesman Sir *William Temple*, in his *Observations on the United Provinces*, I shall give it in his own words.

IT is no constant Rule, that Trade makes Riches; for there may be a Trade that impoverishes a Nation: As it is not going often to Market, that enriches the Countryman; but, on the contrary, if every time he comes there, he buys to a greater Value than he sells, he grows the poorer, the oftner he goes: But the only and certain Scale of Riches, arising from Trade in a Nation, is the proportion of what is Exported for the Consumption of others, to what is Imported for their own.

IF this be so, then it is evident there cannot be a surer, nor at the same time a more easy Method of making Trade advantageous to a Nation, than supporting and encouraging its own Manufactures; since hereby it not only saves the neat Expence which would arise from the Purchase of foreign Manufactures to be made use of in the lieu of them, but is enabled to make Profit of its own Exports.

No People in the World have greater Reason than we in this Country to fall into this Method. Some Branches of our own Manufacture we are not enabled to carry to foreign Markets, but yet might make them turn to good account at home, if we could be prevailed on to save the Expence of purchasing them abroad at a much dearer Rate, and no better than our own. The Linen Manufacture has been brought to great Perfection among us; and as we export considerable Quantities of it yearly, it would be exceeding beneficial to the Publick, did not our Luxury in wearing foreign Linens bring a great Drawback on the Profits; and these foreign Linens, being bought chiefly with ready Money, and not Commodities, and for that Reason charged by the Wisdom of the Legislature with high Duties, are generally run into the Country by Smugglers, and so prove a *Dead Loss* to the Nation, without any manner of Advantage to his Majesty's Revenue. The making of Silks
has

has also of late Years been set up here with good Success ; and I have seen several Pieces of them, which, to my Eye, appeared full as rich and glossy as *Indian* Silks of a much greater Price, and, I have been informed, wear full as well. Every Pound of Raw-Silk, thus manufactured, will, upon an Average, employ a Labour not to be purchased under one Pound Sterling ; and the Raw-Silk being bought with our own Produce and Manufacture, such as Hides, Tann'd-Leather, and the like, as the *Indian* Wrought-Silks are with ready Money, and run in upon us too from *France* or *Holland*, it will be found by a very fair and moderate Calculation, that the Difference betwixt wearing a Suit of *Irish* or *Indian* Silk is not less than three times the Price, whatever that be, in the Account of the Profit or Loss accruing to the Nation.

THE only true Way therefore to encourage our Manufactures, will be to wear them our selves. By this means we save Money in Articles of things not exportable, and gain by those which are. All other Methods, however plausible in the Theory, are apt to fail when they come to Practice. Sumptuary Laws have seldom been found successful, the Execution of them being so extremely harsh and ungracious. Prohibitions, or high Duties amounting to Prohibitions, we daily see have no effect. For Pride and Vanity only become more violent by being restrained, and are best pleased when gratified with Difficulty
and

and at great Expence, the whole Pleasure of Extravagance consisting in the Thought that few People can come up to the like. Besides, the exorbitant Gains to be made in such Cases work too powerfully upon mean and dishonest Minds, to hinder them from supplying our Luxury, at any hazard to themselves, and to the ruin of the Publick. Even all the Rewards our Legislators have offered to Industry, and the Discouragements given to Idleness and Extravagance, have not fully answered the Ends proposed by them. And the Wisdom of the Nation has been so sensible of this, that the Additional Duties on *Coffee, Tea, and Chocolate*, have been very prudently appropriated to raise a Fund for the better Support of the Hempen and Linen Manufactures, as a farther Discouragement to Negligence and Prodigality, and to make them who will not work themselves, contribute to the Maintenance of those that must. A Law, which has abundance of Legislative Satire in it, and has been exceedingly useful to the Publick; since tho it has not put down many *Tea-Tables*, it has set up a vast number of Looms, which it must be our own fault, if they are not employed with great Profit and Advantage to the Nation.

BUT be our Laws ever so good, unless care be taken to have them obey'd, they will be to very little purpose. A Senator may vote for the Encouragement of our Manufactures as long as he pleases in the
Parliament-

Parliament-House ; but if he has not Authority enough in his own to make the Resolution pass there without Opposition, he has done but a small part of his Duty. And for that Reason the peculiar Zeal of our Representatives in this Matter can never be sufficiently commended, nor too much endear them to all true and sincere Lovers of their Country.

OUR Business is to pursue their Example. And if we have any degree of Tenderneſs for our Fellow-Subjects and Countrymen, or Regard for the general Welfare, we muſt think our ſelves highly concerned to do ſo. Ill-Nature is what few Men care for being thought guilty of, or would not reckon it a Reproach, if they were charged with it ; yet many People, who in the ordinary Commerce of Life diſcover the moſt kind and benevolent Diſpoſition, for want of Conſideration, are every day doing Things which in their conſequences are equal to Cruelty and Barbarity. We ſhould think that Man very inhumane, who ſhould reſuſe to relieve a deſerving Perſon, at a ſmall expence, from great Miſery ; and yet without remorse we can ſquander away ten, twenty, or thirty Pounds for a Suit of Clothes, the very buying of which has a tendency to fill our Streets with miſerable Objects. It is a very odd ſort of Charity, which relieves a few Beggars with Farthings, and lays out Pounds to reduce whole Multitudes of honeſt laborious People

to the same Condition: yet that is truly the Case with those who deprive their own Country of the Benefit arising from the Consumption of its Manufactures, which every one does, who without any necessity furnishes himself from a foreign Market. In vain do we erect Charity-Schools, and give very generous Annual Contributions for the Education of poor Children, and putting them out to Trades, if after we have done so much for them, we neglect encouraging those Callings from whence we intend they should derive their Maintenance. This is to give them *a Stone instead of Bread, and a Serpent instead of a Fish*; and it were a much greater piece of Humanity to leave them in their primitive hopeless State, than raise them up into a fruitless Expectation, and suffer them to perish in it: the bitter Reflection on which is what, I doubt not, has driven many fine but unquiet Spirits into desperate Courses, and brought them to an untimely and unfortunate End.

I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant,

HIBERNICUS.

Nº 38.



N^o 38. Saturday, December 18, 1725.

TO HIBERNICUS.

Dolenda adhuc retulimus : veniendum ad erubescenda est.

V E L L. P A T E R.

S I R,



WITH a good deal of Pleasure I have observed the Zeal you express in one of your late Papers against the unmanly but too prevailing Custom of detracting from Mens Merit, and branding them with vitious Characters, either on groundless Suspicions of our own, or the as groundless Suggestions of ill-natured *Whisperers* and *Tatlers*, who, like Vermin, breed in all Corners, and spread Filth and Corruption as fast as they feed upon it. There is no doubt but that giving a loose to so vile a Practice is pernicious to Society, and occasions infinite Disorders among all Ranks of People. If there could be found a proper Method of diverting so much Weakness and Perverseness, I agree with you, that it would be much for the Peace and Happiness of Mankind: But you must excuse me from thinking, that that which you propose, or

indeed any other, is capable of answering the End. An envious Disposition is in it self so hurtful, that nothing less than the total Extinction of it can hinder the innumerable Mischiefs it occasions. The more you humour it, the more outrageous it grows. Listen to a *Tale-bearer* in one Instance, and you encourage him to impose on you in a hundred. And where Malice has once got root in the Heart, be the Objects of its Ill-will ever so mean or contemptible at first, and consequently the Mischief occasioned by it ever so inconsiderable, yet unless it receives a timely Check, it will grow up to a prodigious Greatness, and gather strength in its growing. For poisonous Weeds, being spontaneous Productions, are observed to make very quick progress both in Growth and Propagation; while useful Plants, which serve either for Food or Physick, being of a more tender and delicate Constitution, require great Care and Industry both for their Preservation and Increase.

FOR these Reasons it seems a very ill Expedient, to recommend the reading of History to such as love Scandal, and ill Reports of their Neighbours. What is this but to allow Spite and Ill-Nature to prey upon the Memory of the Dead, instead of the Reputation of the Living? For that I suppose, is what you mean by telling your Readers of that Taste, that they will there find room enough to exercise their Envy and Ill-Nature: A saying, which I cannot help thinking very injurious to that
useful

useful and excellent Study, and proceeding rather from what some Histories are, than what History might, and ought to be. For tho I believe, that were it not for the Vices and Corruptions of Mankind, our reading on that Subject might be brought within a much narrower Compass than what it is, yet I am persuaded, that the pleasantest and usefulest Part of History either antient or modern, is what relates to their Virtues, It is true, that Avarice and Ambition have been the Occasion of brave and good Mens signalizing themselves by great and virtuous Actions; but it is as true, that these last are what make up the Use, the Beauty and Excellency of History, and are the sole Reason why the Knowledge of it is so worthy an Accomplishment. In my Opinion, those Events which the generality of Readers will not reckon the most Great and Shining, where the peaceable Virtues are only exerted, such as the Institutions of wise Lawgivers, the regular and free Debates of Publick Assemblies met together to consult the Common Good; the Administrations of National Justice, and the Progress of useful Arts and Sciences, do make up the most entertaining, as well as the most valuable Parts of History. So that it is not that Study it self, which will afford so much Matter to Minds which find a Pleasure in viewing the Imperfections and Weaknesses of Human Nature, but the Methods taken by some Historians of blackening Mens Characters, suppressing altogether,

together, or putting ill Colours on the virtuous Actions of those whose Opinions or Principles they disliked, and giving partial and unjust Representations both of Persons and Things, in order to serve some particular Party or Turn which the Authors have in their Eye at the time they are writing.

Now this I account no less criminal than the Abuse you have endeavoured to correct. For tho perhaps it may be more immediately hurtful to Society to calumniate and backbite the Living, yet I think it more shameful and unmanly to vilify and throw dirt on the Dead, as well in regard of our having less Provocation for so doing, as their being out of a capacity of either resenting the Injury, or justifying themselves. To kill a Man designedly is Cruelty and Murder; but to misuse or mangle a dead Body, for the bare pleasure of doing so, is something still more savage, and brutal, as it shews the same wicked Disposition, only restrained by a farther Principle of Baseness, the fear of Opposition or Punishment. In the same manner it betrays a most abject and dastardly Spirit, when a great Man is gone out of the World, whose Principles, or Management in publick Affairs we happen'd to dislike, to trample on his Ashes, misrepresent his Conduct, throw a Veil upon his Virtues, and torture his Character so as to make his Vices the most conspicuous Part of it. If the Person thus treated was really a good Man, there is a plain Injustice committed on our part, however

however insensible the Person himself be of the Injury; and we besides impose on the World in a matter, wherein it is of some consequence to have true information, and therefore wrong to give a false one. And in case a Man's private Character was really vitious, yet I think it Presumption in a Historian to make too free with it, unless his Vices had a visible Influence on his publick Conduct, which can only be proved by clear and uncontestable Facts.

SOME Writers are so full of Suspicion and Ill-Nature, that they take a pleasure in making the best and noblest Actions proceed from vile and dishonourable Motives. They have a Lasciviousness in finding out Faults and Blemishes in a great and illustrious Character. It carries with it an Air of much Penetration, and Knowledge of Mankind, to unveil Mens Pretences, and make that appear to be all Artifice and Dissimulation, which was the pure Effect of Nature and Principle. And thus out of mere Vanity, they deal with Mankind in the same way which *Horace* condemns in the Conduct of a Friend:

— *Virtutes ipsas invertimus, atque
Sincerum cupimus vas incrustare.* —

THE Effect which this Way of writing History, and setting Men in the worst Light, may have upon the Readers, is very obvious. It tends to make them entertain ill Notions of Mankind; to give them a Jealousy of the

Sincerity and Honesty of those they have any Dealings with; and consequently to banish Simplicity and Candor from their Breasts, and make them artful, and always on the catch in their Commerce with other Men. For the surest way to make a Man dishonest himself, is to prepossess him with the Belief, that all other Men are so. But there is another Effect, turning upon such Historians themselves, which I think their Conduct should have upon Men of Sense and Virtue. It is an Axiom with Mr. *Hobbes*, that the best and truest way to know from what Motives other Men act in any given Circumstances, is to examine our own Breasts, and frame a Judgment by what we should act and think ourselves in the like Cases. Whether this be a just Rule or no, is not to the present purpose to inquire. But let those Historians, who, without any other ground than what a fruitful Imagination affords them, ascribe all good and great Actions to Trick and Design, consider, whether they do not give their Readers a fair handle to turn the *Malmesbury* Philosopher's Rule against themselves, and charge them with being capable of all the Hypocrisy and Dissimulation they so liberally bestow upon others; especially since a Consciousness of Dishonesty and Insincerity at home, is generally the cause why Men expect to meet with nothing better abroad.

THE antient Writers have with great Justice been celebrated for their Modesty and
Temperance

Temperance in this particular. For tho some *Greek* Historians have fallen under the Criticism of a too luxurious Invention, yet their Excess was of a different kind. Their Partiality for their Country did not influence them to speak ill of its Enemies, or detract from any of their good Qualities; but on the contrary, gave them occasion to magnify those Qualities, that the Virtue of their Countrymen who subdued them might appear with the more Advantage and Lustre. The *Roman* Authors, amidst all the Panegyricks they bestow on their own Heroes, do always do Justice to the Virtues of their Antagonists; and *Pyrrhus* and *Hannibal* make as noble a Figure in the Records of those by whom they were conquered, as the one actually does in the Writings of his own Countrymen, or the other would have done in those of the *Carthaginians*, had any of them been transmitted down to us. Even the several Leaders of Parties in their own State have impartial Justice done to their Merit by the Authors of all sides. The *Scipio's*, and the *Gracchi*, were at the Head of as fierce contending Factions, and of as opposite Interests, as ever appeared in any Nation; and yet how great, how amiable are they all represented by those who have given us the Accounts of their Struggles in behalf of their respective Parties, wherein both Sides are owned to have had the Good of the Commonwealth in view, tho pursuing it by different Methods? And in the Days of
Augustus,

Augustus, none of the Historians were in the least shy of the highest Encomiums on the Goodness, the Magnanimity, and Generosity of *Brutus*, who had been the greatest and most inveterate Enemy to that Prince and his Family.

SUETONIUS, and *Tacitus*, who lived in Times of great Degeneracy and Corruption, it must be confessed, do very much abound in vitious and profligate Characters; and tho I will not deny, but that both of them may have been too faulty in the Representation of Mens Leudness and Villanies, yet, considering what monstrous Men and monstrous Actions they had to describe, they seem very excusable; at least they are much more so, than most of the Historians we meet with now-a-days. *Maimbourg* and *Varillas* among the *French*, and *Strada* in his History of the *Belgick Wars*, are Instances how much we exceed the Antients in partial and unjust Accounts both of Persons and Things. The Business of these Authors seems to be not so much the writing of History, as the making of it. Being very deep Politicians, they give you a Detail of the most secret Resolutions and Consultations; and discover Ambition, Avarice, or a Mistress, at the bottom of every Action or Enterprize which suits not their Humour, or happens to thwart the Interest they have espoused. The Struggles of a brave and virtuous People to free themselves from Tyranny and Oppression, are no more than

than the Effects of causeless Surmises and Jealousies, artfully sown among them by their factious and intriguing Leaders. And because the Church, or, which is the same thing, the Church-men, have generally been losers wherever Liberty has been asserted, to be sure, the Patrons of Liberty must be run down as the professed Enemies of God and Religion; and if any Accident, or Calamity befalls them, Providence is immediately called in, and several wise Hints given us, how from thence we may judge of the Wickedness of the Men, and the Injustice of their Cause.

I COULD wish, for the Honour of our own Language, that none of this Spirit appeared in some Histories which have been writ in it. As the *British* Nations have frequently fallen into high Contests and Divisions, the Effects of them appear but too much in those who have given the History of them to the World. Writers of all Parties have been guilty of great Excesses this way. But Mr. *Echard*, in his History of *England*, has, I think, gone beyond any thing I ever read, in casting the most cruel and unjust Aspersions on the Memory of those whose Party or Principles he does not approve. All his Characters are either of Saints or Devils, and those carefully kept in their separate Parties, like the *Sheep* and the *Goats*, at the last great Day of Accounts. Is it not enough to shew his Dislike of a Man's Principles,

ciples, or Behaviour in publick Matters, but his private Life is raked into for little scandalous Stories to inflame the Reckoning. One would think that the plain Accounts we have of the Usurper *Oliver Cromwel's* treacherous Dealings with his Prince, his Ingratitude to those who raised him, and his overturning the Laws and Constitution of his Country, told in a naked manner, were sufficient to shew him a wicked Man, without calling his Courage in question, or making him enter into a Treaty with the Devil. A Story so very ridiculous, that it had been much for the Author's Credit, it had still remained concealed in the Boy's Common-place Book, from whence he had it. How consistent his placing the Devil in the stead of him who is said in Scripture to be the sole *Giver of Victory*, may be with his Notions of Orthodoxy, is none of my Province to determine; but this I am sure, that his constant interpreting the Misfortunes of Men as Instances of the Divine Displeasure against them for their Conduct in political Matters, is utterly inconsistent both with Morality and Christianity.

BUT this Gentleman having been sufficiently corrected already by other Hands, I desist from enlarging on a Subject, which was only brought in, to shew how improper and injurious it is for Men to vent their Passions and Resentments in Writings of such Gravity and Dignity as History; and how unjustly
you

you have recommended that Study to the Envious and the Censorious, as a Storehouse of Sustenance for Ill-Nature, which it is not in it self, but only by Accident, and the Misconduct of partial and bigotted Writers.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

CRITO.



N^o 39. *Friday, December 24, 1725.*

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal.*

Membranis intus positis—

HOR.

S I R,



INGRATITUDE is a Crime we Authors are frequently, and sometimes not unjustly taxed with. We receive assistance from several Persons, and yet make no conscience of owning the Obligation. But did the World consider after what manner, for the most part we come under those Obligations, they would be a little more charitable in their Censures upon us. For the Helps we receive are very seldom given us in the way

way of a Gift; but we make bold to take them ourselves, which being none of the most creditable ways of doing Business, it is somewhat hard to accuse us of being ingrateful, for only endeavouring to cover our own Nakedness. If it can be proved that we purloin any thing from the Writings of other Men, let us suffer what the Law in that case directs; but let not the odious Imputation of Ingratitude lie upon our Memory, when we have only merited the Punishment due to Felony.

THIS is truly our Case, whenever we take the liberty of appropriating to our own Use what already has been published by other Authors; which abundantly clears us from the Charge of Ingratitude, as being under no Obligations but what are common to the rest of Mankind. So that it is chiefly that Class of Writers I have enlisted my self with, against whom this Charge can lie with any tolerable Justice; since much of the Assistance they receive is of pure Grace, and conveyed to them in such a manner, as leaves it entirely in their own power to acknowledge the Favour or not. Their Auxiliaries, like a Man's good Genius, act invisibly, and thereby make the not returning them Thanks the more criminal, as they seem less concerned about what is due to their good Offices. For we are then most guilty of Ingratitude, when acts of Kindness are done us in such a manner

ner as will allow our being so, with the least danger of having it discovered.

THAT I might avoid this Imputation as much as possible, I have endeavoured from time to time to do my Correspondents all the Justice which lay in my power. Tho I might with Impunity have acted otherwise, I have always chosen to communicate their Letters in the same manner they were transmitted to me. And as I intend very soon to make the Town my Acknowledgments for their favourable Acceptance of these Papers, it will be my Correspondents own Fault, if the Publick is not made acquainted to whom they owe the best part of their Entertainment.

BUT besides such Letters as have come to the publick View, I have received many useful Hints from other Persons, whose good Intentions ought not to pass altogether unregarded; and therefore as I have formerly done on the like occasion, I have set apart this Paper to clear my Accounts with them, and free them from the Uneasiness most People are apt to be under, when they apprehend either the Miscarriage or Neglect of their Advices.

THE Author of a long Letter, with a Copy of Verses annexed, subscribed *A. E.* gives me a very particular Account of a certain young Lady's extravagant Affection and Raving for the loss of a favourite Sparrow, and her no less ridiculous Transport of Joy upon

upon finding it again ; and hereupon he is very pressing with me to write a Satire upon those polite People who take their Friends and Companions from the brute Part of the Creation. If I did not apprehend this Humour to be sufficiently exposed already, I should with much chearfulness contribute my Endeavours to the bringing down of Lap-Dogs, and all other mere Animals either of the mute or loquacious Kind, which usurp the Favour and engross the Affections of the Fair. I am sensible, there cannot be a more plain Proof of a corrupted Taste, and downright falling away from Humanity, than what such preposterous Fancies afford us ; and therefore it would be a good Office done to Mankind, to ridicule it, if there be any hopes of a Reformation. But as that Disease is commonly incurable in Minds once seized with it, and as it is better to have good Affections even for Brutes, than none at all, it were more eligible to indulge, than to strive to banish it. So that while the Ladies of this Species throw aside all Care of their Children, I think it not much amiss, that rather than let them sit idle, they should be allowed to employ themselves in the Education of *Squirrels*, and compensate their want of Tenderness to a Husband, by bestowing Endearments and Caresses on a *Monkey*.

ANOTHER Correspondent, who calls himself *Philotheus*, expresses a very honest and becoming Zeal against the wicked and
idle

idle Practice of profane Cursing and Swearing. I would fain hope, this is rather losing, than gaining Ground among us; at least this I am positive of, that it is universally despised by Men of Sense and Breeding, which is one of the likeliest Methods of exploding it, unless it be among those who want both Sense and Breeding; and them I can think of no other way of reclaiming, but by a vigorous execution of the Laws, against a Custom most prevalent among that Size of People, who are more to be influenced by the fear of Punishment than the force of Reason.

THE gentle *Strephon*, it seems, is very angry with me for inserting in a late Paper a Letter from one *Academicus*, and requests me, as I value my Credit with my Female Readers, and the modest Swains their Admirers, that I will receive no more Papers from that Hand. As *Academicus* is the Person chiefly concerned in this matter, I will not take upon me to make his Apology. But for my own part, I had not inserted his Letter, had I apprehended any thing immodest or indecent in it. I look upon it as a handsome piece of Raillery on those credulous People who endeavour to support the Visions of Fools and Mad-men by Reasons drawn from false Philosophy, or the Authority of weak and enthusiastick Writers. And had my Correspondent duly considered upon whom the Ridicule turned, I persuade my self he would have been less severe in his Censures.

AMONG others who have sent me their Remarks on the *Thirty First* Paper concerning *Witches* and *Apparitions*, I must not omit my Friend *Hezekiah Doubtful*, one of the Brethren whom the profane World in Derision commonly calls *Quakers*. He rebukes me in the Spirit of Meekness, for holding several Opinions, which, according to the Light bestowed on him, seem not agreeable to the Truth. I would have taken particular notice of all his Objections, but that he seems to be a *Wanton*, and not to have the Truth in him. For after having taken abundance of pains to prove the Existence of *Witches* and *Apparitions*, he gives all up again by explaining the former of young Maidens, fair to look upon, and the latter of leud Apprentices, with Tongues full of Smoothness and Deceit. Why else doth he defile my Ears with the wicked Story of his Daughter *Judith*, and his unfaithful Servant *Aminadab*? How would the Daughters of the Land take it, to insert such Slanders on their Sex in my Papers? And seeing I have been already admonished against such things even by profane People, who take unto themselves the Abomination of Heathen Names, verily it appeareth not likely, that one of the Remnant should be for spreading such Rumours to the Ends of the Earth, and the Isles afar off. Alas! *Hezekiah*, I shreudly suspect thee for a *Deceiver*, and one that has more of the *Serpent*, than the *Dove*; and therefore

fore till I have some farther Testimony concerning thee, I must intreat thee not to be offended, that I decline having Communication with thee.

THE only Debt I have now to discharge is to the witty and facetious *Chiron*, who thinks I should neglect a very fair Opportunity of diverting the Town, if I overlooked the great Controversy at present agitated among the Sons of *Æsculapius*, and their Retainers. According to him, this Subject would afford a Fund of smart Reasoning, as well as the greatest Amusement, of any I have yet handled. I return my Gentleman hearty thanks for his good Advice; but am too diffident of my own Abilities, to embark in a Debate which would require so great a Fund of Learning, and has besides been thought of Importance enough to employ the *Wisdom of the Nation*. Nor am I sure, that I should not be thought too much a Party in the Case, to be heard without prejudice. For as the Distempers of the Body very frequently proceed from the Disorders of the Mind, and the correcting of these has been the principal Design of my weekly Addresses to the Publick, I do not know, but I might have come under the Category of a Practitioner, and been obliged to undergo an Examination, and take out a Licence from that *Learned Body*. But be this as it will, I think *Chiron* might have rested satisfied with the *Narcotick*, which, he says, has been given

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to that Affair in Parliament, without desiring from me the farther Application of a *Carmnative*; a Form of Medicament, which, if I understand him right, is only a certain Composition of Words and Syllables, vulgarly known by the Name of a *Lampoon*.

THESE, as I believe they were all intended for Favours, I very chearfully acknowledge as such. But some other Gentlemen have thought fit to honour me with Letters of a different sort, which from pure Charity and Compassion to the Authors, I have carefully suppressed. For it would ill become one who professes himself a Friend to the Cause of Virtue and Humanity, to publish the Weakness and Ill-Nature of his Fellow-Creatures, even under the fictitious Names they have assumed. These Gentlemen therefore may rest assured, that no Provocations shall divert me from pursuing the honest Ends I have always had in view as a Writer, or make me forget how foreign to those Ends it would be to revenge any private Abuses done me, by publishing the contemptible Scribble of those that do them. No; if People will be Coxcombs upon Record, it shall be done their own Hands, not mine. That is too low an Employment for one who has the Publick Good for the chief Motive of his Writing. To impress my Readers with a just Sense of Life and its Enjoyments; to make Virtue appear in its native Beauty and Lustre; to shew the Weakness and Folly of
vicious

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vicious Courses; to prevent the ill Effects of superstitious Imaginations, and popular Delusions; to recommend universal Benevolence, publick Spirit, and the Love of our Country; to correct a false Taste of Writing, and banish Nonsense, Indecency and Impertinence from the publick Diversions: These have been hitherto the constant Purpose carried on in these Papers; and from this Track, I hope, neither Threatnings nor Abuses shall ever prevail on me to deviate.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

HIBERNICUS.



N^o 40. *Saturday, January 1, 172⁵.*

To HIBERNICUS.

Αβγδεζ Ηθικλμ Νξοπρς Τυφχψω. Apud Varios.

S I R,



S I have a great Esteem for your Writings, I go every Saturday early in the Afternoon to the Coffee-House, to read the *Journal*, before the Company begins to grow numerous, that I may have leisure to peruse it, without being disturbed: But as

Y 3

soon

soon as the Table where I sit begins to fill, I lay it down before my Right-Hand Man; and, if I can, I prevail on him to read it with an audible Voice, that I may feel the Pulses of all those that are within hearing.

My Curiosity in this Point cost me so much Uneasiness some time ago, that I cannot forbear communicating to you the Cause of my Concern. —

THE first Person who took up your Paper, gave me very good Hopes: He was a *Dancing-Master*; and being one of your constant Readers, he remarked with great Judgment, that your Correspondents were Persons of more Politeness than those whom the *Spectator* dealt with; for (said he) they used him with too much familiarity, some of them calling him Dear *Spec*; others, *Short-Face*; others, Dear *Dumb*, &c. but the Letters addressed to *Hibernicus*, always begin with a decent *S I R*, and end with a Well-bred *Humble Servant*.

THE Words were no sooner out of his Mouth, when an old testy *Alderman*, who sat by him, answered in great Wrath—I wonder to see you guilty of so gross a Mistake: Be assured the Author himself writes all those Letters which he pretends to be directed to him; and he only subscribes imaginary Names to them, that he may the more safely publish his scandalous Libels; witness a certain Letter concerning the worthy Lord C——t, which he thought to impose on his Readers,

Readers, as coming from an ignorant Tradesman: But I immediately smelt the Trick; and if I knew who that same *Hibernicus* is, he should pay for his pretended Correspondent's *Treason*; or if it doth not come up to *Treason*, at least I would have him swinged for *Scandalum Magnatum*.

UPON this a *Quaker*, who sat facing me, opposed the *Alderman*, and told him, He was credibly informed, that all the Letters in the *Journal* were not your own; but that you had better have kept only to an imaginary Correspondence, than to publish some Papers which are sent you: Can any thing (added he) be more offensive to the Ears of the Righteous, than to hear that gormandizing Chaplain, who calls himself S C A R F, mention it as a happiness, that he is allowed to partake of *Cheese-cake* and *Custard*? And who but a proud Priest would express a pleasure in receiving worldly Honours from the Servants of the Family?

DURING all this time I sat silent, waiting to fall fresh on them, by the time they had tired themselves with their ingenious Observations: But on a sudden came up to us a *School-Master*, for whom they all seemed to have a great Respect, which made me conclude very justly (as it appeared afterwards) that he was *Chairman* of that Club, and that they paid an implicit deference to his Judgment. An Acquaintance in those Places, you know, is soon made; and therefore after having put in my Word with him about the

Weather and the News, and accommodated him out of my Box with a Pipe of good *Virginia*, I took an opportunity to let him know what had been the Subject of the Discourse before he came. And having with great exactness given him the several Opinions of his Friends, I appealed to his superior Understanding for the Vindication of your Honour.

THIS made them all look with an uneasy Surprise; for as I had sat mute among them, they thought I had not understood, or at least not listned to what had passed: Besides, they were uneasy at the apprehensions of coming under the lash of his judicious Censure; and, by this time, I could easily discern they had laid aside the decisive Air, which each of them in his turn had assumed before their *President* came in.

THEIR Oracle having tossed back his Wig, stroked his Forehead, knit his Brows, and performed the thoughtful and critical bite of the Lip, he pronounced a general Sentence, telling them with a magisterial Air and Voice, That they were every one wrong in their Opinions, and that none of them had hit upon the true Defect of your Paper: Next he proceeded to a particular Censure; and first he fell unmercifully upon the poor *Alderman*, telling him with a Smile of Contempt, that the Letter relating to the Lord C——t, was written according to the Rule of a certain beautiful Figure of Rhetorick called *Ironia*; and that if he had been conversant with the

the Works of the best Orators, he would have seen the Design in a better Light, and not have mistaken an *Elogium* for a *Sarcasm*.

NEXT, he took the *Quaker* to task, and told him with an air of Raillery, that if his sanctified Profession had permitted him to read profane Authors, he would have known that the PLACENTÆ, which many learned Linguists have translated *Cheese-Cakes*, were formerly a part of the Priest's Income from the Sacrifices ; so that SCARF's acknowledgment of being allowed the Benefit of them by his Lord, did not shew any Gluttony in him, but probably was only introduced to let the World know that his Patron has a just regard for the *Sacerdotal Function*, and is willing to pay the Clergy IN KIND. The same (continued he) may be said of the regard paid him from the Servants by their Master's Order ; and it gives us to understand in an oblique manner, that his Lord is no stranger to *Homer*, *Virgil*, and other great Writers of Antiquity, who all assign to Priests the next Honour to Kings. —

THE last who underwent his Correction, was the *Dancing-Master*, whom he assur'd that the different manner of addressing the Authors us'd by the Correspondents of the *Spectator* and those of *Hibernicus*, was no way essential in any Country but in *France* : And he added with a loud Laughter, that he would undertake to perform a *Pyrrhic Dance* for him on the publick Stage, if there were
any

any such Criticism to be met with in any one Page of *Longinus*.

HAVING thus corrected them every one in his turn, he compos'd his Looks to a profound Gravity, and told them that, in his Opinion, (which he must say was not the most despicable in the World) your Paper (according to *Martial's* account of his own Works) contain'd some good, some bad, and some indifferent Things; which he did not think ought to make the *Journal* be undervalued, because you had kept it up for a considerable time; and that the judicious *Flaccus* himself in his *Art of Poetry* allow'd the Author a Nap in the Course of a tedious Work. So much being premis'd in your favour, he put up his fore-finger to his Nose, and acquainted us all that he was coming to the main Point: I am certain (said he) that neither *Hibernicus* nor any of his Correspondents are good *Grecians*; for as the *Greek* abounds with valuable *Apophthegms*, I dare affirm, had they understood the Language, they would have made use of it in the Mottos prefixed to the Paper. This let me tell you, Gentlemen, is the only true and important Objection against the *Journal*: But I beg you may not make it publick, for I have a great regard for Industry, and should be unwilling to discourage any well-meaning Author.

I WAS extremely pleas'd to find all your Crimes reduc'd to one by the learned Judge:
It

It gave me so much Courage, that I was resolv'd to push the matter farther, and bring you off entirely clear, by representing to him (very unluckily, as it happened) in the *Spectator's* Phrase, that the fault might be owing to the Printers, most of whom in this Kingdom are of the TROJAN PARTY, and have no other than TROJAN INSTRUMENTS. But, to my great surprize, he turn'd short upon me; telling me that he neither understood nor desired to know, what I meant by the TROJAN PARTY or their INSTRUMENTS, for that he had laid it down as a Maxim in Life to preserve himself ignorant of all Politicks and Party-Business.

As soon as he had said this, he gave a wink to the Company, to signify to them (as I imagine) that I was a dangerous Man, and rose up: All the rest followed him with great Obsequiousness, looking back at me over their shoulders with a frown, and whispering to one another in such a manner, as convinced me that their Leader's Looks had prepossess'd them very much to my Disadvantage.

It amazed me terribly at first to find that you and I were both so ill used; the one condemned, and the other tacitly accused, after so abrupt a manner, and without a fair hearing: but being left alone and at leisure for reflection, it came into my thoughts after some study, that the most effectual method for clearing the Character of your *Journal* would

would be to send you the above *Greek* Motto, which all good Judges will allow to contain, tho in the space of four Words, the substantial Part of all the Learning, in the Frontispieces of daily or weekly Papers, put together. I affirm, to such of your Readers as do not understand the *Greek*, that without the help of this unparallel'd Motto, *Homer* would have made no very lasting figure in the World in Poetry, *Aristotle* in *Philosophy*, *Demosthenes* in Oratory, or *Thucydides* in History: Nay, were I not afraid of the imputation of Libertinism, I would even include the Evangelists, except *St. Matthew*. Such is the incomparable Cabbalistick Virtue of this Motto! for the truth of which I appeal to the Learned.

IF this be of any advantage to the Reputation of your Paper, I shall, if I live, send you some other of the same sort about the beginning of next *April*. In the mean time give me leave to assure you that,

I am, Sir,

Your sincere Friend,

And humble Servant,

N. N.

N^o 41.

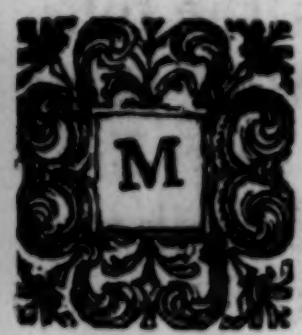


N^o 41. Saturday, January 8, 172⁵.

To HIBERNICUS.

*Quis tam esset ferreus, qui eam vitam ferre posset,
cuique non auferret fructum voluptatum omnium
solitudo?* TULL.

S I R,



THEN of a philosophical Temper are exceeding apt, from having taken too near a View of human Life, to grow tired with the Prospect, and to represent all its Enjoyments as undeserving that Care and Eagerness with which they are commonly pursued. Others again, who have been disappointed in the Chase of Wealth or Power; who have been unsuccessful in their Applications to the Rich, the Great, or the Fair, unhappy in their Friendships, or disconcerted in Business, immediately commence a Quarrel with the World, cry out at the Ridiculousness of Life, and laugh at all Mankind for Fools and Coxcombs, who trouble their Heads about any thing farther in human Affairs, than what may contribute to their own Ease in a private and unactive Station.

As

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As nothing is more usual among unthinking Persons, than to over-rate the Secondary Goods of Life, it is a generous and manly Part in Men of Sense and Reflection, to shew wherein the true Use and Worth of them consists, and by that means prevent the numerous Disorders occasioned by an immoderate Fondness of them. With this honest and laudable Intention many grave Authors have composed Volumes, filled with sage Counsels and Instructions against our being entangled in those gilded Snares, and suffering our Minds to be enslaved with the Charms of such empty and unsubstantial Blessings. But such is the Infirmary of human Nature, that when Men exert their greatest Force to accomplish any End, there is then the greatest Danger of overshooting the Mark, and, if one may use a very common Simile, of falling on *Scylla*, in seeking to avoid *Charybdis*.

Thus has it fared oftentimes with Writers on Philosophy. Intent to shew the Folly and Vanity of placing Happiness on things without us, they have treated those things in such a manner, as if the Possession of them were of no Use or Significance in Life at all. And because the World, in the ordinary Situation of Things, is a Scene where far the greatest Part of the Representation consists in an odd heterogeneous Mixture of trifling Business, and serious Farce; because Fools or Knaves are generally the Persons who make the principal Figure in the Drama; and because the
Noise

Noise and Show made in it have so little Connection with *mental* Pleasure, and inward Satisfaction: For these cogent Reasons, the wise Man is prudently admonished to withdraw himself from so senseless and tumultuous a Theatre, and wrapping himself up in his Virtue, retire to some lonely Place, where he may enjoy uninterrupted Quiet and Obscurity. Thus the good Man is taught to make the most of his own Goodness, and to prevent a base degenerate World from having any share in it: Thus are we to follow Nature, by breaking off all Correspondence with our Species: And so ought we to regard our End, as to do nothing else but contemplate it.

IN this Light, I own it, I must always look on those pompous and florid Harangues in praise of Solitude and Retirement, which adorn the Writings of many of our moral Philosophers. For what are Solitude and Retirement, when taken up only with a view of our own Ease, and to enjoy the pleasing Languishments of Melancholy and Speculation, but a mere running away from the World, and bidding it shift for itself the best way it can? And what is this different from a full Renunciation of Humanity, and bartering away our social and rational Pleasures for a Felicity unnatural to us, since we have not Capacities sufficient for the complete Enjoyment of it?

I CAN excuse the Raptures and Visions of the Poets on this Subject. Let them employ
I all

all the Power of Wit and Fancy, lavish all the Graces of Description, and dip their Pencils in the richest Colours that Language can afford, to paint the Sylvan Scenes, the sequestered Groves, and delicious Retreats of the gentle Nymphs and Swains, whom they make the Inhabitants of those fair Abodes. Such Representations are, no doubt, extremely pleasing, and perhaps will have no very bad Influence upon the youthful and gay part of Mankind, whose Heads are filled with rambling Notions, and their Minds perpetually roving from Pleasure to Pleasure, thro' a tedious Circle of Noise, Show, and Impertinence. To reduce such volatile Spirits, and direct them to some one regular Pursuit of Beauty and Pleasure, it may be necessary to sooth them with agreeable Landskips of Retirement, and the rural Life, the Ideas of which have in all Ages, I know not how, been associated with those of Love and Innocence. This is only bending the Mind a contrary way, that it may recover its due Tension and Straitness. A wild Youth softened into Love, is as good as half reformed. And tho the purling Stream, and the solitary Walk seem to be his chief Enjoyments, there is no great danger of his commencing Savage, and becoming solely enamour'd of the *Lifeless Beauties* of Nature, while a *Living Form* keeps its room in his Heart and Wishes; or that an unsocial Temper should grow out of a Passion, which terminates in the propagation of the Species.

BUT

BUT when Philosophers talk in the same Key, and in the ostentation of close Thinking and invincible Argument, endeavour to persuade Men, that true Virtue and Happiness are only to be found in a Shade or a Cloister, methinks the Jest is carried a little too far. As vain a thing as the World may be, however empty its Pleasures and impertinent its Business, yet am I not for having all the Men of Sense run away into the Woods, and exchange the insignificant Conversation of unthinking Mortals for a Commerce with the Skies. And whatever Deformity or Discord may appear in the present Frame and Constitution of the moral World, I apprehend it would at least be as virtuous to forego a little of our own Ease and Quiet, in attempting to smoothe the rugged Features, and compose the jarring Notes of Mankind, as to indulge the solitary Satisfaction of contemplating inanimate Beauty, or listening to the intellectual Musick of the Spheres.

I AM far from thinking, that upon some occasions it may not be both the Interest and the Duty of a wise and good Man to retire from the Hurry of Affairs, and enjoy the Pleasures of a private and inoffensive Life. A Man who has worn himself out in the Service of his Country or Mankind, has a right to dispose of the Remainder of his Days in whatever Pursuits tend most to Self-enjoyment. And indeed they are only such great Souls, that have Talents sufficient to support a retired Life with Com-

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fort and Dignity. Nor can the same Privilege be denied the virtuous Man in a time of universal Corruption and Violence, when to stem the Torrent of publick Mischief, would be an attempt not only vain, but dangerous. In such Cases,

*When Vice prevails, and impious Men bear sway,
The Post of Honour is a private Station.*

A noble Author, whose Writings breathe the most extensive Love of Mankind, and the most generous Notions of publick Virtue, has ventured to say yet more in favour of *Retirement*: 'That not only the best Authors, but
' the best Company require this Seasoning.
' Society it self cannot be rightly enjoy-
' ed without some Abstinence and separate
' Thought. All grows insipid, dull, and tire-
' som, without the help of some Intervals of
' Retirement. Do those Lovers understand
' the Interest of their Loves, who by their
' good-will would never be parted for a Mo-
' ment? Or would they be discreet Friends,
' who would chuse to live together on such
' Terms? What Relish then must the World
' have (that common World of mix'd and un-
' distinguish'd Company) without a little So-
' litude; without stepping now and then aside,
' out of the *Road* and *beaten Track* of Life,
' that tedious Circle of Noise and Show, which
' forces wearied Mankind to seek Relief from
' every poor Diversion?' *By*

By no means, however, are we to understand these Concessions as Arguments for that constant and intire Estrangement from the World, which seems to be the Drift of those Gentlemen who are so profusely eloquent in the praises of Solitude and Obscurity. We might with equal propriety infer the Usefulness of *Starving* on account of the Benefits of *Temperance*. Some degree of Solitude, and some intervals of Leisure are doubtless necessary. But why are they so? Only on this account, that by a little relaxation our flagging Spirits may recover their Force, and we return to the Business of Life with the more Vigor and Chearfulness. Solitude affords us Opportunities of enlarging and improving our Minds. But why are we to improve our Minds at all? Is it not to render us useful in Society, and capable of enjoying it with the greater elegance and satisfaction; and not merely to gratify an indolence of Temper, delicacy of Fancy, or enthusiasm of Speculation?

Our being obliged to have recourse to poor Diversions for relief from the noise and hurry of the World, is no good reason for an intire deserting of it, and renouncing all Correspondence with it. The same Argument will take place against Retirement it self. Our Happiness depends upon our Disposition in every Circumstance and Condition of Life. A Mind over-run with Discontent and Sullenness, will be the same in Solitude as in Society. Nor is there any great likelihood, that a

Man insensible to the Charms of rational Conversation, should ever make an agreeable, or even a satisfactory Companion to himself. Will the fair Face of Nature afford a perpetual Enjoyment to one who has taken a disgust at the *Human Countenance Divine*? Have the Fields and Flowers a greater variety of beautiful Appearances, than are to be met with in a Course of honest and virtuous Actions? Is the *Busy Hum of Men* a less agreeable Sound than that of a murmuring Brook? Or can we promise ourselves a purer or more lasting Delight from the Contemplation of azure Skies, a gilded Horizon, or an enamelled Mead, than in the prospect of that infinite Variety of intellectual Forms arising out of the several Relations, Duties, Friendships, Alliances, and Communities of Mankind?

SOLITUDE then bids no fairer for procuring us lasting Ease and Content, than Company and Business. They are mutually Reliefs to each other; and the most self-seeking Person in the World will find it his interest to cultivate Society for his own sake. So that the Question comes at last to this, Whether the Good of Society will be most effectually promoted by a virtuous Man, when he contents himself with acting in a private Sphere, or when he presses forward into the Croud and Business of the World: And this every Man must decide for himself, according to the Abilities and Opportunities which have been given him by Providence.

CERTAIN

CERTAIN it is, that without some degree of social Enjoyment, some kind of Friendship, and Communication of Sentiments, Pleasures, and Affections, the moral World must fall to pieces, and human Life become a very comfortless and undesirable State. For this reason we find, that however various and inconstant the Humours of Mankind may be, yet the social Principle still remains in some degree in the most depraved and corrupted part of the Species; and a perfect *Misanthropist* is as mere a Chimera as any we meet with in the Fictions of the Poets. Every Man has his Knot of Friends and Acquaintance, his little *Commonwealth*, whose Affairs sit near his Heart, and to whose Interest he can sometimes with great chearfulness sacrifice his own. People of this Stamp are much oftner found in Pairs in the Fields, or a Garden, than at the croud-ed *Levee*, or in the debating *Senate*. And perhaps it were happy for Mankind, if they were all of the same quiet and unaspiring Disposition; and that the World carried a Face of less Intrigue and Policy, than what it wears at present. But since so it is, that Ambition and Lust of Power, under the disguise of generous publick Spirit, and extensive Beneficence to Mankind, have and do thrust themselves into the Business and Management of the greater and more numerous Communities; it is the duty of the peaceable and well inclined few, who make not a mere pretence of Love to their Fellow-Creatures, to rouse

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themselves up in behalf of Virtue, and prevent the little, the interested, and designing Meddlers in Affairs from usurping the sole Direction of them, and employing their Power in the destruction of what it was intended to preserve. And they who are so enamoured of Retirement, as to decline a Service of this nature, have no claim to the Encomiums attending the Retreat of the Wise and Good, who having acted their part on the publick Theatre, are desirous to descend from that Character, and enjoy in private the Pleasure of reflecting on their past Labours, when they are no longer in capacity to continue them.

If these Thoughts should happen to prove agreeable to yours, as from some things I have met with in your Papers, I am apt to think they may, your sending them into the World will be esteemed a Favour to their Author, who is with much sincerity,

S I R,

Your humble Servant,

PUBLICOLA.



N^o 42,

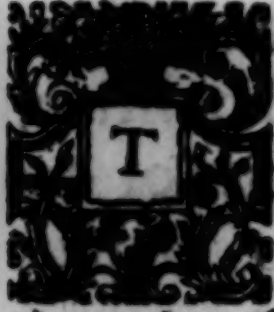


N^o 42. Saturday, January 15, 172⁵.

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal*.

— *Incerta hæc si tu postules
Ratione certa facere, nihilo plus agas,
Quam si des operam, ut cum ratione insanias.* T E R.

S I R,

HO Reason be what distinguishes Mankind in such a manner, as to stand in the Definition of the Species for the very *Peculiar*, which gives it a Superiority over all the other Ranks of Animals; yet I am sometimes apt to think, that either the Definition is not altogether so universal as we flatter ourselves, or else, that this same boasted Faculty, thro' some strange Misfortune or other, is in many Cases rather a Loss and Detriment to us, than an Advantage and Privilege.

INTELLIGENCE and Reason are frequently taken in one and the same Sense. But without pretending to a very logical exactness, I apprehend it may be easily shewn, that there is a wide difference between them. The one supposes actual Knowledge, the other only a Faculty of attaining it. Every intelligent
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Person may justly be said to have Reason; but it will not follow that every one who has Reason is a Person of Knowledge and Intelligence. It requires no very large Acquaintance among Mankind, to discover great numbers of People who know much, without ever having reasoned much; and others again, who have reasoned all their Life long, and yet never acquired the smallest Pittance of useful or valuable Knowledge.

I BELIEVE, the Panegyricks Men have bestowed on themselves on account of this admired Faculty, have been one great cause why the Generality of them have made so little good use of it. We have as much Reason as will serve to make us proud and positive, but not enough to shew us the Limits of our own Understanding, or direct us to employ it in such Inquiries, as tend to make us wiser and better, and enable us to pass thro' Life profitably to others, and agreeably to ourselves.

IF this were not so, a great part of what the World now a-days calls Learning, would abate much of the Price it bears, either in the Closets or Conversation of those Gentlemen, who set up for mighty Adepts in refined Literature, and abstruse Erudition. It is imagined, that our greatest Worth and Excellency consists in the shrewdness of our Notions, and the Ease with which we are able to solve Points of great Darkness and Difficulty. And consequently we rate ourselves, or other Men, not accord-

according to the measure of useful Knowledge we have acquired, but according to the Abilities and Labour requisite to the attaining our Knowledge, whether it be useful or not.

THUS let a Man have ever so strong natural Sense; let him be well versed in the Characters and Tempers of all those he has any kind of Business with, perfectly acquainted with the common Affairs of Life, and even no stranger to the most important and general Concerns of the Society in which he lives; yet with all these necessary and valuable Qualifications, he shall never acquire, I will not say the Title of a Man of Learning, but among the Gentlemen so called, the Reputation of a Man worth conversing with. Knowledge, it must be own'd he has, and that sort of Knowledge too which renders a Man most capable of doing service to his Country, or Mankind. But because this Knowledge has cost him little study, and given him few Avocations from the Business and Offices of Life, both he and it have the Misfortune to be reckoned contemptible. While the only valuable Men, the Lights of the World, and the Ornaments of their Age, are those worthy *Vegetables*, that have spent their whole Lives in amassing together

The learned Lumber of an idle Brain.

How deserving such Persons are of the splendid and honourable Titles they so liberally bestow on each other, may be best collected

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lected from the Worth of the Discoveries their Labours have produced, and the Emolument Mankind has received from them. What a mighty curious and valuable Work would it be esteemed, if some profound Antiquary should give the World a perfect Account of the Extent, and several Stages and Turnings of the antient *Appian* Cause-way? And yet he who knows the Road from *Dublin* to *Limerick*, knows a Particular of the same kind, and of much more importance in the present circumstances of things. Is a Man to be esteemed a Person of great Wisdom and Knowledge, who in his Closet can with great exactness compute the Value of *Attick* Talents, and *Roman* Sesterces, and yet is not able to cast up his Club in a Tavern-Reckoning? Or where is the great difference betwixt knowing the Size, Figure, and Height of an antient *Greek* or *Roman* Obelisk, and that of the old Tower of *Swords*, which at present makes so grand an Appearance in the lately published *Natural History of Ireland*? And what Preeminence has the *Giants Causeway* beyond all others in the Nation, that the Knowledge of it should be accounted a Matter of Science and Literature, while we esteem it a trifle to be able to travel thro' the whole Country without a Guide?

ALL these Instances, and many more which might be given, serve abundantly to shew, that human Reason is capable of being
 very

very grossly misapplied, which it could not be, were it not for the Weakness of the Principle it self. For as it is this by which Mankind ought to be conducted in their Actions, it is evident, that whenever it leads us into wrong or trifling Pursuits, it must be from some Defect or Error in the Judgment so misguided; it being equally a Mistake, and indeed of worse consequence, because not so easily recalled, to chuse a wrong Road at first, as it is afterwards to go out of the right one. And therefore our Reason fails us as much, when it is employed in insignificant or useless Inquiries, however successful, as when it leads us to espouse the wrong side of a Question of real use and importance. On any other Scheme, the Reason of Children will stand as high as that of Persons grown up to full maturity of Judgment and Experience; since in their little Amusements and Diversions we shall frequently find them carrying on what they think their business, by as proper methods and ways as any one else could contrive for that purpose. The only Error lies in the End they propose to themselves, which having nothing valuable in it, justly comes under the denomination of childish and irrational.

IN the same manner, tho perhaps it may require as much Foresight, clearness of Thought, and as severe an Exercise of the reasoning Faculty, to become a considerable Proficient in the Game of Chess, as to arrive

rive at a good degree of Skill in useful Mathematical Learning; yet I think it will be readily granted, that for a Man to employ his whole time and pains in making himself Master of that speculative Amusement, would be highly unreasonable and unmanly. So that it is not the Exercise of Reason, considered merely as such, which renders Men useful or valuable, but exercising it in such a way, and in such pursuits, as will most effectually enable us to promote our own true Happiness, and the Interest of Mankind.

THESE Considerations may be of use, if carried along with us, in our view of some other ways of employing human Reason, which have a more plausible appearance, and are generally reckoned among the highest and most refined Occupations of the Understanding. Such are the curious and nice Inquiries into abstract Truths, and general Theorems, which are so enchanting to fine and speculative Genius's, and have in all Ages been pursued with such eagerness and industry, partly on account of the exquisite Pleasure they afford the studious Mind, and partly on a supposition of their opening a way to noble and important Discoveries.

BUT whoever has been acquainted with the History of Learning, and the Nature of abstract Knowledge, cannot be ignorant, that this last End, which is indeed the only true End of Reason, and ought to be the chief design of all learned Inquiries, has seldom been

been much advanced, nor bids very fair for being so, by the more subtle and metaphysical kind of Studies. All the Objects of our Knowledge (as Mr. *Locke*, one of the best and most rational of the whole Train of Philosophers, has largely demonstrated) are particular Beings, from the Properties and Relations of which all our abstract Ideas, and general Maxims are drawn, by the Mind reflecting on itself, and what passes within it. From whence it is evident, that our Knowledge is less or greater, the fewer or more particular things we are acquainted with, and that the Use of general Truths is only to supply the Defects of our Knowledge in Particulars. And therefore they who make an Elopement from the World, that great Storehouse of Materials of true and useful Knowledge, and to shun the Conversation of Mankind, hide themselves in their Closets, to hunt after *Essences* and *Ideas*, *Substances* and *Accidents*, *Concretes* and *Abstracts*, and such like, seem to me to begin at the wrong end, and to act full as absurdly as they who should attempt to teach one the four and twenty Letters, by giving a Grammatical Definition of the *Alphabet*. At least it is much like learning to *Read*, and then making no other Use of it than to study *Orthography* and *Syntax*.

THE uncertainty of these Studies is another convincing Proof of the misapplication of Reason in pursuing them. All Men have never yet, and probably never will come to
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an agreement what Signs shall constantly and precisely stand for the Ideas in their Minds. And this must necessarily occasion infinite wrangling and confusion in speaking about them. The real Essences, and a great many Qualities of all Beings, are, by the confession of the whole philosophical World, utterly unknown, and ever will be so to all finite Understandings. To what purpose therefore do Men inquire into the Nature of Beings, wherein all they can gain by their inquiries is the Knowledge of their being incomprehensible? What have I got when I have learned the whole System of Doctrines relating to *Ideas*, and the various ways we come by them, the different Comprehension and Extent of them, how they are distinguished and compared in the Mind, and the Necessity of having them clear and determinate in order to the discovery of the Truth? Where, I say, is the Advantage I have gained by all this? Will this help me to understand myself, or Human Nature the better? Will it improve my Affections, or make me more prudent in the management of my Affairs? Does it enlarge my Knowledge to be told, that my Ideas are the immediate Objects of it? Or will my being made sensible, that I cannot discover Truth without having clear Ideas, free me from my present Darkness and Confusion? I fancy, whoever shall seriously ask these Questions of his own Heart, will see little reason for valuing himself upon such Accomplishments. What then
must

must it be to devote a whole Life to such empty and barren Speculations? Is not this living to study; instead of studying to live? Is it not exercising Reason, merely for the sake of exercising it; and a perpetual *airing* of the Understanding, instead of *employing* it in Business? And what does this come to at last, but *cum Ratione insanire*?

How many Men have made themselves useless to this *Planet* they lived upon, by computing the Distances and Magnitudes of *those* that roll about it? And yet we are not at a much greater certainty about the true System of the Universe than formerly. And tho we could arrive at it, I would fain know, what Mankind would be the better for it; since it is impossible to contrive any means of Communication between them and us. I know, it has been said, that this kind of Knowledge tends to give us more august and exalted Notions of the Divine Power and Wisdom. This however is an Effect confined to a very few Persons, who by applying their Genius some other way, might have glorified God much more effectually, by promoting the Happiness of his Creatures. Besides, he must be a stupid Wretch indeed, who does not with his naked Eye find room enough to admire infinite Power and Wisdom in the Formation of the Universe, without the assistance of Telescopes, or the Knowledge of the *Newtonian* Philosophy. For my part, I cannot conceive, how the Knowledge of the
vast

vast Distance and Greatness of the Sun, should more influence our Love and Admiration, than that genial Warmth, and chearful Light, which he communicates to the whole human Race. Nor am I ashamed to own my self one of those dull Souls, who think the Stars, as they appear in the glorious Canopy of Heaven in a serene Evening, full as beautiful a Picture, as when I conceive them so many Suns, surrounded with their attendant *Planets, and Satellites.*

I DESIRE not to be misunderstood, as if by what I have said in this, and a former Paper on the same Subject, I entirely disapprove of the more curious Parts of Learning. No; I think them proper Amusements for the leisure hours of a wise and good Man. But there is a great difference betwixt making a Recreation and a Business of them; which last is only what I condemn, wherein tho I should happen to think a little amiss, yet I persuade my self, the Lovers of Mankind will not judge my Mistake utterly unpardonable.

I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant,

HIBERNICUS.

N^o 43.



N^o 43. Saturday, January 22, 172 $\frac{1}{2}$.

TO HIBERNICUS.

*Non ita sunt dissimili argumento, sed tamen
Dissimili oratione sunt facta ac stylo.* T E R.

S I R,



THE kind Reception given to a Paraphrase of a Divine Poem which I formerly sent you, cannot but be very agreeable to me on a double account, both as it seems an Approbation of a Performance I was under some concern about, and a Proof of an Assertion I then advanced, that the general Taste is nothing so corrupt and vitious, as some Authors have endeavoured to persuade us it is, in order to excuse the indecent Liberties taken by themselves.

THE Spaniards have a Proverb among them, *That he is a Fool who cannot write two Verses; and none but a Madman will write four.* This diminutive Idea of Poetry was certainly taken up from the ill or impertinent Uses to which that Art has, in all Ages, been too much applied. But as it is the height of Injustice to condemn any Art or

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A a

Science,

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Science, because of the Folly or Blunders of its Professors ; so it is a great pity, that Poetry should be reckoned only a trifling Amusement, a mere *Jeu d'Esprit*, because some People have made nothing of it but a Vehicle for extravagant Conceits, or the more pernicious Conceptions of a polluted Imagination. They who have been conversant in the Writings of Antiquity must be sensible, that a just and regular Poem is one of the greatest and most difficult Schemes the Wit of Man is capable of forming.

It is not the pointing of an *Epigram*, or the delicate turning of a *Sonnet*, in which the Dignity and Excellency of Poetry consists. The Knowledge of Nature and Mankind is required in Compositions, which derive all their Power of pleasing from the just and beautiful Representation of Things, or Persons, as they either are or may be. Agreeable hereunto we find *Horace* establishing this as a fundamental Rule for all kinds of Writing,

Scribendi recte S A P E R E est Principium & Fons.

And the same Author, than whom perhaps no Man ever better understood Human Nature, when he describes the Qualifications of one fit to entertain and instruct the Publick by Poetical Performances, gives him all the Accomplishments requisite for discharging the highest and most important Duties of Life.

Qui

*Qui didicit patriæ quid debeat, & quid amicis,
 Quo sit amore parens, quo frater amandus, & hospes,
 Quod sit Conscripti, quod Judicis officium, quæ
 Partes in bellum missi ducis ; ille profecto
 Reddere personæ scit convenientia cûique.*

IF these ought to be the Qualities of a Poet, it is evident, that a Poem must have something else to render it truly such, besides Beauty of Phrase and Harmony of Numbers ; and consequently that all the Censures which lie against Poetry, are not owing to the Art itself, but to those who have put off Trifling or Profaneness under that Name, and thereby made the Art suffer in the same manner that some others have done, thro' the Unskilfulness of impudent Pretenders.

WHAT I now send you is on a Subject the fittest for Poetry of all others, and which, if more frequently pursued by those who excel in the Art, would very quickly remove the Objections which many wise and learned Men have raised against it. Like what you have already done me the favour to publish, it is a Hymn to the Creator and Governor of the World, which celebrates his Praises from different Topicks, and in a different manner. The one describes the Divine Power and Majesty in the wonderful Structure and Contrivance of the great Universe ; while the other is confined to his Omniscience, and his Wisdom and Goodness in the Formation of Man. This therefore is writ with more Simplicity,

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tho not less Beauty ; and does not consist so much of exalted Descriptions, and bold Metaphors, as of a certain Delicacy of Thought and concealed *Antithesis*, which runs quite thro' it : To preserve which, without losing the Gravity of the Poem, and giving it too much of the *Epigrammatick* Turn, has been the chief Care and Difficulty of the Author of the following Translation. But considering how hard it is to hit the true Meaning and Genius of the Eastern Writers, he has a great deal of reason to be diffident of his Performance.

It has been thought proper to put this Piece into a different Measure, and Turn of Language from the former, and even to throw it into the Restraint of Rhyme and Stanza, in compliance with a Custom to which all the modern Languages have so long submitted. However, as every one knows that Rhyme was the Invention of a barbarous Age, so the Translator is of opinion, that instead of being an Advantage, it is a Blemish and a Fault in our Versification, and has nothing truly graceful, but rather offensive to a well-tuned Ear. It were therefore much to be wished, that in all the nobler kinds of Poetry at least, it could be intirely laid aside. Our Tragic Writers have seen the Advantage of banishing it from their Compositions. And surely it must be only Timorousness which hinders them from asserting their Liberty in all others. But this would be too bold an Attempt for any but some

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some great Genius, Inheriter of *Milton's* Spirit, as well as Choice, whose high Command in the Realms of *Parnassus* might give him sufficient Authority to justify an Innovation, which has been already more than once endeavoured in vain.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble Servant,

MUSOPHILUS.

PSALM CXXXIX. Paraphrased.

*MY Heart and all my Ways, O God,
By thee are search'd, and known ;
My ev'ry Act thine Eye perceives
As quickly as my own.*

*Attendant on my Steps all Day
Thy Providence I see,
And in the Solitude of Night,
Am present still with thee.*

*My Words thou know'st, ere from my Lips
The vocal Accents part,
Or yet my brooding Thoughts have form'd
Their purpose in my Heart.*

*Fruitless are all th' attempts I make
To hide from thee my Face ;
Thy mighty Power surrounds me still,
And still thy Arms embrace.*

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*Oh ! how is Thought within me lost,
When I this Depth explore,
Where all that Thought itself can do
Is, tremble and adore ?*

*The boundless Realms of Space no Room
Where thou art absent know ;
In Heav'n thou reign'st a glorious King,
An awful Judge below.*

*The Morn's swift Wings could I assume,
And travel with the Sun,
Thy swifter Hand would check my Course,
Ere half my Course were run.*

*Or should I court the Midnight Gloom
To shade me from thy Sight,
The Midnight Gloom at thy Approach
Would kindle into Light.*

*Darkness itself affords no Veil,
Nor Screen can interpose
Against that Pow'r, at whose Command
The Morning first arose.*

*Goodness, and Majesty, and Pow'r
Thro' all thy Works are shown ;
Brightly display'd in Nature's Frame,
Nor faintly in my own.*

*When in the dark and silent Womb
A doubtful Form I lay,
Yet then thine Eye did find me out,
And carefully survey.*

By

By thee their various Place and Use
Were all my Parts assign'd,
Ere yet those Parts a Being had
But in thy forming Mind.

Thy Pow'r unseen, with curious Art
Th' unsightly Speck did frame,
Till from thy Hand a finish'd Piece
The wond'rous Fabrick came.

Ten thousand thousand times my Life
I to thy Goodness owe;
Thy daily Care preserves the Gift
Thy Bounty did bestow.

Thy Mercies to my ravish'd Soul
Appear in Number more,
A Heap more difficult to sum
Than all the sanded Shore.

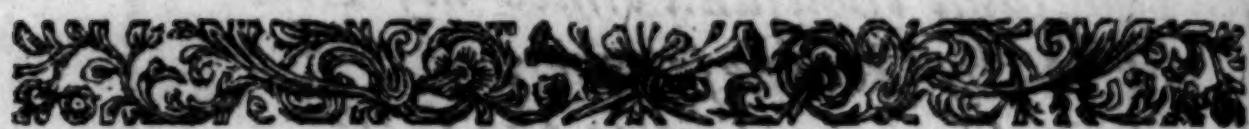
With constant Joy my waking Thoughts
To thee, my God, shall flow,
Who with impartial Justice lay'st
The proud Oppressor low.

Far from me keep th' unholy Croud,
That impiously profane
God's righteous Laws, and take his Name,
His awful Name, in vain.

No more regard I private Wrongs,
When Men dishonour thee;
Thy Foes, whoever are thy Foes,
I count the same to me.

*Yet if within my treacherous Heart
 There ought amiss should prove,
 Oh! search the lurking Mischief out,
 And by thy Grace remove.*

*And if my Ways have been perverse,
 Or foolish in thy sight,
 Recall them, Lord, and in thy own
 Conduct, and set me right.*



N^o 44. *Saturday, January 29, 172⁵.*

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal*,

Nos. & mutamur in illis.

OVID.

S I R,



AMONG the many Entertainments to be met with in our Observations on Mankind, there is none, in my Opinion, more amusing, than what arises from their different Habits, and the surprizing Revolutions so frequently brought about by inventive Fancies in the business of Dress.

TIME was, when the People of every Nation were as well known by their Habit as their Language. To put on a foreign Dress was reckoned a renouncing of one's native Country;

Country ; and a Man was almost as ill looked upon for turning his Coat as his Religion. Innovations in Dress were always reckoned as Prognostications of ill Designs on the State. And for that reason it is not much to be wondered at, that a Fashion has in some Countries been known to last almost as long as a Form of Government.

THE antient *Romans* are recorded to have been remarkably tenacious in this Point. They held the Violation of their Customs to be the next Step to an Attempt on their Liberty. And among the glorious Titles they assumed, there is none they seemed more passionately fond of than the Nation of *Gownmen* ; an Appellation given them by *Virgil*, in the same breath wherein he compliments them as the Rulers of Mankind, and Lords of the Universe.

By means of this their inviolable Attachment to their Clothing, the Learned World has received unspeakable Satisfaction and Improvement. The Antiquaries and Criticks have been enabled to carry on their Discoveries with great Clearness and Certainty, and to settle the most difficult Points *de Re Vestiaria* with demonstrative and scientific Exactness, suitable to the Dignity and Importance of the Subject. Whereas had the Fashion been as fluctuating with them as it is among us, it would have been impossible, humanly speaking, to have ever reduced matters to a just and regular System. Authors would have caught

caught cold in vain in adjusting the Figure and Dimensions of a *Roman* Night-Cap. Many a sore Throat would have been contracted to no manner of purpose in disputing the Question, whether or no *Caius Marius* ever wore a Cravat. And the learned *Grævius* would have found his Head ache much more after an inquiry into the Form of the Hat worn by the Dictator *Sylla*, when he saluted *Pompey* by the Title of the *Great*, than ever it did after a Debauch of *Old-Hock* with the King of *Poland*. Not to mention the innumerable Inconveniences which might have followed from many profound Scholars being obliged to sit up all Night, and leave their Wives to lie alone, before ever we should have had a just, or even any tolerable account of the Cut, Number and Quantity of *Sempronia's* Petticoats; or after what manner the adventurous *Clelia*, and the bold Companions of her Flight were tuck'd up, when they forded the *Tiber* in the presence of *Porfena*, and his Army.

OUR *British* Ancestors are also no less celebrated for their steddly adherence to one kind of decent and soldierly Garb. In those times it was esteemed no light matter to shake a bold *Briton* out of his Doublet. An *Englishman* would have thought it an eternal disgrace to have parted with his Coat, notwithstanding what any three of the best Men ever *France* produced could do to him; tho now one Taylor from that Country, has the
vanity

vanity to think himself able to make the whole Nation cast their Clothes, and to cut the Conquerors of his *Grand Monarque* at *Hochstet* and *Rammellies*, into whatever Shape he pleases.

It must be owned however, that our Ancestors were a rude and unpolished kind of People, who understood little of any thing genteel or elegant in Life. Nothing was more usual, than for Persons of the highest Quality and Distinction to feed upon Beef and Bag-pudding, and that too at constant and regular hours. Being extremely vain and insolent on account of their Liberty and Property, they imagined it below them to imitate the Manners or Customs of any of their Neighbours, as being a Mark if not of Servitude at least of Inferiority. Jealous to the last degree of the Honour of their Country, they held it for a Maxim, never to recede from the least Tittle of their Privileges, an essential part of which, they thought consisted in the Right of wearing their Clothes in the precise Cut and Fashion transmitted to them by their Ancestors.

THIS unaccountable Humour continued for many Ages. And it is no less pleasant than surprizing to observe in *Speed's Chronicle*, and other old Histories, the Pictures of our antient Monarchs. They cannot be so properly said to be dressed, as to be clothed. Every thing about them seems rather designed to keep out the Cold, or keep off an Enemy, than

than to make a courtly Appearance, or attract the Eyes of a Mistress. Besides, there can be nothing imagined more offensive, to the Ladies especially, than the huge grisly Beards, which generally cover'd more than one half of their Faces. Whether it was usual with them to pare their Nails, History does not inform us. But this is certain, that should one of our antient Heroes make his entrance into a modern Assembly in his own proper Garb and Accoutrements, he would go near to frighten all the Ladies out of the Room, who were not experienced Widows, and turned of five and forty.

At length, but at a mighty Distance of Time, we abated of our Fierceness, and submitted, tho unwillingly, and by slow degrees, to receive some Information and Refinements. We agreed to let our Bodies get a little more of the fresh Air, than had been formerly admitted. And the Ladies, notwithstanding their more tender and delicate Constitution, came with so much readiness into the Design of civilizing us, that it was observable, they made a much quicker progress in stripping than the Men. *Trousers* and *Trunk-Breeches* were new modelled after such a manner, as to give the Fair a better View of their Gallants Limbs; and this was soon after rewarded with the abrogation of the *Ruff*, and the publick appearance of snowy Bosoms thro' the Nation. It is true, some time before the Civil War, a Spindle-shanked Generation of
I wild

wild young Sparks found means to bring *Boots* into the Mode, and served all the well-limb'd Fellows the same Trick, which was endeavoured to have been put upon the *Foxes*, by him who in the Fable is laid to have lost his *Tail*. But the Design of this Fashion was so very evident, that it could only keep its ground during the Times of the publick Confusion, and was laid aside as soon as the Affairs of the Nation were settled: After which both Sexes united their Endeavours, and kept such good Intelligence with each other, that in a very few years there succeeded a great Reformation; and the Resolution of disencumbering themselves of that Load of Garment under which their Ancestors had groaned, was prosecuted with all imaginable Success.

OF all the Parts of the antient Rusticity, the *Beard* was what made the longest resistance, and required the greatest Labour to extirpate. It disputed its Ground inch by inch, and sustained innumerable Attacks before it could be retrenched into a *Whisker*; under which Denomination it continued to support its Character and Figure for several years. *Oliver Cromwell* is the first upon Record, who had the boldness intirely to supplant it. And so prejudiced were People even then in favour of their antient Customs, that it was reckoned a *bare-faced* Innovation, and as grievously resented as the Acts of Parliament discharging the old *Irish* from plowing
ing

ing with Horse-Tails. But whether this might not be partly owing to the Hatred People bore to that Usurper, will remain a Doubt; especially since upon the Restoration we do not hear of any attempts made to give the *Beard* the least satisfaction for any former Defalcations.

PEOPLES Eyes were beginning now to be opened, and all Arts and Sciences receiving daily Improvement: the *Beau Monde*, not to be behind-hand with the rest of Mankind, set themselves with the utmost application to study the important Business of Dress in all its Branches. And as new Discoveries are the natural Result of industrious Researches, it is incredible in how short a time new Theories of Apparel were invented among us, and how much the Outsides of all Ranks of Men thro' these Nations were altered for the better. Neither the *Royal Academy*, nor their Brethren of *Gresham College*, can boast a greater number of Inventions than our Leaders of the Fashion. Their bold Strokes would justly entitle them to Immortality, could we but recover the Names of the Inventors. For to mention no more, what greater Fragrance can mortal Dust receive, than from a full-bottomed Wig? Or is there any Invention, either antient or modern, more likely to perpetuate a Man's Memory, than that of a Hoop-Petticoat?

SOME Persons have been of opinion, that of late years there has been a Stagnation
of

of Fancy in the matter of Dress, and that we have not been so prolific of new Modes as our immediate Predecessors. They say, we have made no considerable Alterations or Improvements in the more important parts of our Habit, but have contented ourselves with a few trifling minute Amendments in the Appurtenances, the Cut of the *Sleeve*, the Number and Size of the *Buttons*, and such like. The Fact, as I take it, is not fairly represented. But allowing it to be so, I must beg pardon of these Gentlemen for saying, that their Argument appears to me very inconclusive. For tho indeed *Buttons* are no integrating part of the Coat, yet they must be granted to be of the highest moment and utility as to the Dress. And for the *Sleeve*, I apprehend, it would be impertinent to offer at a Proof of its being essential to the Coat. Our Ancestors were so firmly persuaded of this, that they founded a Maxim upon it, *to stretch our Arm no farther than the Sleeve will reach*; which certainly could never have come into their thoughts, had they not been convinced of its close and inseparable Connection with the Garment itself. It is therefore evident, from the surprizing Mutations we every day behold in these particulars of Dress, that the Genius of the present Age is not in the least upon the decline; but that we may still expect greater and more wonderful Metamorphoses than ever. Would it not be an extraordinary Sight to see our *Buttons*, which last
Season

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Season dwindled away so remarkably, recruit again of the sudden, and grow up into the Magnitude of Turnips? And yet several wise Men have looked on such a Revolution as no very remote Prospect. For my own part, when I consider the fruitful Imaginations and great Industry of the present Directors of the human Superficies, I should not be amaz'd at it; tho we should carry on our Reformation so far as to turn the Fore-part of our Coats backward. And I the rather think this Project practicable, because it has been tried already by several very pretty Fellows on their Shirts, and never failed being attended with good Success.

THE chief Inconvenience I can foresee from the quick Successions of our Fashions is, what I have already hinted at, the difficulty future Antiquaries will lie under in instructing Posterity how their Forefathers were clothed. If a kind of Arsenal were erected, and one Suit of Clothes of every Fashion, composed of Brass, or any other durable Matter, hung up in it, it would certainly be of prodigious Emolument to the Commonwealth of Learning. But as this is a very great Undertaking, and would probably require a National Expence, I shall be tender of advancing any Proposal of that nature at present, and leave it to be considered by Posterity, when Affairs shall be in a more favourable posture for the execution of so useful a Design.

I KNOW

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I KNOW some of my more serious Readers will be ready to ask, what I mean by all this, and what can be the use of a Dissertation on such a Subject? The only Answer I shall make them, is what Mr. *Dryden* said in a parallel Case; *Let them read it over, and think again.* Hard were the Lot of us mortal Authors, if upon every Occasion our Readers thought fit, we were obliged to come to an Explanation. At this rate, there would be no end of our Labour. Besides, where is the Consequence, that we have no Meaning, when they do not see it? They should rather conclude, we have a Meaning in endeavouring to conceal it. I hope therefore, they will not take it amiss, if they do not fully understand every thing in this Discourse, but patiently wait for some more convenient Season, wherein I may perhaps give them a Master-Key to all the obscure Passages in it, and explain the several important Points of Morality and Speculation contained in them.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble Servant,

HIBERNICUS.

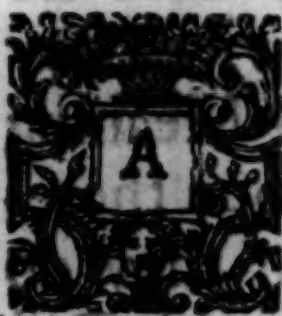


N^o 45. Saturday, February 4, 172 $\frac{1}{2}$.

TO HIBERNICUS.

Nunquam aliud natura aliud sapientia dicit. JUV.

S I R,



A GREAT part of your Readers must have heard of a Book entitled, *Private Vices publick Benefits*. I do not intend any Answer to that Book; but rather hereafter to shew it to be unanswerable, notwithstanding the zealous Attempts of some of the Clergy. Yet it is to be hoped that that Author's Performance will not supersede the Labours of others on the same Subject, without design of answering what he has wrote.

IT is not the Interest of every Writer to free his Words from Ambiguity. *Private Vices publick Benefits*, may signify any one of these five distinct Propositions: viz. *Private Vices are themselves publick Benefits*: Or, *Private Vices naturally tend, as the direct and necessary Means, to produce publick Happiness*: Or, *Private Vices by dextrous Management of Governors may be made to tend to publick Happiness*: Or,
Private

Private Vices natively and necessarily flow from publick Happiness: Or lastly, Private Vices will probably flow from publick Prosperity thro' the present Corruption of Men. Were it proper to crowd your Margin with Citations, you should have several Passages of that Book for each of these five Sentences, as if it were the Meaning of the Title. Far be it therefore from a candid Writer to charge upon him any one of these Opinions more than another; for if we treat him fairly, and compare the several Parts of his Work together, we shall find no ground for such a Charge.

WHAT his own *private Happiness* is, any one may know by reflecting upon the several sorts of pleasant *Perceptions* he is capable of. We imagine our Fellows capable of the same, and can in like manner conceive *publick Happiness*. They are happy who have what they desire, and are free from what occasions Pain. He is in a *sure State* of Happiness, who has a sure Prospect that in all parts of his Existence he shall have all things which he desires, or at least those which he most earnestly desires, without any considerable pains. He is *miserable* who is under grievous Pain, or who wants what he most violently desires.

THERE is one old Distinction of our Desires, according as some of them are *preceded* naturally by a Sense of Pain, previously to any *Opinion* of Good to be found in the Object;

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which is desired chiefly in order to remove the Pain; whereas other Desires arise only upon a *previous Opinion* of Good in the Object, either to ourselves, or to those we love. These Desires, tho they do not *pre-suppose* any sense of Pain *previous* to the Opinion, yet may be attended with Pain, when the Object imagined to be good is uncertain. The former sort of Desires are called *Appetites*; the latter *Affections*, or *Passions*. The Pains of the Appetites when they are not gratified are unavoidable. But the Pains of many disappointed *Passions* might have been prevented, by correcting the *false Opinions*, or by breaking foolish *Associations of Ideas*, by which we imagine the most momentous Good or Evil to be in these Objects or Events, which really are of little or no consequence in themselves.

No Reason or Instruction will prevent *sensible Pain*, or stop a *craving Appetite*. Men must first be free from violent bodily Pain, and have what will remove Hunger and Thirst, before they can be made happy. Thus much is absolutely necessary. If there be but small Pleasure attending the Enjoyment of the bare *Necessaries* of Life, yet there is violent Pain in their absence. Whatever farther Pleasures Men enjoy, we may count so much *positive Happiness above Necessity*.

THE World is so well provided for the support of Mankind, that scarce any Person in good health need be straitned in bare
2 *Necessaries*.

Necessaries. But since Men are capable of a great diversity of Pleasures, they must be supposed to have a great variety of *Desires*, even beyond the *Necessaries* of Life. The commonest Gratifications of the Appetites do not satisfy them fully: They desire those Objects, which give some more *grateful Sensations*, as well as allay their Pain; they have Perceptions of *Beauty* in external Objects, and desire something more in Dress, Houses, Furniture, than mere *Warmth* or necessary *Use*. There is no Mortal without some *Love towards others*, and desire of the Happiness of some other Persons as well as his own. Men naturally perceive something *amiable* in observing the *Characters*, *Affections* and *Tempers* of others, and are struck with a *Harmony in Manners*, some Species of *Morality*, as well as with a *Harmony of Notes*. They are fond of the *Approbation* of each other, and desirous of whatever either directly procures Approbation and Esteem, or, by a confused Association of Ideas, is made an Evidence of any valuable Ability or kind Disposition. Wealth and Power are in like manner desired, as soon as we observe their Usefulness to procure any kind of Pleasures.

SINCE then our *Desires* are so various, and all Desire of an Object, while it is uncertain, is accompanied with some *Uneasiness*; to make a Society happy, it must be necessary, either to gratify all Desires, or to suppress, or at least to regulate them. The

universal Gratification is plainly impossible, and the universal suppressing or rooting them out as vain an attempt. What then remains, in order to publick Happiness after the necessary supply of all *Appetites*, must be to study, as much as possible, to *regulate* our Desires of every kind, by forming just *Opinions* of the real Value of their several Objects, so as to have the strength of our Desires proportioned to the real Value of them, and their real Moment to our Happiness. Now all Men of Reflection, from the Age of *Socrates* to that of *Addison*, have sufficiently proved that the truest, most constant, and lively *Pleasure*, the happiest enjoyment of Life consists in *kind Affections* to our Fellow-creatures, *Gratitude* and *Love* to the Deity, *Submission* to his Will, and *Trust* in his Providence, with a Course of suitable Actions. This is the true Good in our power, which we can never too strongly desire. The Pleasures of this kind are so great and durable, and so much above the power of Fortune, so much strengthened by the probable Hope of every other valuable Pleasure of Life, especially the *Esteem* and *Love* of our Fellows, or at least of the better part of them, that other Pleasures seem almost to vanish when separated from them; and even the greatest Pains seem supportable if they do not exclude them. By this means we may be sure, if not of all the Pleasures we can desire, yet of those which we most desire, and which
may

may make our Existence agreeable to ourselves in the absence of others.

THIS thorow Correction of our Opinions will not indeed extinguish our *Appetites*, or prevent all Pain; but it will keep our Appetites *unmixed with foreign Ideas*, so as to be satisfied with the plainest nourishing Food, without being disturbed by Imaginations of *Worth, Dignity, and Merit*, in a manner of Living which is not in our power. We may in like manner break the foolish Conjunction of *Moral Ideas* with the finer sort of *Habitation, Dress, Equipage, Furniture*, so as not to be dejected upon the unavoidable want of such things; we may learn to look upon them as they really are, without imagining them necessary to a happy and honourable Life, however they may be some *additional Advantage* to it.

THEN we may observe, that tho this correcting our Opinions and Imaginations will make the *Absence* of the Pleasures above Necessity very tolerable to us, and cut off many vain Anxieties, yet no Person is thereby rendered insensible of any *real Pleasure* which these Objects do give. Tho we shall not look upon them as the *Chief Good* in Life, or preferable to the Publick Interest, to our Virtue, or our Honour; yet, when they can be enjoyed consistently with superior Pleasures, our Sense of them may be as *acute* as that of others. An affectionate Temper never stupified the *Palate*; Love of

a Country, a Family, or Friends, never spoiled a Taste for *Architecture, Painting, or Sculpture*; the Knowledge of the true *Measures and Harmony of Life*, never vitiated an *Ear*, or Genius for the *Harmony of Music or Poetry*. This certainly is the only way in our power of preserving the full Relish for all the Pleasures of Life, and yet securing our selves against its Pains.

BUT if the fullest present Enjoyment cannot make the human Mind easy and fully satisfied; if we be disturbed by the Uncertainty either of external *Objects*, or of our own *Existence* in this World; if any are subjected to such acute Pains, that nothing can make them amends for them in this Life; if no Man can be sure but this may be his Condition in the future part of his Existence in this Life; if the present *seeming Disorders and Calamities*, sometimes befalling the best of Men, and the *insolent Prosperity* of the worst, disturb an honest compassionate Heart: The Hope of a *Future State* is the only universal Support to all Conditions of good Men, which can make them fully satisfied with their Existence at all adventures; especially if the Means of obtaining this future Happiness are no way opposite to their greatest present Happiness.

'TIS too improbable, I own, that all Men will ever thus correct their vain Opinions and Imaginations: But whoever do so in any measure, are so much the happier:
And

And if all did so, all would be as near Happiness as our present State will allow. No Trade, no Manufacture, or ingenious Art would be sunk by it, which produces any *new Pleasures* to the Senses, Imagination, or Understanding, without bringing along with it *prepollent Evil*.

It is obvious to all, that in a Nation of any tolerable Extent of Ground, three fourths employed in *Agriculture* will furnish Food to the whole. Were this Land divided to all, except a few Artificers to prepare Instruments of Husbandry, the whole Nation must want all the Pleasure arising from other Arts, such as fine convenient *Habitations*, beautiful *Dress*, *Furniture*, and handy *Utensils*. There would be no Knowledge of *Arts*, no agreeable *Amusements* or *Diversions*; and they must all be idle one half of their Time, since much of the Husbandman's Time is now spent in providing Materials for more curious Arts. Would it be advisable to any impartial Mind, who regarded the good of the whole, to keep them in this State, and to prohibit all Arts but Husbandry, with what was absolutely necessary to it, confining them to their Huts, and Caves, and Beasts Skins, to secure them from Cold; allowing them no farther Compensation for the Conveniences they might procure by Industry, than the pleasure of *Idleness* for half their Lives? What other Answer do we need to this Question, than what every one will give for himself?

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WHAT Man, who had only the *absolute Necessaries* of Meat and Drink, and a Cave or a Beast's Skin to cover him, would not, when he had leisure, labour for farther *Conveniences*, or more *grateful Food*? Would not every Mortal do so, except some few *pretended Gentlemen* inured to Sloth from their Infancy, of weak Bodies and weaker Minds, who imagine the lower Employments below their Dignity? Does not the universal choice of Mankind, in preferring to bear *Labour* for the *Conveniences* and *Elegancies* of Life, shew that their Pleasures are greater than those of *Sloth*, and that *Industry*, notwithstanding its Toils, does really increase the Happiness of Mankind? Hence it is that in every Nation great Numbers support themselves by *Mechanick Arts* not absolutely necessary; since the Husbandman is always ready to purchase their *Manufactures* by the Fruits of his *Labours*, without any Constraint; which they would not do if the Pleasures or Happiness of *Idleness* were greater. This may shew us how little Justice there is in imagining an *Arcadia*, or *unactive Golden Age*, would ever suit with the present state of the World, or produce more Happiness to Men than a vigorous improvement of Arts.

THE comparative Wealth of any Country is plainly proportioned to the *Quantity of the whole Produce of Husbandry, and other Mechanick Arts* which it can export. Upon the Wealth of any Country, when other circumstances

cumstances are equal, does its *Strength* depend, or its *Power* in comparison with others. Now if any alledge that the improvement of Arts by foreign Trade, is at least pernicious to the Publick Good, by its occasioning many Calamities to Families, and Deaths in Shipwrecks; that therefore the whole would have been happier without it; let us only consider, that in computing the good or evil Consequences of any Actions, we are not only to consider the bare *Quantities* of Good or Evil, but the Probabilities on both sides. Now had a Country once as many Inhabitants as would consume its *natural wild Product* in their Caves or Thickets, 'tis plain that according to the usual increase of Mankind in Peace, the next Generation could not subsist without *Labour*, and vigorous *Agriculture*. 'Tis certain also that many Diseases and Deaths are occasioned by the Labours of Husbandry: Is it therefore for the publick Good that a thousand should barely subsist as *Hottentots* without Labour, rather than the double Number by Agriculture, tho a small Number should die by that means? When our Minds are dejected with old Age, or sudden apprehensions of Death or its consequences, we may prefer a few Days or Hours to all things else: But what Man of good Understanding, in sound Health, would not prefer a Life of sixty or seventy Years with good Accommodation, and a numerous Offspring, to eighty or ninety Years as a *Hottentot* or worse? What Man of com-
mon

mon Sense would refuse to cross the Channel for a considerable Advantage to his Family, tho they had the bare Necessaries ? And yet even this Voyage hazards Life more than staying at home. If the Agriculture of three fourths can support the whole, the other fourth, by applying themselves wholly to mechanick Arts, will produce more Conveniences or Pleasures than could be hoped from a fourth of the Labours of each Man ; since by confining their Thoughts to a particular Subject, the Artificers acquire greater Knowledge and Dexterity in their Work. Again, if Navigation and foreign Trade will support more Men than domestick Industry and Barter, it may really tend to the good of the whole, tho it endangers many Lives. Five Millions subsisting in any Country by help of foreign Trade, is a greater Advantage in the whole than four Millions without Trade, tho in each Age twenty Thousand should perish by Shipwrecks. The Rates of *Insurance* will teach us that the Losses at Sea are not even in this proportion to the Number supported by Trade, many of whom go not abroad at all, and others escape when the Goods are lost. Either then the Propagation of Mankind must be diminished, or Men must endure even the hazardous Labours of the Sea. But how few are there in the World who would not, even without any constraint, hazard a Voyage rather

ther than die childless: nay, rather than want any conveniences and pleasures of Life above Necessity for themselves or Families? The increase therefore of Trade does plainly tend to the good of the whole, notwithstanding all its hazards, which we see Men voluntarily submit to every day.

Now if any own that the *Increase of Trade* promotes the present Happiness of human Life in the whole, and yet maintain that it is *vitious*; the Debate will turn upon the Idea of Vice. It is certain that almost all the Heathen Moralists agreed with him *who spake as never Man spake*, that Virtue consists in *Love, Gratitude, and Submission* to the Deity, and in *kind Affections* towards our Fellows, and study of their greatest Good. All Sects, except the *Epicureans*, owned that kind Affections were natural to Men; and that consulting the greatest publick Good of the whole, as it was the surest way for each Individual to be happy, so it was *vita secundum naturam*, or *secundum rectam rationem*. The *Epicureans* of the better sort, however they denied any Affection distinct from *Self-Love*, yet taught the same way to private Happiness, by Reasons like to those used by *Pufendorf*, only without consideration of the Providence of the Deity, or a future State. If Vice be the Opposite to Virtue, *viz.* Those Affections or Actions which tend to the publick Detri-
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ment, or evidence Ingratitude or Contumacy towards the Deity, we may easily conclude that the utmost Improvement of Arts, Manufactures, or Trade, is so far from being necessarily vicious, that it must rather argue good and virtuous Dispositions; since 'tis certain that Men of the best and most generous Tempers would desire it for the publick Good.

But this Subject will require farther Consideration.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

P. M.

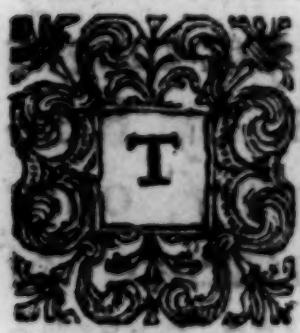


N^o 46. *Saturday, February 12, 172 $\frac{1}{2}$.*

To HIBERNICUS.

*Cui non conveniet sua res, ut calceus olim,
Si pede major erit, subvertet; si minor, uret.* H O R.

S I R,



THE only Arguments brought to prove that Vice tends to the publick Happiness of Society in this World, are these, ' That the ' Power and Grandure of any Nation depends much upon the Numbers of ' People and their Industry, which cannot be ' procured unless there be Consumption of ' Manu-

‘Manufactures: Now the *Intemperance*,
‘*Luxury*, and *Pride* of Men consume Ma-
‘nufactures, and promote Industry.’ In like
manner it is asserted, ‘That in Fact all weal-
‘thy and powerful States abound with these
‘Vices, and that their Industry is owing to
‘them.’

BUT if it can be made appear that there may
be an equal *Consumption* of Manufactures
without these Vices, and the Evils which flow
from them; that Wealth and Power do not
naturally tend to Vice, or necessarily pro-
duce it; then, tho we allow that these Vices
do consume Manufactures and encourage In-
dustry in the present Corruption of Manners,
and that these Vices often attend Wealth and
Power, yet it will be unjust to conclude,
either that *Vices naturally tend to publick*
Prosperity, or are necessary to it; or that
publick Happiness does necessarily occasion
them.

INTEMPERANCE is that Use of Meat
and Drink which is pernicious to the Health
and Vigour of any Person in the discharge of
the Offices of Life. *Luxury* is the using more
curious and expensive Habitation, Dress,
Table, Equipage, than the Person's Wealth
will bear, so as to discharge his Duty to his
Family, his Friends, his Country, or the In-
digent. *Pride* is having an Opinion of our
own Virtues, Abilities, or Perfection of any
kind, in comparifon of others, as greater than
what they really are; arrogating to ourselves
either

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either Obedience, Service, or external Marks of Honour, to which we have no Right; and with this View desiring to equal those of higher Stations in our whole manner of Living. There is no sort of Food, Architecture, Dress, or Furniture, the Use of which can be called evil of itself. *Intemperance* and *Luxury* are plainly Terms relative to the *Bodily Constitution*, and Wealth of the Person. *Pride*, as it affects our Expences, is also relative to the *Station* and *Fortune* of the Person; so that it is impossible to fix one invariable *Quantity* of Food, one *fixed Sum* in Expences, the surpassing of which should be called *Intemperance*, *Luxury*, or *Pride*. Every one's own Knowledge, and Experience of his *Constitution* and *Fortune*, will suggest to him what is suitable to his own Circumstances. It is ridiculous to say, 'That using any thing 'above the bare Necessaries of Life is *Intemperance*, *Pride*, or *Luxury*; and that no 'other universal Boundaries can be fixed; 'because what in one Station or Fortune is 'bare *Study* of *Decency*, or *Conveniency*, 'would be *Extravagance* in another.' As if *Temperance*, *Frugality*, or *Moderation*, denoted fixed Weights or Measures or Sums, which all were to observe, and not a *Proportion* to Mens Circumstances. *Great* and *Little* are relative to a Species or Kind. Those Dimensions are great in a Deer which are small in a Horse: What is great in a House would be small in a Mountain. Will any one
thence

thence argue, that there can be no adapting one Form to another, so that it shall neither be too big nor little? Cannot a Coat suit a middle Stature, because the same Dimensions would be too great for a Dwarf, and too little for a Giant? If then in each *Constitution*, *Station*, or *Degree* of Wealth, a Man of good Sense may know how far he may go in Eating and Drinking, or any other Expences, without impairing his *Health* or *Fortune*, or hindering any *Offices* of Religion or Humanity, he has found the *Bounds* of Temperance, Frugality, and Moderation for himself; and any other who keeps the same Proportion, is equally temperate, tho he eats and drinks, or spends more than the other.

THAT these are the Ideas of *Temperance*, *Frugality*, and *Moderation*, given by all Moralists antient and modern, except a few *Cynicks* of old, and some Popish *Hermits*, is plain to all who read them. All Sects, as well as *Stoicks*, recommended the *Correction* of our *Opinions* and *Imaginations* about the Pleasures above Necessity; and yet the Use of them they all allow, when it is not inconsistent with the *Offices* of Life: In such Circumstances they were always looked upon as preferable to their Contraries. The Christian Law suggests nothing contrary to this; it has set before us, beside the present Pleasures of Virtue, which it represents as superior to all others, the Hopes of eternal Happiness; yet it frequently recommends

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Diligence and Industry in providing for ourselves and Families, and for a Fund of good Offices toward others: It no where condemns the Rich or Powerful for being so, or for desiring high Stations, unless when these Desires are so violent as to counteract our Duty. The requiring some to part with their Possessions, was only a candid *forewarning* of the first Disciples, what their Profession of Christianity would probably cost them in those Days of Persecution. A Community of Goods is no where commanded; tho Men who knew the approaching Persecution did wisely sell their Possessions, to turn them to the only valuable Purpose then in their power, and conveyed them to Persons who could possess them.

SINCE then *Intemperance*, or *Pride*, were scarce ever understood to denote all Use of any thing above bare Necessaries, all Convenience of Life above *Hottentots*; why any one should affect to change their Meaning, is not easily guessed, unless it be with this View. *Luxury*, *Intemperance*, and *Pride*, in their common meaning, are *Vices*; but in this *new Meaning* are often innocent, nay *virtuous*; and without them, in this new Sense, there can be no *Consumption* of *Manufactures*. Common Readers however will still imagine that these Sounds denote *Vices*; and finding that what they confusedly imagine as vicious is *necessary to publick Good*, they will lose their Aversion to *moral Evil* in general,
and

and imagine it well compensated by some of its Advantages.

BUT let us retain the common Meaning of these Words. 'Tis certain, *Luxury*, *Intemperance*, and *Pride*, tend to consume Manufactures; but the Luxurious, Intemperate, or Proud, are not awhit the less odious, or free from *Inhumanity* and *Barbarity*, in the neglect of Families, Friends, the Indigent, or their Country, since their whole Intention is a poor selfish Pleasure. The Good arising to the Publick is no way owing to them, but to the Industrious, who must supply all Customers, and cannot examine whether their Expences are proportioned to their Fortunes or not. To illustrate this by an Instance in the manner of that notable Writer: 'Suppose his
' *Decio*, or *Alcander*, or *Jack*, surfeited with
' Beef, falls into some light Distemper, and in
' hopes of attendance at low Rates, sends for
' a neighbouring Quack: The Quack imagines
' no Danger, but makes the Patient believe it;
' he talks much in the usual Cant of *Bilious*
' *Temperaments* and *Sanguine Complexions*, of
' the *Sinking of Spirits*, and the *Heart's*
' *feeling cold and condensed*, and *heavy as*
' *Lead*, of *Mists and Confusion about his*
' *Eyes*; he promises, after some previous Preparations, 'which the Quack finds necessary
' to prolong the Disorder, by some powerful
' Medicines, to *swell his Spirits*, restore
' them to their *Strength, Elasticity*, and due
' *Contexture*, that they may fan the arterial
C c 2 ' *Blood*

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' Blood again, and make him so light that he
' may tread upon Air. The Patient grows
' worse, fears Death, thinks on his past Life,
' and sends for an honest Parson, who instructs
' him in true Principles of Virtue, and shews
' him wherein he has been deficient: The
' strength of his Constitution overcomes both
' the Drugs and the Disease, the Patient re-
' covers, becomes a Man of Integrity and
' Religion, and ever after honours the honest
' Clergy as the most useful Men in any State.'
 Now are these Effects to be ascribed to the
 Quacks? Are such Pretenders the less odious?
 Is Quackery the Cause of Religion or Virtue,
 or necessary to it? Does the Honour of the
 Clergy depend upon the Practice of Quacks?
 'Tis best in such Affairs to go no farther than
 confused Apothegms: *Private Quackery,*
Publick Virtue: Medicinal Nonsense, Pa-
tients Repentance: Quacks Prescriptions,
Honours to the Clergy.

But let us in the next place examine if an
equal Consumption of Manufactures, and In-
couragement of Trade, may be without these
 Vices. Any given Number in a small time,
 will certainly consume more Wine by being
 Drunkards, than by being sober Men; will
 consume more Manufactures by being luxu-
 rious or proud (if their Pride turn upon Ex-
 pences) than by being frugal and moderate.
 But it may be justly questioned, whether that
 same Number would not have consumed more
 in their whole Lives, by being temperate and
 frugal:

frugal: since all allow that they would probably live longer, and with better Health and Digestion; and Temperance makes a Country *populous*, were it only by prolonging Life.

AGAIN, would there not be the same Consumption of the same Products, if inferior People contracted their Drinking and Dress within the Bounds of Temperance and Frugality, and allow'd poor Wives and Children what might be necessary to exhilarate and strengthen them for Labour, and to defend them from the Cold, or make their Lives easier? Would there be a less Consumption, if those of greater Wealth kept themselves within the bounds of Temperance; and reserved the Money thus sav'd to supply the Interest of Money lent *gratis* to a Friend, who may be thereby enabled, consistently with Temperance, to drink as much Wine, as, had it been added to the Quantity drunk by the Lender, would have taken away his Senses? Or, if all Men drink too much, and Families too; what if they retrenched? The Money sav'd might improve their Dress, Habitation, or Studies; or might enable a poorer Friend to consume the same, or other Manufactures, with equal advantage to the Publick; or might preserve the same Persons longer in Life, and Health and good Circumstances, so as in their whole Lives to consume more.

IN general, if the single Luxury of the Master of a Family consumes Manufactures, might not an equal Quantity be consumed by

retrenching his own Expences, and allowing Conveniences to his Family ? If a whole Family be luxurious in Dress, Furniture, Equipage ; suppose this retrenched, the increase of Wealth to the Family may soon enable younger Children in their Families to consume among them frugally, as much as would have been consumed luxuriously by the Ancestor ; or the frugal Consumption of fifty Years, in the condition of a wise Gentleman, may be as great, as the luxurious Consumption of twenty Years, succeeded by thirty Years of Pinching, Remorse or Beggary. If a Man of Wealth has no Children, his own moderate enjoyment, with what he may enable worthy Friends to consume in their own Houses, or what he may spend temperately at a hospitable Table, and genteel Equipage, may amount to as much as the squandering of a luxurious *Epicure*, or vain Fool, upon his own Person, in the short time his Life or Fortune will last.

UNLESS therefore all Mankind are fully provided not only with all Necessaries, but all innocent Conveniences and Pleasures of Life, it is still possible, without any Vice, by an honest care of Families, Relations, or some worthy Persons in Distress, to make the greatest Consumption. Two or three plain Suits becoming Gentlemen, worn by younger Brothers or Friends, will employ as many Hands as a foppish one worn by a vain Heir. The same may be said of Furniture of Houses,

Houses, Equipage, or Table. If there be sufficient Wealth to furnish the most sumptuous Dress, Habitation, Equipage, and Table to the Proprietor, and discharge all Offices of Humanity, after a proportionable rate, why should this be called Vice? It plainly tends to publick Good, and injures no Man. 'Tis indeed the business of a wise Man to look before him, and to be armed against those Hazards or Accidents which may reduce the highest Fortunes: All Men should correct their Imaginations, and avoid any Habit of Body or Mind, which might be pernicious upon a change of Fortune, or unfit them for any Duty of Life: But this may be done without reducing Men to a *Cynical* Tub, or Frize Coats. Wherein then the Virtue of this Retrenchment should consist, or the Vice of a more pleasant chearful Way of Life, is not easy to tell; unless it lies in the confused use of ambiguous Words, *Temperance*, and *Frugality*, and *Humility*.

Who needs be surprized that *Luxury* or *Pride* are made necessary to publick Good, when even *Theft* and *Robbery* are supposed by the same Author to be subservient to it, by employing Locksmiths? Not to repeat again, that all the good Effect is plainly owing to the *Industrious*, and not to the *Robber*; were there no occasion for Locks, had all Children and Servants discretion enough never to go into Chambers unseasonably, this would make no Diminution of Manufactures; the Money saved to the House-keeper would

afford either better Dress, or other Conveniences to a Family, which would equally support Artificers : Even Smiths themselves might have equal Employment. Unless all Men be already so well provided with all sorts of convenient Utensils, or Furniture, that nothing can be added, a *necessity* or constant *usefulness* of Robbers can never be pretended, any more than the publick Advantages of *Shipwrecks* and *Fires*, which are not a little admired by the Author of the *Fable*.

'Tis probable indeed we shall never see a wealthy State without Vice. But what then? 'Tis not impossible : And the less any Nation has of it, so much the happier it is. Wise Governors will *force* some publick Good out of Vices if they cannot *prevent* them : And yet much greater publick Good would have flowed from opposite Virtues. The *Excise* is now increased by the Drunkenness of some poor Masters of Families : But sharing their Drink with their poor Families might make equal Consumption of the same kind ; or if they retrenched this Article, they might consume other Kinds of Goods, paying equal Duty to the Publick. The Persons themselves would avoid many *Diseases*, be more capable of *Labour*, live longer, in all probability, in Contentment and good Temper, without foolish *Contention*, *Quarrels*, and *Dissatisfaction* both in their Families and among their Neighbours. The like would be the Effect of a sober and temperate Deportment in better Stations. As

As to the Question of Fact in this Matter : Perhaps whoever looks into all the Ranks of Men, will find it is but a small part of our Consumptions which is owing to our Vices. If we find too splendid Dress at *Court*, or at * *Lucas's*, or at *publick Meetings* for Diversion ; we shall find plain Dresses at the *Exchange*, at the *Custom-House*, at *Churches*. The expensive Gaiety continues but a few Years of most Peoples Lives, during their Amours, or expectation of Preferment : Nor would a good-natur'd Man call this Gaiety always vitious. Our Gentlemen in the Country seldom suffer in their Fortunes by their Dress. The Consumption in Tables would not be much diminished, tho Men would never run into Surfeiting and Drunkenness : 'Tis not one in a hundred who is frequently guilty of these Vices, and yet all are every day consuming. The extraordinary Consumption of *Revels* occasions generally Abstinence for some time following ; so that in a sober Week as much may be consumed as in the Week one has had a *Debauch*. Did we examine our own Manufactures, either Linen or Woollen, we should find that coarse Cloths and Stuff, the wearing of which none count extravagant, employ ten times as many Hands as the fine. And of the *fine Cloths* which are bought, not one of the Buyers in ten can be called extravagant. Were even this Ex-

* The gayest Coffee-House in *Dublin*.

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travagance removed, the Consumption of the same Persons during their Lives might be as great, as by the Vanity of a few Years with the Poverty of the Remainder.

Thus we may see with how little reason Vices are either counted necessary, or actually subservient to the publick Happiness, even in our present Corruption.

I am, Sir, Yours, &c.

P. M.



N^o 47. *Saturday, February 19, 172 $\frac{1}{2}$.*

To HIBERNICUS.

—*Cujus velut agri somnia, vana
Finguntur species, ut nec pes nec caput uni
Reddatur forma*—

H O R.

S I R,



R. Addison in his fourth *Whig Examiner* has given an excellent Description of a certain way of Writing which is absolutely *Unanswerable*; and he has pointed out the secret Strength by which it is made so. That the *Fable of the Bees* is a Performance of this kind, may be easily shewn,
not

not by general Encomiums, but by pointing out its particular Excellencies.

THERE is one Outwork of this sort of Authors, which, tho' it be not their main Strength, yet is often of great consequence to terrify the timorous Reader, or Adversary; I mean *open Vanity*, and Pretences to the deepest Knowledge. — *Hic murus abeneus esto.*

How formidable must that Writer be, who lets us know * ' he has observed so much above the short-sighted Vulgar, and has given himself Leisure to gaze upon the Prospect of concatenated Events, and seen Good spring and pullulate from Evil as naturally' (so condescending is he to the meanest of his Readers) ' as Chickens do from Eggs?' How does he raise Admiration in the first Paragraph of his Preface, letting us know that he has seen the ' Chief Organs and nicest Springs of our Machine,' which are yet but ' trifling Films, and little Pipes, not such gross strong things as Nerves, Bone, or Skin?' Nay, he has no doubt seen † ' the very Strength, Elasticity, and due Contexture of Spirits which constitute the Fear of Shame, and Anger, or Courage;' and also all the other Qualities of Spirits which constitute the other Passions: These Passions ' along with Skin, Flesh, and Bone, make the Compound Man.' But this is not

* P. 89.

† P. 234.

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all his Knowledge; he has * ‘Anatomised
‘ the invisible part, has seen the gentle
‘ Strokes, and slight Touches of the Passions.’

THIS Author can † ‘swagger about Forti-
‘ tude and Poverty as well as *Seneca*, and
‘ shew the way to *Summum Bonum* as easily
‘ as his way home. ‡ He has searched thro’
‘ every degree of Life; and foresees Oppo-
‘ sition only from those who have lost Pub-
‘ lick Spirit, and are narrow-souled, incapa-
‘ ble of thinking of things of uncommon
‘ Extent, which are noble and sublime. He
‘ cries ** *Apage Vulgus* to every Opposer,
‘ and †† writes only for the few who think
‘ abstractly, and are elevated above the Vul-
‘ gar.’

HE tells us ‘ he has pleased Men of un-
‘ questionable Sense; will always live, and
‘ be esteemed while such read him.’

WHO will not stand in awe of that Au-
thor, ‘ who †† describes the Nature and Symp-
‘ toms of Human Passions; detects their
‘ Force and Disguises; and traces Self-Love
‘ in its darkest Recess beyond any other
‘ System of Ethicks?’ Who, after all this,
and much more, and *Egotisms*, and Affecta-
tions in every Page, needs be told by the Au-
thor that *his Vanity he could never conquer?*

* P. 153. and P. 77.

† P. 162.

‡ P. 163. and P. 366, 367.

** P. 232.

†† See the Journal subjoined to the Fable.

‡‡ P. 467, 472.

ANOTHER useful Secret of *Invincible Authors* is to intersperse a contempt of *Pedantry* and of the *Clergy*. These damned Pedants have got a trick of reading many Authors, observing the Sentiments of the greatest Men in all Ages; and acquire an impertinent Facility of discerning Nonsense in the Writings of your *easy genteel Authors*, who are above perplexing themselves with the *Sourness* and Intricacies of Thought. Without some Defiances and Contempt of Pedants and Clergy, Readers would never have so much as dreamed that some of our Authors were *witty and easy Writers*. When this Point is obtained, then we may fall upon our Readers like Thunder, with all the little Learning we are Masters of, in Season and out of Season: About *Greek and Roman Religions*, *Egyptian Worship of Onions* (tho long ago laughed at by a *pedantick Clergyman* in a *Brother-Easy-Writer on Freethinking*) *Trophys, Monuments, Arches, Military Crowns, Alexander, Lorenzo Gratian, Hydaspes, Ostracisms*; *The Laconick Spirit of our Nation appearing in the Word Gin: That fiery Lake, the Lethe, the Stygian and Circean Cup, from whence pullulate Leucophlegmacies*: We may talk of *Stoicks, Epicureans, Seneca's Estate*; nay, even cite *Ovid*, and transpose a Passage in *Juvenal*: *Si licet Exemplis*; make double Entendres upon the word *Enervate*; *Trabat sua quemque Voluptas*: a Latin Joke from *Erasmus*: Nay,
may

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may make most Philosophico-Philological Digressions about the *Essences of Hope, Inkerns, Ice, and Oak*; we may launch out into those profound Depths in Opticks, that *Air is not the Object of Sight*; that *Bulk diminishes by Distance, is owing to our Imperfection*; That the Sky might appear thro' a hole in a Wall as near as the Stones; talk of Pythagoras's abstaining from Flesh, Æsop's making Beasts to speak; *Ira furor brevis est*; *Lucretia killed her self for fear of Shame*. We may improve our Language by that easy Phrase, *Meliorating our Condition*. We may use that most grammatical Epithet *Superlative*; talk of *Vannini, Bruno and Effendi as Martyrs* (tho some of the Facts have been disproved long ago) That *Homer's Heroes talk as Porters*; *Lycurgus's Laws*; *Epaminondas, Leotychidas, Agis, the Polemarchi*; *Saturnine Tempers, Adoration of the Manes of the British Æsculapius*; *Cicero's Vanity, he wrote O Fortunatam, &c.* My Friend Horace: With many other most pert Evidences of *immense tritical Erudition*; which no Mortal could have known, without having spent several Years at a Latin School, and reading *Plutarch's Lives Englished by several Hands*.

WHEN thus the Character of *Erudition* is secured, next comes *Knowledge of the World*, another essential Quality of an easy Writer. This may be displayed by a word or two of *French*, tho we have *English* words

words exactly of the same meaning; by talking in the strain of Porters and Bauds, about *their* Affairs. Then the polite Gentleman of fine Genius will soon appear by a great deal of *Poetical Language*, mixed with Prose. What pity it had not all been in Rhyme, like the *Fable* it self? The Author's *Slaughter-House* and *Gin-Shop* would have been as renowned as the Cave of the *Cyclops*, or the Dwelling of *Circe*: *Ingenium par Materia!*

THESE are but additional Helps. The main Strength of the *Impregnable Writer* consists in *intricate Contradictions*, and *Inconsistencies*; with some manifest *Absurdities* boldly asserted, against which no Man can produce an Argument, any more than to prove that *twice Three are not Ten*. Thus his first Sentence is, that 'All untaught Animals desire only to please themselves, and follow the bent of their Inclination, without regard to the good or harm of others:'. But a * few Pages after we shall find that *Gratitude* is natural, or that Men 'must wish well to Benefactors: That Pity or Aversion to the Misery of others is a natural Passion; that Affection to Offspring, and desire of their Happiness, is natural: That Men may wish well to any other in what they themselves cannot obtain.'

* P. 34. and p. 68. and 140.

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HIS very Definition of *Vice* is '† Gratify-
'ing Appetite without regard to the Publick:'
By [*without regard*] we may charitably un-
derstand him to have intended *pernicious to the*
Publick; unless he can shew that all Men
have agreed to call eating when one is hungry,
or going to sleep when one is weary, vicious,
whenever he does not think of a Community.
Vice then here is 'doing detriment to the
'Publick by gratifying Appetite.' But go
on, and you will find the whole strain of the
Book to be, that 'Vices are useful to the Pub-
'lick, and necessary to its Happiness: The
'solid Comforts and Happiness of Life are
'the Gratifications of Appetite.'

HIS Definition of Virtue is * 'Endeavour-
'ing the Benefit of others contrary to the
'Impulse of Nature.' Yet thro' the whole
Book *Universal Virtue would be detrimental*
to Society; that is, all Mens endeavouring
to benefit others would be detrimental to all:
'‡ The Moral Virtues are the Offspring of
'Flattery begot upon Pride;' yet in the very
same *Page*, and many other places, 'No
'Passion more natural or universal than Pride.'
Virtue then, which was before contrary to
the Impulse of Nature, now is become fol-
lowing the strongest Impulse of Nature.

AGAIN, †† 'Virtue is the Conquest of
'Passion out of the rational Ambition of be-
'ing good;' but a few Pages after this,

† P. 34.

* Ibid.

‡ P. 37.

†† P. 34.

' Doing

‘ Doing worthy Actions from Love of Good-
 ‘ ness has certain Signs of Pride, (which is
 ‘ the *strongest Passion*) :’ And yet, says the
 Author, ‘ This is a sublimer Notion of Vir-
 ‘ tue than his own.’

* ‘ HEATHEN Religion could not influence
 ‘ Men to Virtue,’ says he: The direct con-
 trary is asserted by all the Heathen Philoso-
 phers, Historians, Orators, Tragedians and
 Comedians. The wiser Men saw the Folly
 of their Theological Fables, but never denied
 a governing Mind: The Vulgar might believe
 the Fables of *Jupiter* and his Brothers; but
 imagining in the Gods a Right superior to
 that of Men, they might fear the Judgment
 of the Gods for like Facts to those done by
Jupiter, and expect Rewards for Obedience
 to Laws given to Men, which yet did not
 bind Superior Natures. This Notion may make
 it probable that even very corrupt Religions
 may have in the whole much more good Ef-
 fects than evil. But who will regard the
 Testimonies of poor *Heathens*, against this
Observer of concatenated Events?

PRESENTLY we find † ‘ The Seeds of
 ‘ all Virtue in the two Passions of Pride and
 ‘ Shame, which are most natural.’ In another
 place, ‘ Virtue was contrary to the Impulse
 ‘ of Nature, and the Conquest of the Passi-
 ‘ ons;’ and soon after it will become what
 it was again, ‡ ‘ No Virtue in what is de-

* P. 36.

† P. 56.

‡ P. 68. and P. 246.

‘ signed to gratify Pride; the only recompence of Virtue is the pleasure of doing good;’ but even this pleasure of doing good, or acting from Love of Goodness, was Pride*.

P. 59. HE begins his *Anatomizing of Passions*; ‘ The Passions concealed from Modesty or good Manners, are Pride, Lust, and Selfishness.’ Either then Pride and Lust is not *selfish*, but *disinterested*; or this division amounts to these three Members, to wit, one sort of Selfishness, another sort of Selfishness, and Selfishness in general.

HE asserts, that † ‘ Ambassadors Debates about Precedency flow from Pride concealed under shew of Virtue,’ that is, of *conquering the Passions from the Ambition of being good*. It seems they all naturally desire to be hindmost, but affect Precedency, that they may seem to conquer this Passion.

‡ ‘ GRATITUDE is a natural Motive of Inclination, and not Virtue: Returns of good Offices are not from Gratitude but from Virtue, that is, opposition to the impulse of Nature; or Manners, that is, concealment of Pride, Lust, and Selfishness, in order to gratify them.’

** ‘ LUXURY is the use of any thing above Necessity; nor can any other bounds be fixed:’ and yet a few Pages after, ‘ All Men ought to dress suitably to Condition.’

* P. 43.

** P. 108. and 132.

† P. 73.

‡ P. 76.

* ‘ ENVY

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* ' ENVY is a mixture of Sorrow and
' Anger. Sorrow arises from our want of
' what we desire, and Anger is raised by us
' for our Ease.' (A pleasing Passion surely!)
' Anger is the Passion arising when our De-
' sire is crossed.' Thus Envy amounts to *Sor-*
row for want of what we desire, compound-
ed with the *Passion arising when Desire is*
crossed. This Composition is as artful as that
of a merry Fellow's *Punch*, who liked to
have it made of two Quarts of Brandy, and
one Quart of Brandy; *Si licet Exemplis.*

† ' SELF-LOVE bids us look on every
' satisfied Being as a Rival: And yet nothing
can excite any Being to oppose another but
his being unsatisfied.

‡ ' LAUGHING at another's Fall, is either
' from Envy or Malice.'

** ' LOVE signifies Affection, that is,
' liking or wishing well.' The Object's In-
terest becomes our own in this wonderful
manner. ' Self-Love makes us believe that
' the Sufferings we feel must lessen those of
' our Friend; and then a secret Pleasure arises
' from our grieving, because we imagine we
' are relieving him.' How strangely does
our *Self-Love* govern us! It first forms an
Opinion so prodigiously secret, that never any
Mortal believed it; and then makes us feel
Pleasure, not in relieving *ourselves*, but ano-
ther. Nay, what is it that Self-Love cannot

* P. 140. and 221.

† P. 145.

‡ P. 146.

** P. 149.

perform? * ‘ When a Man stands in the
 ‘ Street, and shrieks at another’s Fall from a
 ‘ high Window or Scaffold, he believes that
 ‘ he himself is flying thro’ the Air: When
 ‘ a Man blushes, upon seeing another do a
 ‘ base Action, he believes he is doing it him-
 ‘ self.’

I HAVE got yet no farther than the 150th Page, but with many Omissions: You may have when you please twice as many, rather greater Beauties of the same nature; but these may suffice at present. Only I cannot pass over two Passages more; the one is a wonderful *Composition*, so dearly does he love making a very *Dispensatory of Passions*, that rather than want Composition, he will take two pieces of the same thing for want of different Materials: † ‘ Laziness is an Aver-
 ‘ sion to Business, generally attended with a
 ‘ Desire of being unactive.’ The other Passage is a most important Maxim; ‘ That Man
 ‘ never exerts himself but when he is roused
 ‘ by Desire;’ or never exerts himself but when he desires something or other. And he subjoins this sublime Simile, of a *Huge Windmill without a Breath of Air*.

BEFORE any one pretends to answer this Book, he must know what the Author means by *good Opinion, high Value, Worth, Unworthiness, Merit, noble Actions, Overvaluing, Thinking well, or having a Right*

* P. 55:

† P. 267.

to do any thing. But upon these Terms, all Mortals may despair of it.

WE may make one general Observation on the Dexterity of this Author in confuting opposite Schemes. Suppose the Scheme of almost all Moralists, except *Epicureans*, to be true; ' That we have in our Nature *kind Affections* in different degrees, that we have ' a *Moral Sense* determining us to approve ' them whenever they are observed, and all ' Actions which flow from them; that we ' are naturally bound together by *desire of Esteem* from each other, and by *Compassion*; ' and that withal we have *Self-Love* or desire ' of private Good.' What would be the Consequence of this Constitution, or the *Appearances* in human Nature? All Men would call those Actions virtuous, which they imagine do tend to the Publick Good: Where Men differ in *Opinions of the natural Tendencies of Actions*, they must differ in Approbation or Condemnation: They will find Pleasure in contemplating or reflecting on their own kind Affections and Actions: They will delight in the Society of the kind, good-natured, and beneficent: They will be uneasy upon seeing or even hearing of the Misery of others, and be delighted with the Happiness of any Persons beloved: Men will have regard to private Good as well as publick; and when other Circumstances are equal, will prefer what tends most to private Advantage. Now these are the direct and necessary Con-

sequences of this Supposition: And yet this penetrating *Swaggerer*, who surpasses all *Writers of Ethicks*, makes those very Appearances proofs against the Hypothesis. No proofs will please him but the contrary Appearances: If he saw
 ‘ Men approving
 ‘ what is pernicious to the Publick; or Men
 ‘ agreeing to approve the same Action, tho
 ‘ one thought it useful to the Publick, and
 ‘ another thought it pernicious; or if Men
 ‘ had no manner of pleasure in good Actions,
 ‘ or in reflecting upon them, nor would value
 ‘ themselves more for Heroism than Villany;
 ‘ then indeed he would acknowledge a moral
 ‘ Sense independent of Interest and true Vir-
 ‘ tue.’

So also, ‘ Men must delight in the Com-
 ‘ pany of the proud, morose, revengeful and
 ‘ quarrellous; they must be indifferent in be-
 ‘ holding the most cruel Tortures, or the
 ‘ greatest Joy and Happiness of our Fellows,
 ‘ or even of our Offspring. Men must do
 ‘ mischief to themselves, or neglect their most
 ‘ innocent Pleasures, and Interest, by a tho-
 ‘ row *Self-denial*, without any Inclination to
 ‘ the good of others; and must have no more
 ‘ pleasure in Gratitude, Generosity, or Hu-
 ‘ manity, than in Malice and Revenge;
 ‘ otherwise this Author will never believe
 ‘ any other Affection than Self-Love: At
 ‘ present he sees all to be but Disguises of it,
 ‘ from his deep Reflections about *Fresh Her-*
 ‘ *rings*, and the *Company* he would choose.

H E

HIBERNICUS's *Letters.* 407

HE has probably been struck with some old *Fanatick* Sermon upon *Self-Denial* in his Youth, and can never get it out of his head since. 'Tis absolutely impossible upon his Scheme, that God himself can make a Being naturally disposed to Virtue: For Virtue is *Self-Denial*, and acting against the *Impulse of Nature*. What else then can we imagine concerning all the Works of God in their best State, but

—That they were intended,
For nothing else but to be mended? Hud.

Might we poor Vulgar make conjectures concerning the *Spirits of Nations*, we would be apt to conclude, that thro' incapacity for *Abstract Thinking*, the *Bæotick* Spirit of the *British* is much better discovered by a fourth Edition of this Book, than the *Laconick* by the Word *Gin*.

Thus may thine Enemies triumph, O
Virtue and Christianity!

I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant,

P. M.

Dd 4

Nº 48.



N^o 48. Saturday, February 26, 1728.

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal*.

Proprium hoc statuo esse virtutis, conciliare animos hominum. TULL.

S I R,



HOEVER has been conversant in the World, and taken the least notice of what daily passes in it, cannot but have observed that all sorts of Men are extremely prejudiced in favour of the Community of which they are Members, and equally jealous of its Honour as of their own. And this Principle is seen to prevail, not only where Men have made choice of their own Society or Profession, and consequently thro' a sort of Pride are engaged to support their own Election, but exerts itself where the Agreement of Circumstances with any Part of Mankind, is altogether casual and involuntary.

FOR this reason all general Reflections and Aspersions thrown upon any Body of Men, have always been esteemed by People of Sense as both unmannerly and imprudent. A great part of the Misunderstandings and Contentions

tentions among the Bulk of Mankind are owing to Indiscretions of this sort. All your dry Snarlers, and great Jokers, are mighty Proficients in this Species of Wit; and are never so smart, as when they have got a Multitude under the Lash: like great Conquerors, estimating their Glory by the Numbers of Persons they have injured.

NOR has this petulant Humour been less productive of very pernicious Effects in the more important Concerns of Life. Scandalous Jests, and ill Opinions of whole Societies, and great Bodies of Men, industriously propagated, have been frequently the Occasion of involving a State in very great Difficulties and Confusion. And therefore wise Men, however fond of having their Antagonists and Competitors run down, seldom care to appear in such dirty Business themselves, but leave it to their Sycophants and Underlings; well knowing that such Abuses not only provoke the Resentments of those immediately offended, but at the long run are ill looked upon by the moderate Men of every Party.

THE true End of Satire and Raillery is, or ought to be, the Amendment of those who are the Objects of it. But this End can never be answer'd, when we employ this Weapon in the attack of a Community. A single Man may be easily laughed out of a Folly in his own Person, which he would fortify himself in, as soon as it were made the Characteristick of his

his Party. For nothing is so apt to harden Men in a criminal, or a foolish Practice, as the Notion of its being favoured by that Set of Men whose Interest they have espoused. And it happens not unfrequently, that when a whole Party are arraigned of bad Principles, or mischievous Designs, they who are attached to it, make good the Accusation in pure revenge to their Adversaries, in the very Instant they would have it believed to be all Calumny and Malice.

A Man of a sincere and candid Disposition, is very apt to think the best of all he converses with. And if this Disposition be any way remarkable, the Persons with whom he has the most intimate Correspondence must be very weak and impolitic, if they do not shew themselves in the most advantageous Light they can in all their dealings with him. So that every Man presuming himself best acquainted with the Temper and Designs of his own Party, we may hence easily account for that Warmth with which Men espouse the Cause of any particular Sect, Community, or Profession, without ascribing it, as some do, intirely to a Principle of Interest, because sometimes it is found to flow from that Source.

BE this as it will, every Day, and almost every Occurrence of Life, furnishes fresh Instances of the tender regard Men have for the Character and Reputation of whatever Bodies they happen to be incorporated with. Sects

of

of Religion, different Professions of Learning, and Communities of Trade, are all equally zealous for the Honour of what they call their *Common Cause*. Injuries offered to the Society affect every Man in it, and are often more heinously resented than the highest personal Indignity. Clergy and Laity; Lawyers, and Physicians; Men of Letters, and Mechanicks; the Citizen and the Farmer; are all equally firm in maintaining the Dignity, the Usefulness, and the Honesty of their respective Functions, Professions, and Employments.

WILL any Clergyman bear to hear the whole Order accused, as has been done by a few bold and impious Writers, of spiritual Pride, Lust of Dominion, and lording it over God's Inheritance; even tho himself were complimented in the same breath as a Man of the most Apostolick Simplicity, Self-denial, and Mortification? On the other hand, does it not move the Indignation of every honest Layman, when the Laity are run down as the Beasts of the People, the profane Vulgar, and such like, by the bigotted and violent Asserters of Ecclesiastical Power and Authority? Would he be a wise Client, who should declaim to his Lawyer against the whole Profession, under the Notion of their being combined together to defraud Mankind? Or will a Physician be pleased, whatever Confidence you repose in his own Skill and Integrity, to hear you call his Brethren a parcel of ignorant Quacks,

Quacks, or relentless Ruffians, who care not how many Patients they kill for the sake of an Experiment? In short, it will be exceeding hard, if at all possible, to find a single Man, who can patiently suffer Reflections to be cast on the Body to which he belongs, tho' bribed to it with the highest Marks of particular Esteem and Affection. Political, as well as Natural Bodies have their *Common Sense*; which renders it impossible to hurt the *System*, without communicating some degree of Disorder to every particular *Member*.

THIS *Sense* of Honour and Reputation in *Communities* prevails also in other Conditions and Stations of Life, besides such as are voluntary; and discovers itself in Relations where the agreeing Circumstances are not so obvious, or at least so often reflected upon, because common to far greater Numbers. People of the same Country think themselves bound to each other by the strongest Ties; and whoever should tamely sit still, and hear the whole Nation to which he belonged abused, would be accounted a very odd kind of Fellow. Even the two Sexes, who are certainly the most equal and comprehensive Division of Mankind, are found as tenacious in point of Honour as any other. He would make his Court but very ill to a Mistress, who, while he exalted her into the Rank of *Seraphic* Beings, was perpetually talking of the Vanity, Inconstancy, and Ill-nature of Womankind. Domestick Quarrels have frequently

quently had their Original in some pretty Dispute started betwixt Husband and Wife concerning the Preheminence of the Sexes. And in the prosecution of such fine Debates, 'tis great odds if both Sides do not exemplify all the Vices, from which they endeavour to vindicate those for whom they appear as Champions. 'Tis very true, that both in common Conversation, and *Dramatick* Entertainments, general Reflections of this sort are frequently made in a ludicrous manner, without giving any offence. But this does not proceed from any want of Sensibility. Jests which have been much us'd, do often recoil upon the Authors, instead of striking the Party against whom they were levelled. And People now-a-days are grown cunning enough to cast an ill-natur'd Jest in the way of the Petulant, on purpose to laugh at their being caught in it; as Mr. *St. Evremond* tells us was the Practice among the Wits of *France* in his time, who, when they had exhausted all the other Subjects of Ridicule, were at last obliged to fall on the Ridicule itself, as the only weak Side they had left to attack. Whenever there appears the Design of an Affront, let it be given either with a serious or humorous Air, these general Reflections are sure to give Offence, and sometimes are attended with very great and lasting Resentments.

WE may discern the same Spirit exercising itself in Associations which are founded
neither

neither in Nature nor Interest, but are purely fantastick and whimsical. Being of the same Name, having been educated at the same School, or living in the same Place, may serve for a Foundation of Friendship, and conciliate a common Esteem. I might mention in this place the antient and worshipful Society of *Free Masons*, where every private *Brother* thinks himself obliged to support the Honour, and fight the Battles of the whole *Order*. But it is unnecessary to heap up Instances in a Case, wherein every Man's own Experience will out-run the Detail.

As often as I reflect on this amiable Disposition in Men to consult the Honour of their respective Communities, and resent any Indignity done them, I cannot but be much surprized to find so little of it in an universal Concern. With all the Zeal we express for any particular Party, for our Country, or any other Society to which we stand related, we can patiently allow that great Society, our Relation to which is the most honourable Distinction we can value ourselves upon, to be railed at in a most unmerciful manner, and represented in the most disagreeable Colours that Wit and Ill-nature can possibly invent. Whence this should proceed I cannot determine; yet sure it is, that no Man takes upon him to resent innumerable Affronts which are every day offered to Mankind. Several grave Divines, out of an intemperate Zeal for the Honour of Religion, from a misapplication of several Passages in Scrip-

Scripture, have taken upon them to represent Human Nature in such a manner, that if we really believed what they say, we should think ourselves but little obliged to our Creator for the Being he has bestowed upon us. Licentious and profane Writers, tho with a different View, have with great Industry pursued the same Track. And thus between these two, such a Picture has been drawn of Mankind, as would tempt an honest Man, if it were in his power, to renounce the very Species.

WE have been represented as all naturally selfish, and all the kind and benevolent Dispositions which at any time appear among us, to be either Imbecillity, or Artifice. Every Man we see, we are to look upon as an Enemy, both to ourselves and others. Pride and Affectation, Hypocrisy and Ill-nature are the best Qualities we are to expect in the Commerce of Life. All this we can hear and read without appearing in the least shock'd; at the same time that we should reckon it the height of Insolence to treat any particular Body in the same manner.

I AM confident, that were there any Species of Brutes endued with the Faculty of Speech, they could not load the Human Nature with more opprobrious Epithets, than has been done by some who have had the Honour to wear it. And no less sure I am, that there would be no need of Premiums to encourage People to hunt them out of the World. Why then we should suffer the same thing

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thing to be done among ourselves, is, I confess, as great a Mystery as any I have heard of. Nor am I able to conjecture what end Men can have in drawing such frightful Representations of their Species. One would be apt to think, the most friendly Office that could be done the World were to reconcile Men with one another, and allay whatever Feuds and Animosities may be among them. But if this is to be done by raising a general Distrust, which the Belief of all human Virtues being mere Artifice and Disguise at the bottom necessarily must, I know no Absurdity wild enough to compare it with. And as disturbing the publick Peace is in all Societies reckoned among the greatest of Crimes, I cannot help thinking, that in Interest, as well as Honour, all good Men ought to look on them as common Enemies, who by propagating Notions so derogatory to Mankind, do all that in them lies to make the World a Scene of Disorder and Confusion, as it must be when every one in it should look on all about them as so many concealed and artful Villains.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble Servant,

HIBERNICUS.



N^o 49. Saturday, March 5, 172¹/₈.

TO HIBERNICUS.

Non satis est pulchra esse Poemata, dulcia sunt. HOR.

S I R,



THE Force and Power of this God, says a *French* Author speaking of *Cupid*, are found more brisk and lively in the painting of Poetry, than in their own Essence.

Les Forces & Valeur de ce Dieu se trouvent plus vives et plus animées en la Peinture de Poesi qu'on leur propre Essence. It represents I know not what Air more lovely than Love it self. *Venus* is not so alluring all naked, alive, and panting, as she appears in that Episode of *Virgil*, where she prevails upon her Husband *Vulcan* to forge Armour for her Son *Æneas*.

*Dixcrat & niveis hinc atque hinc Diva lacertis
Cunctantem amplexu molli fovet: Ille repente
Accepit solitam flammam, notusque medullas
Intravit calor, & labefacta per ossa cucurrit.
Non secus atque olim tonitru cum rupta corusco
Ignea rima micans percurrit lumine nimbos.*

Vol. I.

E e

— Thus

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———— Thus spoke the Queen of Charms,
And softly clasp'd him in her Snow-white Arms,
Irresolute: Anon the God took fire,
And felt the sudden Transports of Desire; (gan
Quick thro' his Bones the well-known Warmth be-
Its thrilling Course, and thro' his Marrow ran.
Quick as the Flame from Clouds erumpent flies,
And shoots a Flash of Fire along the Skies.

OF all our modern Poets, the *Italians*, as well by the Tenderness of their Nature, as the Softness of their Language, have the happiest turn for the *Pathetick*. *Charles* the Fifth seems to have been of this Sentiment, when he said, ' He would choose to talk to
' the Men in *French*, to his God in *Spanish*,
' to the Ladies in *Italian*, and to his Horse
' in *High-Dutch*.' *Guarini* is the most *pa-*
thetick of all the *Italians*. He has but one Fault, and that in common with the Poets of his Country, too great an Affectation of Wit. The Swains of his *Pastor Fido*, who ought to speak the Language of *Arcadia*, flourish in the Language of the Court. Their *Points* and *Antitheses* shew more of the fine Gal-
lant than faithful Shepherd. But the *Italians* are full of these Puerilities, even in their most serious Compositions. A remarkable Instance of which, the Criticks never fail to draw from their great Heroick Poet, *Tasso*, who makes the unfortunate Lover *Tancred*, approaching the Tomb of his Mistress *Clarinda* unhappily slain, bemoan her not with Words of Sincerity, but Turns of Conceit: As if
Sorrow

Sorrow delighted in a Play of Wit, a *Jeu d'Esprit*, as the *French* call it; and the Language of a serious Passion was not a Language of Simplicity. There is no fear, that Lover would die for Grief, who can be witty on his dead Mistress. Great are our Gains, says the Archbishop of *Cambray*, in losing all superfluous Ornaments, to confine our selves to such Beauties as are of a simple, easy, clear, and negligent Appearance. In Poetry, as in Architecture, all the necessary Materials should be turned to natural Ornaments: But all Ornaments, which are but Ornaments, are needless. Retrench them; they are not wanted; they are things of Vanity, but not of Use. An Author who has too much Wit, and Wit upon all occasions, tires and eclipses ours. We ask not so much; if he showed less, he would let us breathe, and please us better. He keeps us too intent. To read him is to study. So much Lightning dazzles us; our feeble Eyes look out for a softer Light. He is the amiable Poet, who proportioned to the common Understandings of Men, does all for them, and nothing for himself; who gives us a Sublime so familiar, so sweet, so simple, as may tempt all Men to believe, but suffer few to prove themselves capable of it. So seemingly easy, according to that of *Horace*,

Ut sibi quisvis
Speret idem, sudet multum, frustra que laboret,
Ausus idem.

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————— As ev'ry little Bard
May fondly hope to equal, but with Pain,
Make the Attempt, and find th' Attempt in vain.

The Natural is highly preferable to the Surprizing and Marvellous. The Author that would please, should make us forget he is an Author, and enter, as it were, into common Conversation with us. He should place before our Eyes, a Farmer who is sollicitous for his Harvest, or Shepherd who knows nothing but his Flock and Village; and make us think, not of him, or his fine Genius, but of the Swains he introduces.

*Despectus tibi sum, nec qui sim quæris, Alexi,
Quam dives pecoris nivei, quam lactis abundans:
Mille meæ Siculis errant in montibus agnæ;
Lac mihi non æstate novum, non frigore desit, &c.*

Me, Shepherd, you despise, nor seek to know,
How rich in Herds, and Flocks as white as Snow:
Nor lack I Lambs, Sicilian Mountains rear,
Nor Milk that fails not thro' the live-long Year.

How much more graceful is the Country Plainness of this Swain in *Virgil*, than the subtle and refined turn of the most brilliant Wit?

BUT to return to *Guarini*. The famous Soliloquy of *Amarillis* in the fourth Scene of the third Act of his *Pastor Fido*, tho it is not intirely exempt from this Affectation, of which I shall say no more (having expatiated already on this Subject in a former Paper,

pér, wherein mention was made of the Style of *Anacreon*) I say, tho this Soliloquy is not entirely exempt from this Vice, yet has it enough of that true Simplicity, we find in good Authors, to merit the highest Commendation. They who are Judges of the Original will readily agree to what I say; tho they may have some Reason to dispute it, who judge from the Translation. The first of whom will, I hope, in some measure excuse the meanness of the *English*, when I frankly confess to the latter, that if they find any things tolerable in it, they only fancy them so because they have no knowledge of the *Italian*. I shall only add a word or two by way of Argument or Introduction to it.

By the Laws of *Arcadia*, where the Scene lies, any Maid or Wife that broke Faith with her Lover or Husband, was, in pursuance to the Oracle's Decree, to be sacrific'd to *Diana*. *Amarillis* and *Silvio* had been some time contracted together by their Parents, without any mutual Affection. The Time appointed for their Marriage was almost come; when *Mirtillo* who was in love with *Amarillis*, found means (in the Scene preceding this Soliloquy) to disclose his Passion to her. *Amarillis*, tho secretly in love with *Mirtillo*, yet seeing she could not retract her plighted Faith, resolved to keep up to the rigor of Virtue, and receives his Professions with all the seeming disdain of a *merciless* Beauty. *Mirtillo* retires in Despair. But *Amarillis*

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left alone breaks out into the tender and passionate Expostulation which follows.

A M A R I L L I S.

*Soul of my Soul, couldst thou but feel the Pains,
For thee Mirtillo, thee this Heart sustains;
This Heart, nor wouldst thou then of Scorn accuse,
Nor then, that Pity thine implores, refuse.
Ill Fate of Love! thy Heart, what boots it me?
Ill Fate of Love! What boots my Heart to thee?
Ah Fate, that does but too malicious prove,
Hearts to disjoin already join'd by Love!
Or rather Love does prove but too unkind,
To join together Hearts by Fate disjoin'd!
Happy, ye Beasts, who, free by Nature, own
In Love no Laws, but those of Love alone?
While Slaves t' inhumane humane Laws we live,
And Death, in Punishment of Love, receive.
If Love a Passion be by Nature taught,
Why against Law is Love a Passion thought?
' Nature too feeble, that wouldst Law oppose!
' Law too severe, that Nature would depose!
' But what, fond Maid? Weak are thy Lover's Charms,
' If dread of Death can fright thee from his Arms.'
Ah! would to Heav'n, that Death, Mirtillo, were
The only Cause of Amarillis' Fear!
No! sacred Faith, who rules without Controul,
Goddess Inviolable! the well-born Soul;
To thee, this Flame, worthy thy Pow'r Divine,
I sacrifice a Victim at thy Shrine.
And you, Mirtillo, Source of all our Woe,
Forgive her Scorn, who Pity could not show:
Forgive in Looks and Words thy Foe confess,
In Looks thy Foe, thy Lover in her Breast.
Or if your Soul to Vengeance is inclin'd,
Worse than your Grief what Vengeance can you find,*

True

True Grief in Amarillis to impart?
 For if my Heart you are, my very Heart,
 (And that you are, alas! too well I know,
 In spite of Gods above and Men below)
 My vital Blood streams from your weeping Eyes,
 My vital Spirits languish in your Sighs,
 And all the Torments, all the Pangs you bear,
 Mine, not your Pangs, mine, not your Torments, are.



N^o 50. Saturday, March 12, 172 $\frac{5}{8}$.

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal*.

— *Si vis me flere, dolendum est*
Primum ipsi tibi. —

H O R.

S I R,



HERE is no sort of Writing which
 has so powerful and universal an
 Influence on Mankind, as Poetry.
 The Number of those who are ca-
 pable of following an Author thro'
 a long Deduction of Reason, or of seeing the
 Connection betwixt general Principles and
 their Consequences, has in all Ages bore a
 very small proportion with the ignorant and
 illiterate Multitude. But the Passions of all
 Men being alike, and for the most part more
 strong and lively in those who reflect and
 know but little, than in the Minds of studi-

ous and contemplative Persons, whatever is best calculated to work upon them, as Poetry evidently is, cannot but have the greatest and most diffusive Effects. Philosophical Writings, like the Plans of regular Buildings, strike only such as are curious to know the Contrivance and Origin of Things, abstracted from their external Appearance. In Poetry, which is the Picture of Nature, she is drawn to us as in Perspective, and makes an Appearance so much more beautiful, and attractive of the Eyes of many, as the Elevation of a Building is more pleasing to the Imagination, than the naked Draught of the Distribution and Proportions of its several Apartments. The Human Face, when view'd in a Skeleton, will afford neither Pleasure nor Instruction to any but the studious in *Anatomy*. To make it strike every Eye, it must have both *Muscling* and *Colouring*; and be lighted up with all those Smiles and Blushes it discovers in the Life. For these being equally obvious to all Men, the just Imitation of them will have the greatest number of Suffrages in its favour, both as to Exactness and Beauty.

THE Design of Poetry therefore being to work on the Passions, we may easily conjecture what Species of Poetry it is that will most effectually conduce to that End; to wit, that which gives the truest and liveliest Representation of what passes in the human Mind on any Incident or Occurrence in Life. The descriptive part of Poetry, however agreeable

able to a well-form'd Imagination, raises none of those wonderful Emotions, which are stirred up by a Recital of those Actions, which are attended with Dangers, Distresses and Escapes, and the various Sentiments which arose in the Mind on such Occasions. For one Man who is struck with the Description of the Storm in *Virgil*, I am confident there are Multitudes who have wept over the unfortunate Passion of *Dido*, or the generous Friendship of *Nisus* and *Euryalus*. And I have known some great Admirers of *Milton*, who have own'd they felt very little Pleasure in reading his Account of the Creation, or the Battle of the Angels; tho' those Episodes are justly reckoned among the most shining Parts of the Poem, and are adorned with the most sublime and beautiful Images, which perhaps were ever laid together by any one Poet, either antient or modern.

I THINK I have met with it somewhere as a Rule, that whoever endeavours to write well upon the Subject of Love, ought to look into his own Breast, and find that the Passion beats free and easy there, before he adventures on the Enterprize. I can see no reason why this Rule should not be extended to all the other Passions as well as Love. *Horace*, in the Motto of my Paper, applies it in the same manner to Grief. *If you would have me weep, says he, you must first shew, that you yourself are afflicted.* Not that there is any necessity, that a Man should be really in Affliction

fiction himself, before he can inspire another with Pity ; but there must be such a Tenderness in his Frame, that he can with ease imagine himself in the Circumstances of those whose Sorrows he relates, and make them express them in the same manner they are felt. And this indeed is a Faculty which can be acquired by no Rules of Art, and which whoever excels in, has nothing to thank for but the Bounty of Nature. For whatever the Logicians may boast of the Assistance which Invention may receive from the *Topics*, I fancy he would make but dull work of it, who should have recourse to the *Efficient*, the *Formal*, or the *Final* Cause of any Affliction, in order to search for proper Expressions of Grief, or Motives of Compassion. His Head, and his Heart both must be too full of his Subject, to have the least remembrance of that scholastick Jargon, who will attempt to speak the Language of an afflicted Breast. And if he be once thorowly work'd up into a feeling of the Passion he endeavours to describe, neither Sentiments nor Expressions will be wanting, proper to make the same Impression on the Minds of his Readers.

That celebrated Passage in *Virgil*, in the Episode I just now mentioned, wherein *Nisus* calls on the *Rutuli* to spare his *Euryalus*, and turn their Revenge on himself, is given us by the Logicians as an Instance of an Argument drawn from the *Efficient Cause*. But whoever reads it, will, I am persuaded, be sensible

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ble, that so tender, so passionate an Exclamation must have been conceived amidst too much Rapture, to allow the Author leisure to reflect on himself, far less on the abstract Ideas of *Cause* and *Effect*, during the glowing Moment of its Production.

*Me, me, adsum qui feci : in me convertite ferrum,
O Rutuli. Mea fraus omnis : Nihil iste nec ausus,
Nec potuit. Caelum hoc, & conscia sydera testor.
Tantum infelicem nimium dilexit amicum.*

Me, me, he cry'd ; turn all your Swords on me ;
Who did the Fact, let him the Victim be.
This gentle Boy, as Heav'n my Witness is,
And yon fair Stars, was by no Fault of his
Engag'd thus far. Nor could, nor durst his Age
Contrive this Fraud, or act such deadly Rage.
His only Crime, the naked Truth to tell,
Is loving me, his wretched Friend, too well.

THE Poetical Parts of the sacred Writings, as they are in many places inimitably sublime, so they have more of the truly Pathetick, than is to be met with elsewhere. I believe, there are few Persons of a virtuous Education, who have not felt this in the very dawning of Reason, before it could be imputed to any Bias or Prejudice, besides pure Nature. The Book of *Job* is without Controversy one of the tenderest Pieces that ever saw the Light. Several great Men have worthily employed themselves in endeavouring to make it speak a better Language than mere Prose. Yet there is still room left for others to fly at the same
Quarry

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Quarry without dishonour. The following Translation of a part of that Book was given me by an ingenious young Gentleman, whom I am proud to call my Friend, and whose Favour I heartily acknowledge, in allowing me to entertain my Readers with what cannot but be so much more pleasing to them, than any thing from their

Humble Servant,

HIBERNICUS.

The VIIth Chapter of *JOB* Paraphrased.

HAS not kind Heav'n, regarding human Woe,
Set a fix'd Period to our Race below?
Known by th' Omniscient surely is our Stay;
And we, like Hirelings, toil but by the Day.
Then when the busy tedious Dream is o'er,
We sink in Death's cold Arms, and are no more.
And is then Death our Slumber, our Repose?
Oh! when shall Death *JOB*'s weary'd Eye-lids close?
As with desiring Eyes the harass'd Swain
Expects the Ev'ning shade, to quit the Plain;
So with impatience to the Grave I bend,
And beg to see my numerous Sorrows end.
Not more solicitous the lab'ring Hind
Is, that his Cares their Recompence may find;
Nor waits more anxious the prolific Rain,
Or promis'd Harvests in the swelling Grain;
Than I to see my grim Deliverer rise,
And Death's cold Hand in Mercy close these Eyes!
For crush'd, O Lord, beneath thy mighty Arm,
What Balm can cure my Griefs, what Musick charm?

Thy

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*Thy Terrors in a thousand shapes I know,
And feel the whole Variety of Woe!*

*WHEN will my long-protracted Sufferings cease,
And the poor harass'd Sufferer be at Peace?
Each ling'ring Night in Agonies I lie;
And oft I wish, but wish in vain, to die.
In silent Grief I lengthen out the Night,
Then curse the Shade, and watch the dawning Light.
The dawning Light returns — but not to me;
And all, but I, its kindly Aspect see.*

*To JOB no friendly Seasons e'er return;
Nor gives the Ev'ning Ease, or Joy the Morn:
Grief fills his Soul, and Pain, and gloomy Care,
Amazement, wild Affright, and black Despair.
Oh! hold at length thy Hand, and leave me free!
For what is Job, O GOD, to strive with thee?
Vile Matter is my Substance, Dust, and Clay;
All cover'd too with Sores more vile than they.
Swifter than Thought, my fleeting Moments pass;
Consum'd I wither as the fading Grass.
My transient Being like the passing Wind,
Blows off unseen, nor leaves a Trace behind.*

*Short as it is, why is it then oppress'd,
Curs'd by the Hand, that once had made it blest?
Oh, close the Scene — and let my Sorrows cease;
Dissolve the Chain, and frown me into Peace.*

*EACH Ev'ning yields the Sun to sable Night;
But e'ry Morn returns again as bright.
Within Earth's Lap the yearly Seed is thrown;
And Nature's bounteous Hand repays the Loan:
But Man within the Grave for Ages lies;
Till Nature's Death permitted not to rise;
Till then forbid the faintest glimpse of Day,
Or reascend the long-forgotten Way;
No more indulg'd to see the chearful Light,
Or sweet Vicissitudes of Day and Night.
His Mem'ry too shall die, and in the Grave,
In length of Time, its thin Existence leave.*

Here

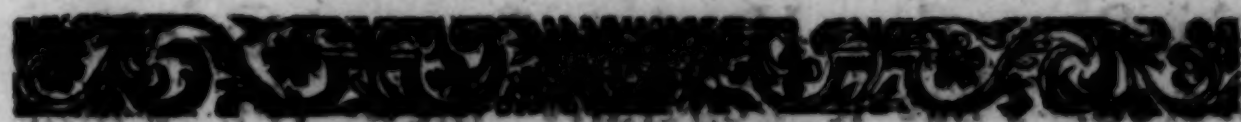
430 HIBERNICUS's Letters.

Here look, vain Men, and human Greatness see;
Dust once ye were, and Dust again must be.

O H! why should tortur'd JOB his Sighs restrain?
Or thus oppress'd, how should he not complain?
Allow him prostrate then to ask his God,
Why thus thou break'st this animated Clod?
Why watchest thou my Steps, severely just;
And while I bend me groaning in the Dust,
Forbid'st me one short interval of Rest?
And emptiest all thy Quiver in my Breast?
In vain for Rest I to my Couch repair,
And hope in Sleep to dissipate my Care.
For there in awful Visions I behold
My Terror heighten'd, and my Hopes controul'd.
How can I then this wretched Life sustain,
When Sleep, Death's Image, but augments my Pain?

O F! when alone, and in the Evening Shade,
I call on Death, but call in vain for Aid.
For thou unmov'd, still lengthenest out my Pains;
And while thy Wrath torments, thy Pow'r sustains.
Oh! finish Lord, the vast unequal Strife,
And I to buy my Peace will quit my Life.
What did I say of Life?—That galling Chain!
By thee afflicted, what is Life but Pain?
I would not live—nor bear the dreadful Load:
I sink, I faint beneath thy chast'ning Rod.
Oh! cease to urge what Nature cannot bear;
Nor fill me thus with Anguish and Despair.
Withdraw thy cruel all-supporting Pow'r;
And lo! I perish in that gracious Hour.

T H E N humbly in thy sight I lay me down;
At once thy Justice, and my Crimes I own.
To thee for Mercy and Relief I come;
Oh! take this Rebel, since repenting, home.
Oh! let thy Pity kill, and set me free;
And give me in Destruction Rest to see:
So shall the Voice of my complaining cease,
And my last Breath shall bless thee for my Peace.

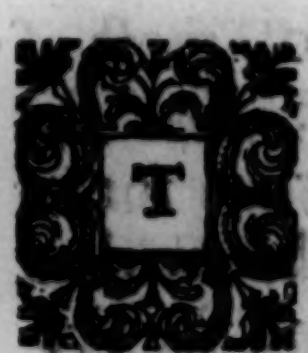


N^o 51. Saturday, March 19, 172 $\frac{5}{6}$.

TO HIBERNICUS.

Post mediam noctem visus, cum somnia vera. HORAT.

S I R,



HE honour you did a Friend of mine, some time ago, by publishing his Dream, has encouraged me to send you the following one; which, I hope, will not displease, tho it is full of Irregularities and Incoherences; because you cannot but be sensible, that those Imperfections are natural to such Productions.

I THOUGHT I was in a little pleasant Island near the famous *Utopia*, which nearly resembled the latter in Beauty and Fertility. The Hills abounded with Flocks and Herds, the Valleys were watered by numberless Rivulets, and every Field would have afforded an agreeable Scene of Plenty, had it not been that a certain violent sort of *Trade-Wind* blew away the Fruits off the Trees, and the Ears off the Corn, to the neighbouring Island; leaving little more behind than naked Branches and useless Stubble. I asked a Shepherd who stood

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stood near me, whether the Country was subject to that Hurricane; to which he answered, That it generally blew the whole Year round from the same Point, so that we could expect but few returns of that nature from our lucky Neighbours.

As soon as I had parted with him, I walked on, musing on the odd Fate of the Island; and in the middle of my Meditations, I found myself at the foot of an Eminence, on the top of which sat a Woman with an Aspect of Majesty, mixed with an Air of Distress, and a Crown on her Head, stripped of most of its Jewels; which made me think that she wore it more for its Antiquity, than for its intrinsic Value: In her Hands she held an *Harp*, strung in Base with Gold, and in Treble with Silver Wires, which made such a melodious sound, whenever she could tune it to a middle pitch, (which I found she did with great difficulty) that all the dejected Swains, who were within hearing, resumed an Air of Joy; and with chearful Looks filled their Arms with the Gleanings of the Hurricane. All the Trees by a kind of Magick Virtue began to shoot out new Fruits, almost as fast as the Wind could blow them away; and the whole Plain echo'd with the Flutes of the Rusticks, who kept time to the Lady's superior Instrument.

WHILE I was taken up with this agreeable Entertainment, a sudden Accident happen'd which alarmed the whole Country, and damp'd

damp'd all our Mirth. A *Monster* in the shape of an *Evil Genius*, rose under the Lady's Feet, and violently snatch'd at her Strings; at the same time offering with an Air of malicious Contempt and Merriment, a large *Knot of Brazen Wire* in exchange for hers.

AT this the Lady swooned away, and the whole Plain was filled with such a general Consternation, that few had the Power to come to her Assistance, except one *Remarkable Swain*, more courageous than the rest, who with a *Paper Cornet* sounded an Alarm with so much Strength and Judgment, that it reached the Ears of JUPITER, who (as we were told) was at that time very luckily come down to *Utopia*; and in an Instant, we saw *Apollo*, followed by a Train of the Muses, flying towards us, by the Order of his great Superior, to inquire into the Cause of our Distress.

As soon as he had examined the Affair, he spurn'd the Monster from him, flung away his trifling *Wire* with disdain, and kindly raised the Lady's drooping Head; who having soon recovered from her fainting Fit, rose up with joyful Respect to salute her Deliverer.

WHILE I was wholly employed in admiration of his Beauty, Humanity, and Eloquence, I observed that, as he was apprehensive of the ill Effects which might ensue from the late Hurry on her Spirits, with an Art peculiar to that engaging God, he took an

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opportunity of feeling her Pulse in the midst of his Caresses ; and having discovered several sickly Symptoms in her Constitution, which she had long neglected, he acquainted her with them, and applied his unerring Skill to cure her most hidden Distempers.

WHEN this was done, he walked thro' us with a familiar Air to take a view of the Plain, dispensing his Favours and Smiles among the Swains, and especially those who he was informed had the greatest Skill in his favourite Art of Musick. In short, the whole Island was so inspired by his Presence, that it seemed enchanted : The most ignorant Shepherds endeavoured to please him with their rustick Airs ; and, as I thought in my Dream, even I, who have no musical Talént, took up a small Flute, and attempted to join in the universal Concert.

BUT alas ! Sleeping or waking, how fleeting and transient are our Joys ! In the middle of all our Happiness, a wing'd Messenger arriv'd from *Utopia*, and declared that *Apollo* must return. *Jove* impatient of his Absence, could not relish the Pleasures of that charming Place ; all the Gods sat around him in mournful Silence, and intimated by their dejected Looks, that Heaven itself would cease to be the seat of Bliss, as long as they wanted the God of Wit.

UNHAPPY Island ! doom'd to certain Miseries, but uncertain Pleasures. In one moment all our Musick turn'd into passionate Com-

Complaints; and I expected every moment to see the Lady swoon away a second time for concern of the God's Departure, when on a sudden I saw him rise up in the Air, and express himself in this tender manner to the whole Assembly.

‘ WEEP not, my beloved Swains, at my
‘ Departure: *Jove's* high Commands I must,
‘ and always shall obey with Pleasure; but in
‘ my Absence I will take care to make you
‘ feel the Effects of my reaching Influence.
‘ You shall never want my good Offices in
‘ the Court above; and the celestial Monarch,
‘ apprized by me of your Piety, will, I doubt
‘ not, shower numberless Blessings on my
‘ favourite Isle.’

WHILE I was intent on this mixt Scene of Joy and Sorrow, I found myself startled from the Dream, by one of those vociferous Animals, commonly called *News-Boys*, who in a very hoarse and disagreeable Voice was bawling ——— *Lord CARTERET's Speech to both Houses of Parliament.*

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

O. O.

To HIBERNICUS.

S I R,



IS with great concern I observe that we of this Nation are running much into *Rhyme*: I fear it portends more

F f 2

Poverty

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Poverty to our Isle, and could heartily wish there were a stop put to it.

IN a Country where the most solid parts of Learning are of so little use to the Natives, what can we hope from the Flowers and Ornaments of it?

I HAVE often reflected, whence it arises, that when you say, Such a one is a *Poet*, 'tis ten to one but somebody in the Company subjoins, *Is he poor?* And I am sometimes tempted to think that the Love of *Poetry* is bestowed by Heaven upon exalted Minds, as a Recompence for the want of that Fortune, which they would have been but too happy in the disposal of to the Purposes of Bounty and Beneficence; that the Affliction a generous Mind labours under at seeing so many Objects of Pity, which it is incapable of relieving, might be mitigated by the Pleasures of *Poetry*.

BUT a Friend of mine, of excellent discernment, often tells me my Notions in this Affair are fantastical; and the reason why *Poets* are generally poor, is because it requires such exalted Sentiments to be capable of excelling in that way, as puts Men above the *lower Arts of Life*, which they are too apt to despise as unworthy their Care; tho' 'tis but too notorious, that they are almost absolutely necessary in every condition to the making a Fortune.

ANOTHER Reason he assigns for it, is the little regard Men of this Character are observed

served to have for each other; that tho no Persons living are more heinously offended than they are, if their real or imaginary Merit does not meet with the Esteem they expect, yet there is no Set of People less inclined to do justice to each other's Characters than they are, or less solicitous for each other's Welfare; and that the known Observation of *Beauties* generally holds good here also, they imagine every Excellence attributed to another, is so much taken from themselves.

THIS I confess is a powerful Charge against them, and if true, an over-balance to the Merit of exalted Sentiments, by which they would justly be placed above the Bulk of Mankind, were they not brought by this Principle to be upon a level with the meanest of them: and this Vice is doubtless more criminal in them than in any other Set of Men, because *Poetry* naturally gives the Mind a strong propensity to *Benevolence* and *Generosity*; and therefore, if their Souls are truly *Poetical*, they must put a force upon their Nature, either to act ungenerously, or even coldly, with regard to the Interests of each other.

BUT here methinks I am interrupted by some *Critick*, who cries, If it be really true, that *Poetry* has a natural tendency to enlarge the Mind, why should you wish there were a stop put to the Growth of it?

THIS Objection I own is just, since every thing which tends to the encouragement of

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Politeness, Benevolence and Humanity in a Nation, ought to be cherish'd; and therefore I beg leave to answer, That my intention in this Paper, is not to root out these generous Seeds from the Breasts of my Countrymen, but to transplant them into their proper Soil. For this reason I would recommend the study of *Poetry* to Persons of Quality and Condition, who have Fortunes to answer those Sentiments of Generosity it never fails to inspire: This would raise them a new and a nobler Pleasure from their Affluence; would inspire all those Sentiments of Humanity which make Men feel the Anguish of the miserable Part of their Species; and of consequence strongly urge them to relieve their Distress; a Pleasure more exalted, more exquisite than all their Grandure can bestow.

LET those who have experienc'd this refin'd Happiness, reflect how wretched they must have been, if they had admitted these generous Sentiments into their Breasts, without a Fortune answerable to them; and they will soon be convinc'd why *Poetry* should be the Amusement of the Rich and Powerful; since it only serves to make others miserable (when they see Objects they are not capable of relieving) without being of the least service to those they commiserate. 'Twas doubtless a Distress of this kind, which occasioned the following Verses.

Eternal

*Eternal King ! Is there one Hour
To make me greatly bless'd,
When I shall have it in my pow'r
To succour the distress'd ?*

*In vain alas ! my Heart o'erflows
With useless Tendernefs ;
Why must I feel another's Woes,
And cannot make them less ?*

*Yet I this Torture must endure,
'Tis not reserv'd for me,
To ease the sighing of the Poor,
And set the Pris'ner free.*

I am, Sir, yours, &c.



N^o 52. *Saturday, March 26, 1726.*

To HIBERNICUS.

Bella geri placuit, nullos habitura Triumphos ? LUCAN.

S I R,



WHENEVER we seek to know
Mens real Characters and Dispo-
sitions, we must observe their
Behaviour and Humours in their
Diversions and Amusements, ra-
ther than in the more solemn and important
Affairs of Life. For in Business we endea-

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your to conduct our selves by Skill and Art, put on a great many Disguises in order to accomplish our Ends, and submit our selves not only to the generally established Customs of the World, but even to the particular Humours of those with whom we are in Negotiation. Here our good Success depends upon wise Conduct and Management, the principal Part whereof lies in accommodating our selves to the different Circumstances of Times, Places and Persons; and making our Pleasure and Inclinations stoop to some greater Advantage, or at least what we apprehend to be so.

IN our Diversions, having no other End in view but to indulge our Nature, we are entirely governed by its Impulses. Here it is we give our Inclinations their full loose, and consult no other Advantage, than to croud all the Pleasure we can into the present Moment. These are our unguarded Seasons, in which we lay our selves open to the Observation of every one who has Curiosity enough to pry into our Conduct. And whoever would draw a true Picture of us, must take us when we are in a disengaged negligent Posture, and not when we put on that studious Face, and regular Manner, with which every wise Man chooses to appear in publick.

FOR these Reasons I have always been very fond of mingling my self in the Diversions of other People, not so much from any
Pleasure

Pleasure I take my self in the greater part of what the World calls *Amusements*, as from a secret inexpressible Delight I have in seeing every body about me look well pleased. This Delight is greater or less, as what creates the Pleasure of a Croud of People is innocent or hurtful. Yet still in a great many Diversions which I do not altogether approve, it is worth observing how People are affected by them ; and therefore, tho I like a good Tragedy much better than a Bull-baiting, yet I as seldom decline going to the one as the other, and am always as ready to accompany the Rabble to a Show, as to make one at an Entertainment fitted for People of the most nice and delicate Taste.

THE Scene of vulgar Merriment which I have been longest in becoming acquainted with, is the *Cock-pit*. I was first introduced there by a Friend, a few weeks ago. Remembering what kind of People they used to be who crouded to that Diversion, when I was a School-boy, I expected only to be regaled with a few of the Humours of *Low-Life*, and so reckoned upon nothing more than to get the worth of my Shilling in good laughing. But how agreeably did I find myself mistaken, when upon my Entrance into the Place, I met a good many Faces which I remembered to have seen peeping from under full-bottom'd Periwigs at *Lucas's*, and found some of the best Company in Town most elegantly mixed with the *Plebeian* Sons of
Clamour

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Clamour and Nonsense? And how greatly was I edified to observe, that in a Controversy to be managed by *Brutes*, several *grave Gentlemen*, learned in the Laws and Statutes of this Realm, were sitting by, and concurring in this notable Way of *joining Issue?* Nor was my Satisfaction a little heightned by the Presence of two or three Reverend Gowns and Cassocks, which gave me encouragement to hope, that our Entertainment was agreeable to the *Canon* as well as the *Common Law*.

I WILL not trouble you with a Description of the several Engagements between the little sprightly Combatants. The poor Creatures indeed display'd a Courage and Dexterity very much to be admired, and gave me frequent occasions of wishing, that those who took so much delight in the Sport, might behave themselves with equal Fortitude, when called to it, in the Service of their Country, or of Mankind. If they had come thither only with a View to raise such a Spirit in themselves, by the Example of *Brutes*, I should have had some good hopes of them. But alas! the great Gains which I found some of the Gentlemen were to receive from the good Success of their Poultry, gave me quite different thoughts of the Matter. To set a Pair of innocent Animals a fighting, purely to determine whether their Masters should be a hundred Guineas or two the richer, I must own seemed a sign of as little Courage as Wisdom;

dom; since if Fighting be a fair way of gaining Money, it certainly is more consistent with true Valour to do it in Person, than by Proxy. Perhaps the Gentlemen who get Money by the Squabbles and Contentions of human Creatures, think it reasonable to use the same Liberty with such as are of an inferior kind. And herein I so far agree with them, that I heartily wish the Dissensions among Mankind were few enough to allow them all the Opportunities they can desire of enjoying the dear and polite Entertainments of a *Cock-pit*.

It would require the Skill of a good Painter to express the alternate Emotions of Hope and Fear, Joy and Disappointment, which appeared in the Countenances of the Bettors at every Encounter of a Brace of their *feathered Champions*. In one minute the Life of a Cock should be given over for lost, who the next would have twenty Guineas ventured on his Head. And a good Fowl has in the beginning been thought by his Owner as great a Treasure as a *South-Sea* Subscription, and turned in the latter end to pretty much the same account. Never did *Coffee-House Politician* watch more narrowly the Events of a Campaign in *Flanders*, than you might behold these Gentlemen for the Fate of their respective *Duellists*. And the decisive Blow was sure to be accompanied with as many Applauses, as if the poor Creature who gave it were equally sensible of the Honours

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Honours they did him, as of the Pain they put him to in acquiring them.

BUT whoever would enjoy this Diversion in its utmost Perfection, must have a sight of it when there is what they call a *Battle-Royal*. It seems that the Gentlemen, Lovers of *Cock-fighting*, have heard, or read, that a *General Battle* among Men is a very terrible Piece of Work ; and so they are resolved to have a Sight of something which may resemble it, with as little danger to themselves as they can. For this purpose nine, eleven, or any other odd Number of *Cocks* are turned out into the Pit all at once ; and so to it they go *Helter-Skelter*, till all but one of the Creatures, of greater Strength and Courage than the rest, (whom for the sake of the Gentlemen in the Ring I shall chuse to call the *Umpire*) be either driven out of the Field, or left dead upon it, to the unspeakable Pleasure and Satisfaction of the surrounding Spectators. This, I can assure you, *Sir*, is looked upon by several Persons of great Judgment and Taste, to be the very Top of all the Recreations in Town. And for ought I know, there may be a deal of good Morality in it ; since this same *Battle-Royal* appeared to me to be a very proper Emblem of a factious State, where, you know, the Vulgar *Partizans* must hack and hew one another at an unmerciful rate, for the Benefit or Diversion of their Superiors, and get nothing themselves but *dry Blows* by the bargain.

It

It were almost a Sin to talk gravely on this Subject, were it not that indulging a trifling Humour of this sort is capable of producing very serious Evils. To be excessively fond of any kind of Diversions, is certainly an Argument of a very weak, or very uneasy Mind. The Business of Life must doubtless appear very odious to a Man who makes the pursuit of Pleasure his only business; and whoever does so, forfeits all claim to the Esteem or Good-will of Mankind, being no more than an Incumbrance and Burden to the Species. But to gratify an idle Disposition, and ease our selves of superfluous Time, by Methods which tend to suppress the workings of Humanity and Compassion in our breasts, and to make us insensible of the Pains of others, is something so unmanly, that it ought to be branded with some publick Mark of Infamy. He who can take delight to see a Couple of poor Animals destroy one another, is in a fair way to carry on the Jest a little farther; and by the time he has seen his Poultry exterminated, may take it in his head to have the like Game play'd among his Servants: At least there is nothing to hinder him, but his Fear of incurring the Penalty of the Law. And if such Men are People of Influence and Station in Life, it is great odds, if over and above the Injury done the Publick in squandering away so much Time, which might be usefully employed in some publick Service, they do not bring with them
the

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the same wantonness of Disposition into the most important Affairs, and become as fond of spiriting up Animosities in *Courts* and *Senates*, as in the *Bear-Garden*, or a *Cock-pit*.

THIS Reflection makes it no less shocking than strange, to see Gentlemen of Distinction and Fortune so besotted with a senseless and barbarous Amusement. What then must we think of those who can prefer seeing Bloodshed and Battery among Brutes, to their Attendance on a liberal and honourable Profession, calculated for preserving the Peace and good Order of Mankind? I must own, there appears to me the same Reason for dismissing such Persons from the *Bar*, that there is for our Law excluding *Butchers* the Jury-Box. For the Reverend Clergy who can take pleasure in such Sights, I will not take upon me to censure them, but leave it to themselves to consider, whether their Presence at such Assemblies can be a proper Means of preserving the Reverence due to their Order.

AGAINST what I have said, I know of but one Objection which deserves to be considered. Why may we not, say some, as well be present at Spectacles of this kind, as at Tragical Representations on the Stage, which are commonly allowed to be of great use to inspire Men with Sentiments of Generosity, Pity, and Kindness? There is a very wide difference in the two Cases. On the Stage the Distress is not real, but fictitious. Whatever Pains we feel are soon alleviated by

by reflecting, that after all there is no harm done. Besides, we do take no pleasure in beholding the Sufferings of the Persons brought upon the Stage, as we must do in order to enjoy the Diversion of two Creatures fighting. For tho we may pretend, that it is only the surprizing Courage they exert which gives us the Delight, yet since that Courage is most shewn when they feel the greatest Pain, it will be hard for us to separate the Pleasure of the one from the other. Be this as it will, it is certain, that to accustom ourselves much to behold Spectacles of Cruelty and Horror, will by degrees weaken that tender Sense of the Miseries of others, which is so necessary for spurring us on to good and generous Actions. And for this reason the *French* and some other Nations have been of opinion, that even in *Dramatick Performances* there ought to be nothing bloody represented, but such things ought to be done behind the Scenes, and left to the Imagination of the Audience to suppose.

SOME of your critical Readers, who have been lying on the catch all this while, will, I imagine, begin to think they have got me at an advantage, and be ready to ask me, How is all this consistent with my own Character, who have represented my self as one so very fond of joining in an Entertainment I so much condemn? My Answer is very short. If none were to speak against any Practice but those who never had been guilty of it them-

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themselves, Mankind would have very few Instructors. Besides, I do not go to such Sights, because of any Delight I take in them, but only to laugh at the Follies, and lament the Misfortune of such of my Fellow-Mortals as can find no other Method of diverting their uneasy Thoughts than by such poor and contemptible Devices. If this will not satisfy, they must be contented with my telling them, that I do not care for entering the Lists with People of their Stamp, or engaging in a *Contest*, which, like those occasioned by this Paper, *can be attended with none of the Honours of Victory.*

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

DEMOPHILUS.



N^o 53. *Saturday, April 2, 1726.*

To HIBERNICUS.

Neminem verentur, imitantur neminem, atque ipsi sibi exempla sunt. PLIN.

S I R,



YOU cannot but have observed how much the Town has of late been pestered with bad Poetry. All our *Garretteers* seem at present to be in motion. The Versifying *Humour* has appeared in its utmost Malignity.

Malignity. And the Press *groans*, in a literal sense, under the Weight of Nonsense and Scurrility, which it has every day for some time past been in travail of.

I ASSURE you, it has been no small surprize to me and others of your constant Readers, that you have never taken this Matter into consideration. While the *Amanuenses* of the Mob behaved with humility, and contented themselves with producing their Lucubrations under the modest Title of *Garlands*, *Proper New Ballads*, and the like, there was no such necessity of taking them to task. Their Composures were usually printed on a Paper and Letter suitable to their Quality, and never presumed at any *Typographical* Decorations, unless upon the Death of some eminent Person, when they aspired to the Honour of being called ELEGIES; and then they only appeared in a plain Black Margin, set off with a *Death's Head*, *Memento Mori*, and a few other Ensigns of Mortality. By this means the *Beau Monde* were secure in their Ignorance, and could as easily distinguish betwixt a *Poem* and a *Ballad*, as any other People. But now all Distinctions are laid aside; and the Operators of the *Upper Regions* transmit their Works to us, in the exact Form and Similitude of Verses, and with the very Word P O E M, in Capital Letters, in the Front of them; under which Disguise they have obtained admittance to *Tea-Tables*, and *Coffee-Houses*, and as

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such have been repeated to the Ladies in a Theatrical Tone, by several of our politest young Gentlemen, who have given us the most unquestionable Proofs of their Elegance, by wearing of *Stays*, and plaistering their Periwigs with *Pomatum*.

WHETHER or no this new Generation of Versificators have got a *Mill*, or any other proper Engine for the more expeditious working of *Jingle*, I have not yet been able with any certainty to discover; but one would be apt to imagine they had some such Contrivance, from the prodigious Quantities of Rhyme they have thrown out within these few months. Add to this, that their Compositions appear so much of a-piece, and are so exactly like each other, that we can scarce conceive them to be produced any other way than by mere bodily Labour, as other Manufactures are, and not by the exercise of Invention, or any of the intellectual Faculties.

THIS however is a Grievance I could be contented to sit peaceably under, if it rested here. Nonsense either in Verse, or Prose, is of it self an Evil which cannot be exceedingly detrimental either to Church or State. But I hate to see even our Nonsense abused, or employed to any other than its original Purpose, the Amusement of the Mob. At present nothing can be more perverted from its primitive Institution. Instead of applying it self to the Passions of narrative Mrs. *Abigail*,

gail, an amorous Milk-Maid, or a Country-Bumpkin, it is now become an Engine of Envy and Ill-Nature, and spends its little Malice in bespattering some of the best and worthiest Characters among us.

It is but a few days since we have seen a Reverend Prelate of the Church publicly abused in this manner. Perhaps it may be below the Justice of the Nation to punish such Enormities, as I am sure it is beneath the injured Gentleman to resent them; but I can hardly think this ought to exempt them from your Observation, since the chief Use I know of such a Publick Paper as you are engaged in, is to set such Practices in their true Light, and render them, what to all Men of Sense and Virtue they must be, odious and contemptible.

BESIDES this Gentleman, there is another, who, tho not placed in such an eminent Station, holds too considerable a Rank among Mankind for such Treatment, who has received more Indignities among us than ever were offered a Person of his Worth in any civilized Nation. Every Week has given him a fresh Specimen of our great Civility and good Manners, and our selves wonderful reason to applaud our own Wisdom and Discretion in suffering a Stranger, and so good a Judge of Mankind, to form an Idea of the Spirit of our Nation from the Performances he has been entertained with since he came into it.

ONE would expect, that this Gentleman, being a Poet himself, in the genuine and honourable Acceptation of that Word, was entitled to kinder Usage from those who pretend to the same Character. But as the true Spirit of Poetry is always accompanied with Sentiments of Honour and Virtue; so I have commonly found, that according to the Falseness of any Man's Pretences to *that*, there will be a proportionable Deficiency in *these*; and therefore I am not surprized to find an ill Poet attacking a very good one. This is no more than what is usual in all other Professions and Arts as well as this. Let nobody however imagine I design the Parallel should hold in the Case of those who have had the hardiness to insult a Bishop.

ABOVE an Age ago, when the Inhabitants of this Country were very rude and uncivilized, the immortal *Spenser* lived peaceably among them, and found leisure to invoke the *Muse*. By him our Fields were first made Poetick Ground, and our Rivers taught to glide in harmonious Numbers, whose Charms will not be forgotten while the People of *Britain* retain their Language. We, the Successors of that unpolished Race, pretend to have refined our Taste, and introduced the true Elegance of Life and Manners. But we have reason to blush, when we make the Comparison, and reflect on the Usage we have given to *Spenser's* only legitimate Son and Successor. Posterity, no doubt, will think
it

it an excellent Proof of our Politeness, that we have so many Scriblers in arms against the Author of the *Distressed Mother*. And to heighten our Character, and shew how zealous we have been in the Cause of Liberty and Virtue, and how highly we rated Learning and good Sense, there is another Circumstance exceedingly proper for that purpose; and we ought not to omit, that the same Gentleman wrote the *Free-Thinker*.

I AM sensible, that some People may allege from the Usefulness of Criticism in Poetry, and of the Ridicule as a proper Instrument of it, that some of the Pieces I have been pointing out are justifiable on that account, being only innocent Raillery on some Performances which those Gentlemen apprehend to be very faulty and unpoetical. This is but a poor Excuse for downright Ribaldry and Ill-nature. Where these take place, it is utterly impossible we should meet with either just Criticism, or genteel Raillery. Whenever there appears Prejudice against the Man, the Judgment passed on him as a Writer is little to be depended on. I could name the Man, who, when unbiassed, must be allowed one of the most authentick Judges of good Writing now living, who has yet been misled by a Prejudice against the Author, to pass his Censure on one of the finest and tenderest Pieces of Poetry I have seen in *English*, as no better than insipid Prose in Rhyme. And if such Men are capable of forming unjust

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Opinions of the Works of their Contemporaries, what Criticism, what Justice are we to expect from those who cannot hinder Spite and Ill-manners from bursting out in every Line they write; who confine themselves within no bounds either of Decency or Discretion, but are their own Originals, and will, I hope, have as few to imitate them, as they have had to copy from?

If it be true, what is said, that several of these wretched Libels are not of our own Growth, but have been sent to us from over the Water, it may serve indeed to shew, that there are other People as bad as ourselves, but can never justify our Crime in encouraging, or even looking with Indifference on a Practice not only ungenerous, but barbarous. I should be glad for the Honour of our Country, that few of them were brought to light in it; but at the same time think it equally blame-worthy to cherish such monstrous Productions when brought forth, as it is to give them Birth at first.

WHATEVER ill Consequences may result to the Publick from the prodigious Swarms of Poets who have at present nestled themselves in this City; a certain Friend of mine is in good hopes the thing may be of particular Advantage to himself; and receives great Comfort on this occasion from the old Proverb, *'Tis an ill Wind blows no body good.* It seems he has a part of his House which has been a long time unserviceable to him; but

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but he is of Opinion, that, as things now stand, he may readily find a Tenant for it. He has therefore drawn up the following *Advertisement* for that end, and begs you would insert it in the *Journal*.

I am, Sir,

Your constant Reader,

and humble Servant,

T. D.

Advertisement.

AT the upper End of Lazar's Hill there is a neat convenient Apartment to be Let, very proper for a young POET. It is ready furnished with a Palat Bed, two Chairs, a little Cupboard for Books, a large Fragment of Looking Glass, and a Hanging-Shelf, which may serve instead of a Writing-Desk. The Way to it is by three Pair of Stairs, and one Ladder of very easy Ascent, and the Entrance well defended with a Trap-Door. It receives the Light almost Horizontally by means of two very convenient Sky-Lights, which have the Benefit of Sliding-Shutters against Rainy Weather, or the time of Full Moon; the Roof being also low enough to prevent Mischief to any Man who is full Five Foot in Height. There is also a Coal-hole near the Bed, very useful to retire into in case of any sudden Surprise from Bailifs, &c. Whoever is disposed to

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take the said Apartment, may have it upon reasonable Conditions, hiring it either by the Week or the Season. Inquire at any of the Sculls belonging to Trinity College, and you may know farther, Directions having been given them for that Purpose.

N.B. Clean Straw will be duly provided once a Fortnight at least, or oftner, if there should be any pressing Occasion.



N^o 54. Saturday, April 9, 1726.

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal*,

Jam pridem equidem nos vera rerum vocabula amisimus. SALLUST.

S I R,



T is an Amusement agreeable enough to reflect on the strange and unaccountable Mutations which happen in Languages in the compass of a few Years; and how Words by long Use may be worn away from their original Meaning, and brought to excite very different Ideas, and sometimes directly opposite to those they were first appointed to stand for.

No

No part of Discourse presents us with more frequent Instances of this than all our Words of Ceremony and Compliment, which have run thro' such a Variety of Significations, that it is now much to be questioned whether they have any precise one left at all. Our Civility has been wound up to so high a pitch, that it has crack'd with the Strain given it. And the Expressions of Respect and Affection have, like the Coin in Arbitrary Governments, been so extravagantly raised, that no wise Man will take them in payment but at considerable Discount. They bear indeed the Stamp and Image of Kindness, but they want both in Weight and Goodness, to be depended on in the Commerce of Life; and for that reason no body seems covetous of such Riches, but as fast as they come in, we lavish them away on the first Man we meet.

IN the more early and unpolished Ages of the World Men were not so apt to be deceived with Appearances as they are now. The Forms of Respect, and Titles of Honour were very few and very modest; but then they bore a determinate Meaning, and passed for no more than their real Worth. No Man took it amiss to be saluted by his own Name, or thought the worse of his Neighbour for choosing rather to call himself his *Friend*, than his *Humble Servant*. As the real Worth of a Man is nothing else, but his Price, or the Rate at which he is estimated by others, so the Evidence of that Price, which is called

Honour, ought to be proportioned to it. And therefore we shall always find, that among the Antients their highest Titles of Honour were Names of Offices, and Relations in Life, and not mere fanciful Sounds, which are either incapable of Definition, or else lose all their Lustre and Dignity as soon as they are traced up to their original Signification.

THE Title *Baron*, which our *Saxon* Ancestors transmitted to us, signified no more at first, as Mr. *Selden* informs us, than a *great Man*, being derived from the Word *Ber* or *Bir*, which stood for the same among them, that *Vir* did among the *Romans*. With us it is applied very differently; and bating the Sense it has in Law, I very much doubt, if we affix any Idea to it at all when we use it as a Distinction of Honour. The same might be shewn of those Titles which are worn by all the other Ranks of Nobility among us; and serves to inform us, that the Sense which our Ancestors had of Honour was distinguishing every Man by the Relation he had to the Society, or the particular Employment in which he officiated. Whereas we, in common Speech at least, making use of the same Terms without any meaning, pay only a kind of imaginary Homage to great Men, which however is the greater and the more awful, as they are less knowing who pay it; Ignorance being in more respects than one the *Mother of Devotion*.

I AM much of opinion, that our having thus lost the first meaning of honourable Names and Appellations, and making them the Signs of a blind and ignorant Reverence, has, over and above the absurdity there is in it, been productive of very ill Effects on Mens Minds and Manners, both in the higher and inferior Stations of Life. They who have Titles, and do not know, or reflect on the Foundation of such Distinctions, are exceeding apt to grow haughty, insolent and untractable; to look upon all below them with Contempt and Aversion; to regard them as a lower and worthless Rank of Beings; and to treat them as if there were no common Tye or Relation between them. On the other hand, this Ignorance from whence Titles and Honours have their Rise, has a tendency to make the inferior part of Mankind overrate those things, and think too basely and fervilely of themselves; by which means they will be hindered from exerting whatever degree of Virtue they may possess, and discouraged from many generous and laudable Undertakings which they might otherwise be capable of. And how far a Concurrence of two such Humours might probably operate in the Ruin of a State or People, may be easily conceived. But those Effects can very seldom, if at all, happen, where Men have got just Notions of great Names and Titles, and are made to know, that the Way to the *Temple of Honour* has in all Ages been understood to be

be thro' the *Temple of Virtue*. The Sense hereof must greatly contribute to make Men brave and resolute, and inspire all Ranks of People with an honest Emulation to manly and virtuous Actions. It is therefore of use to awaken that Sense in us pretty frequently, in order to prevent the fatal Consequences which might ensue on a total Extinction of it.

THAT there should be Degrees of Honour among Men, is, no doubt, not only convenient, but necessary. Without them hardly any Society could subsist; and the most effectual Way to ruin a People would be to destroy all Orders and Distinctions among Men. The happy Constitution we live under, gives convincing Proofs of the Wisdom and Excellency of such Institutions. Our Nobility have not only on all occasions been the great Supporters of the Honour and Dignity of the Crown, but shewn themselves in many remarkable Instances among the forwardest and bravest Defenders of the Liberties of the People. To lessen therefore the due Respect which ought to be paid them, would be an Attempt unjust and criminal. But an Endeavour to point out the Original of those *honourable Titles* they possess, and to rectify mistaken Notions of Honour, can never be liable to that Censure. It will not diminish our Reverence of Greatness, to fix the Meaning of those Forms made use of in addressing it, and thereby prevent an excessive and adulatory

latory Way of approaching it. For as in Reasoning, an Argument which proves too much, proves nothing; so it will be found, that in addressing the Great, there is always the least true Respect, where Men use the most ceremonious Behaviour, and abject Submissions; and these for the most part have their Rise in certain confused Notions and awful Impressions, which the Sound of Words ill understood, makes on the Minds of Men who have more Imagination than Discernment.

How falsely Men are apt to judge of this Matter, will appear from this single Observation, which we may make every day in our Lives; That we have laid aside those Names of Respect and Kindness, which express our real Sense, and have substituted others in the place of them, which we fondly imagine to be more *Reverential*, but which in reality have no settled Meaning at all. It is reckoned a great Indecency and Solecism in good Breeding, to salute our Friends by those Names which express any natural Relation or Alliance, as if we thought the Ties of Nature no sufficient Bond of Esteem and Affection. The endearing Appellations of *Husband* and *Wife*, of *Brother* and *Sister*, are lost and sunk in the more polite and fashionable Titles of *Sir*, and *Madam*. We are fonder of appearing exceeding courteous and civil, than sincerely kind and tender-hearted. The Conversation of a well-bred Family is just in the same Tune
with

with that of a mixed Company which never saw one another. And by this means, when Kinsfolks are a Degree or two removed, they grow perfectly indifferent to each other, and come to forget all mutual Regards, as much as the merest Strangers that pass in the Streets.

THESE Ceremonies and distant Forms of speaking appear still more ridiculous, when they are kept up betwixt Parents and Children. *I hate the Custom* (says Montaigne, in his egotizing way) *to forbid Children the use of the Parental Name, and to teach them an exotick Title, as significant of greater Reverence ; as if Nature had not sufficiently provided for the support of our Authority. We call GOD Almighty Father, and disdain that our Children should call us so. I have reformed this Abuse in my Family.* And indeed so exquisitely tender is the Affection of Parents towards their Offspring, and so great the Obligations on that account lying upon Children to love and honour them, that one can hardly conceive a more expressive Term of Respect, than that which denotes the Relation itself, and calls up so many amiable Ideas in the Mind at once. *Henry IV. of France* was so sensible hereof, that he did not think it unbecoming his Greatness to follow *Montaigne's* Example in this very Particular. It is true, that antiently the word *SIR* signified the same thing with *Father* ; but it is plain we use it in a quite different sense now, by the Preference we give it over the other :
how

how justly let those judge, who have ever felt the Fondness of a Father to a Son, or found their Hearts glowing with filial Piety and Gratitude to a Father.

WE may ridicule a Fondness for Pedegrees and Genealogies, and the foolish Vanity some People have of reckoning up a vast number of Relations, and tracing Kindred to the remotest Degrees, with a great deal of Justice. This has been frequently carried to a very fantastical Extravagance, and it requires but a moderate portion of Sense, to see the folly of it. But this is no good Reason for flying to the other Extreme, and falling in with a Method which in time may render us cold and negligent in those Relations of Life, which require the exercise of our warmest Affections. When People treat their near Relations with Ceremony and Distance, they will be apt to decline cultivating Society with each other. And this may issue in a total Estrangement, and make the next Generation forget, that ever any such Alliance subsisted. I have often thought, that the numerous *Advertisements* we meet with in our publick Papers, inquiring after Persons long absent, and acquainting them with Possessions being fallen to them, have been owing to Causes of this Nature. At least it seems a very probable way of accounting for many of them. So that Interest, as well as Nature, may instruct us not to condemn the use of those friendly Denominations which
arise

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arise from Proximity of Blood, or other Family Dependencies.

HUMANITY, I grant, requires us not to confine our Benevolence within the Circle of our own Household, but to extend our Care and Concern to the whole Race of Mankind. This however is no Argument for treating all Men alike. Nor is there any great danger that our universal Benevolence should be impaired by the Love we bear our nearest Friends. On the contrary, there is a good deal of Reason to suspect, that whoever fails in the one respect, will hardly be very eminent in the other. And therefore since there are certain Sounds appointed to signify precisely our natural Duties and Relations, and to bespeak a higher and more perfect Esteem and Affection, it seems a pretty uncouth way of Proceeding, to exchange them for a Form of Address which we use without distinction to all we converse with, and at the same time to pretend, that we do so in order to pay them the greater Compliment. At this rate the greatest Honour we can do Men, is to avoid, as much as possible, letting them know that we love them.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble Servant.

20 MR 51 HIBERNICUS.

The End of the First Volume.



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